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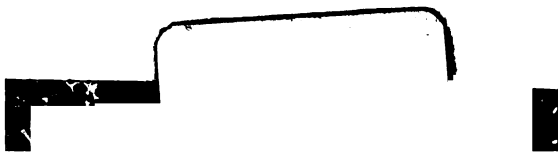
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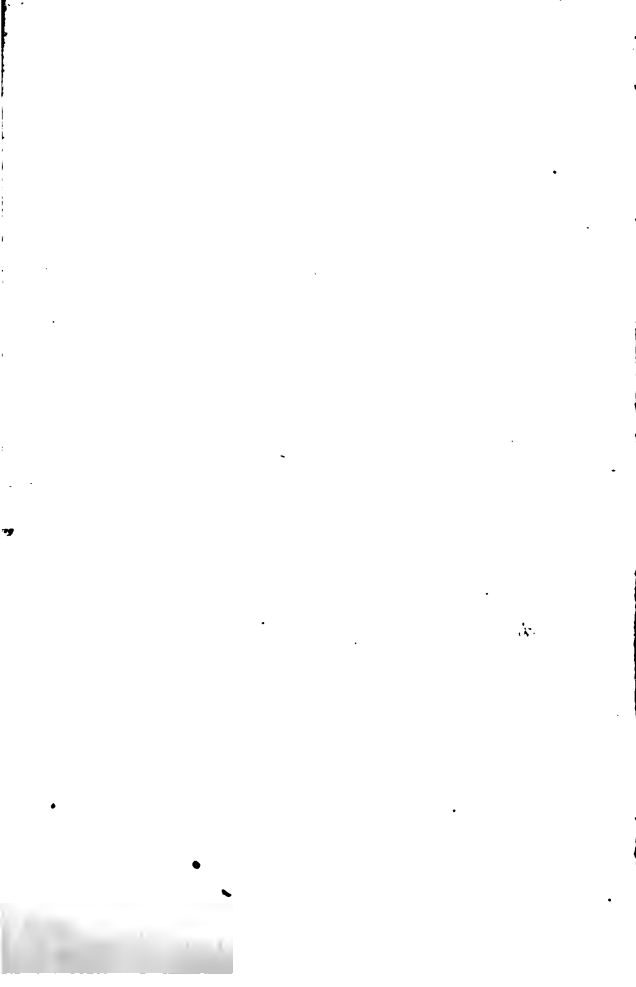
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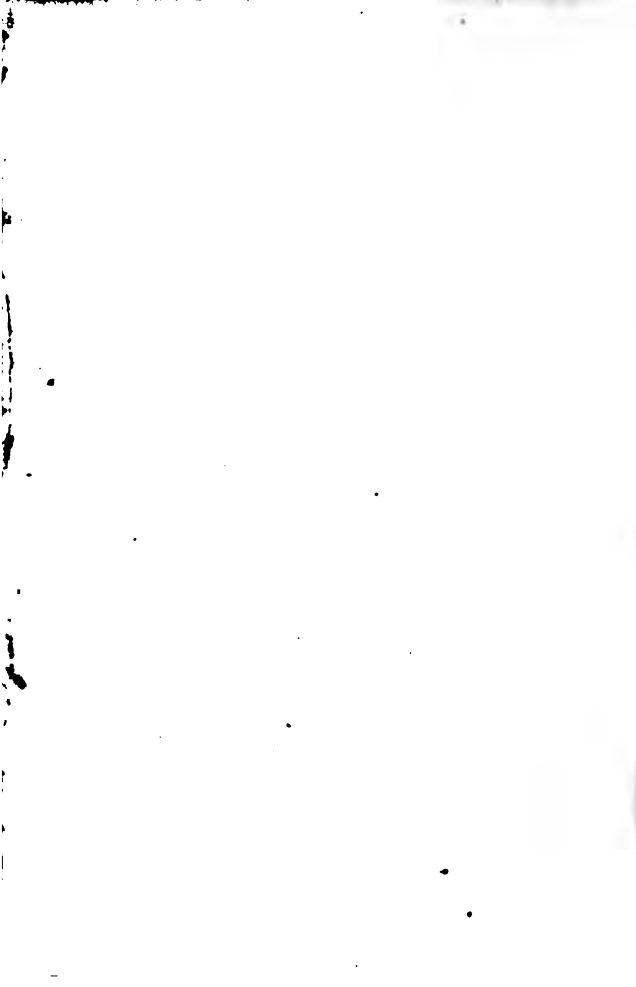
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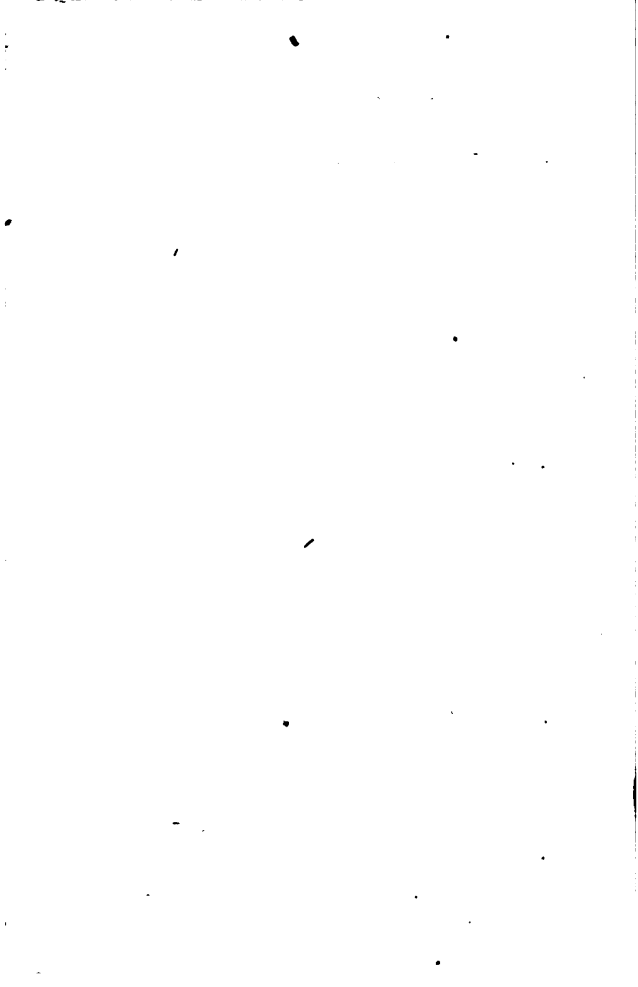




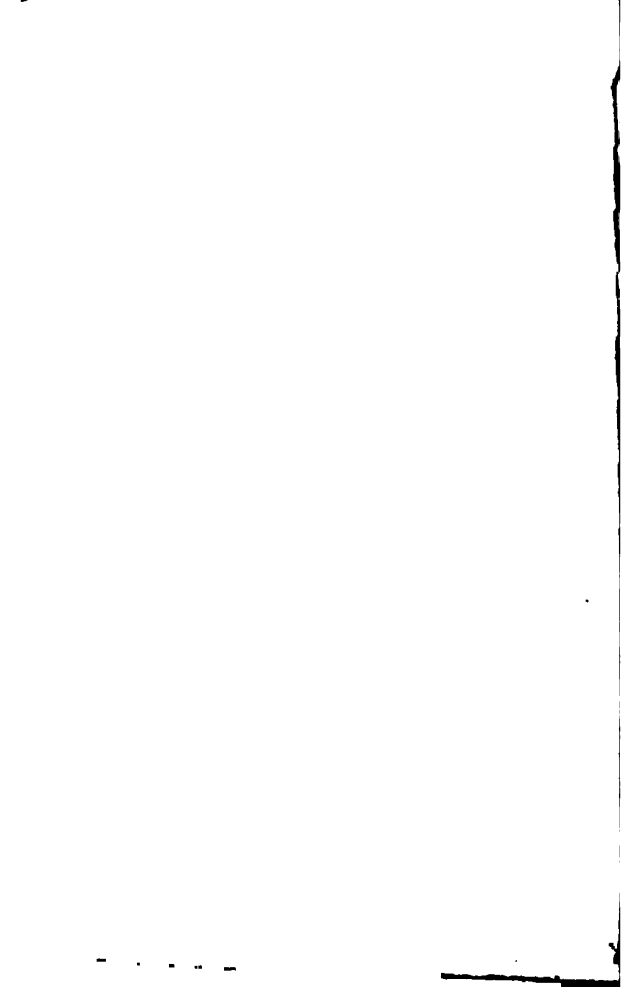




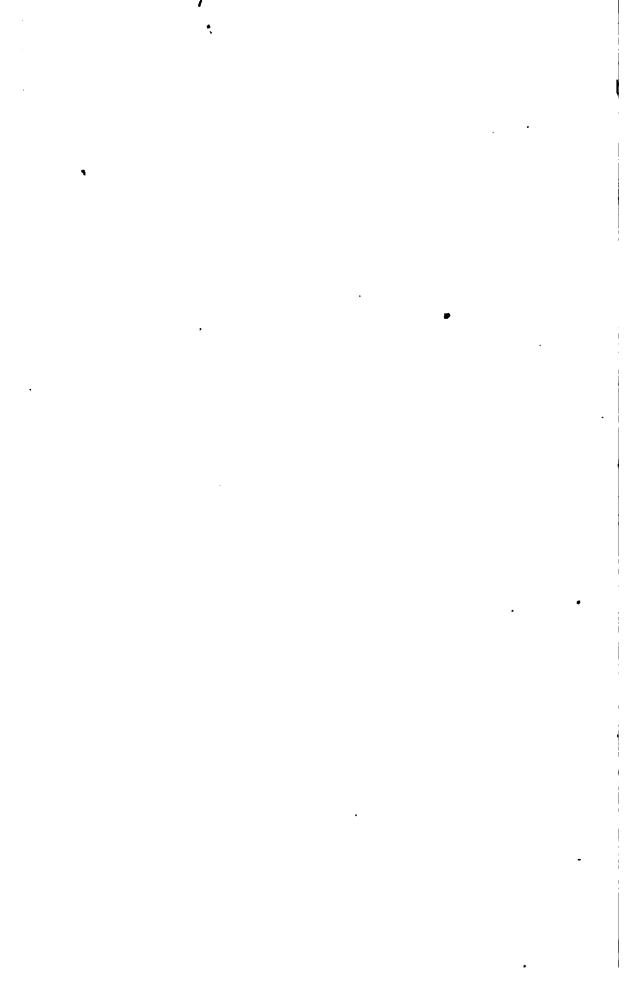


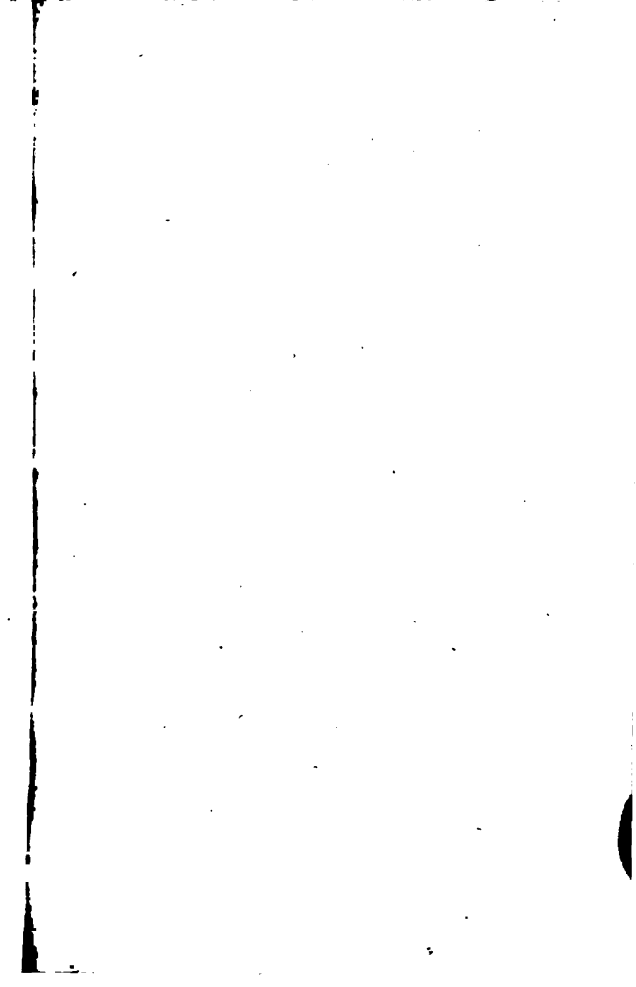














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LIVES  
OF  
**SCOTTISH POETS**  
WITH  
PORTRAITS and VIGNETTES



L O N D O N

Printed for **T. BOYS**, Ludgate Hill.

1822.



Robertson, Joseph  
LIVES

OF  
SCOTTISH POETS;

WITH

Portraits and Vignettes.

---

But he was of "the north countrie,"  
A nation fam'd for song.

*The Minstrel.*

THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THOMAS BOYS,

LUDGATE HILL.

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1822.



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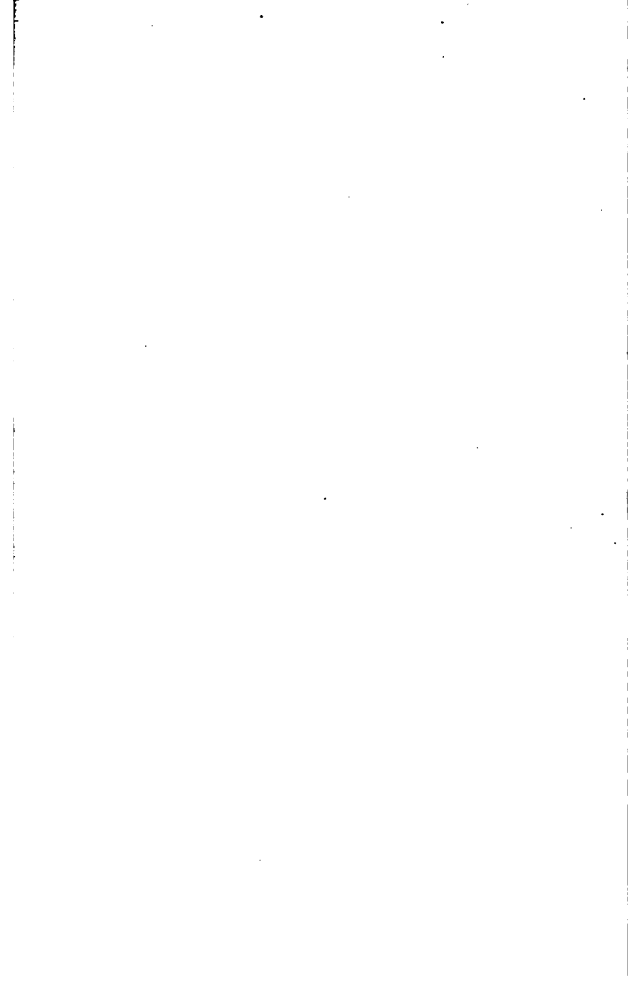
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# PORTRAITS

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# PORTRAITS

IN

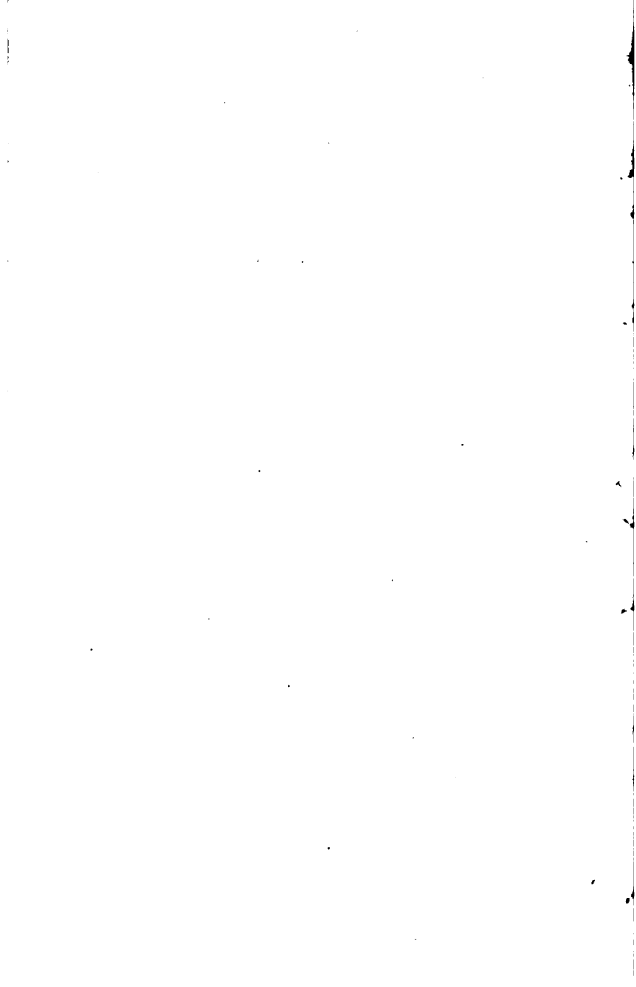
## PART VI.

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*Vignette* .... *Glasgow Cathedral.*





LIVES  
OF  
EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

---

Poets.

---

ROBERT HENRYSON.

---

OF Robert Henryson, one of the most instructive of our old fabulists, but better known to the English reader as the author of the *Testament of Fair Creseide*, appended to most of the common editions of Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*, scarcely any biographical particulars are extant. Urry, in his edition of Chaucer, says, "The author of the *Testament of Creseide*, which might pass for the sixth book of this story, I have been informed by Sir James Erskine, late Earl of Kelly, and divers aged scholars of the Scottish nation, was one Mr. Robert Henderson, (Henryson,) chief schoolmaster of Dunfermline." Lord Hailes conjectures, that he officiated as preceptor to the Benedictine convent of that place. We find his name among the latest of the poets, whose death is

lamented by Dunbar in his poem on the "*Deth of the Makkaris.*"

In Dunfermling, deth hes tane Broun  
With gude Mr. Robert Henrysoun.

He appears, from the opening stanzas of his *Testament of Fair Creseide*, to have lived to a good old age, and happily not to have been without the comforts which age demands.

I made the fire, and bcked me aboute,  
Than toke I drink, my spirites to comferte,  
And armid me weel fro the cold thereoute.  
To cutte the winter night, and make it shorte,  
I toke a quere, and lefte al other sporte,  
Writin by worthy Chaucer glorious,  
Of faire Creseide and lusty Troilus.

The *Testament* appears to have been first printed in a quarto form at Edinburgh, by Henry Charters, in 1593. In 1611, it was reprinted, in the same form, at the same place. In 1508, another tale from Henryson's pen, entitled, *Orpheus Kyng, and how he geid to hevyn and to hel to seik his quene*, was printed by Chapman and Millar. Bagford, in his manuscript notices relative to Typography, states, that a collection of *Fabils*, by Henryson, was printed at Edinburgh by Andrew Hart, in the year 1621. Such a collection, but in manuscript, is still preserved in the Harleyan library; and in the Bannatyne MS. Henryson's *Fabils* also occupy a considerable space. "The Harleyan MS." says Mr. Pinkerton, "is dated 1571, being collected near a century after Henryson's

death by some admirer of his fables. It is well written and preserved, and has some curious illuminations, though poorly done." The Harleyan MS. includes four fables, which are not in Bannatyne's, and the Bannatyne three, which are not in the Harleyan.

The *Testament of Faire Creseide* is the longest of Henryson's productions. "Wittily observing," says Urry, "that Chaucer, in his fifth book, had related the death of Troilus, but made no mention what became of Creseide, he learnedly takes upon him, in a fine poetical way, to express the punishment and end due to a false inconstant, which commonly ends in extreme misery." To give a finishing hand to the picture of so great a master was an ambitious attempt; but Henryson has succeeded, in a manner which shews that he possessed much of a kindred inspiration. In richness of description and in skill of narration, he is decidedly inferior to Chaucer; but in ease of versification, in propriety of language, and in incidental brilliancies of thought, he leaves the question of superiority often doubtful. If Chaucer, as Dr. Johnson pronounces, was "the first of our versifiers who wrote poetically," it must at least be allowed, that there are few who can contest the second place with Henryson. Dr. Irving does him no more than justice when he remarks, that "his verses, if divested of their uncouth orthography, might often be mistaken for those of some poet of the present day."

It is not, however, in the Supplement to Chaucer's tale of Troilus and Cressida, that Henryson's poetical powers appear to most advantage. His fables are altogether in a much finer vein. It has been objected

to them, that they are, in general, too much protracted; that while the apologues of Æsop, of Phædrus, Poggius, and Abstemius, seldom exceed the bounds of a few lines, those of Henryson are extended over a surface of many pages. The objection, in as far as regards the "moralitie" attached to Henryson's fables, is just; but there is nothing with which the tales themselves are less liable to be charged, than tediousness. In most of them, the interest of the narrative is extremely well sustained; the reflections interspersed are introduced with brevity and ease; and so fully and clearly is the moral to be drawn indicated, that it is no wonder the moralities superadded should be thought to protract the termination, when, in fact, they are altogether superfluous. A reader of Henryson's fables may pass over the moralities entirely without being sensible of the least incompleteness; nor, on retracing his ground, would he be able to discover that any important reflection had escaped him.

The best of all Henryson's fables is that of *The Borrowstoun Mous and the Landwart Mous*. A similar story had been told before by Horace, and, since Henryson's time, has also employed the pens of a Cowley and Fontaine; but it is doubtful whether any of them have told it better than the Scottish fabulist. We cannot say, of adventures so purely imaginary as those of "thir twa silly mice," that they are described with fidelity to nature; but in that likeness to possible truth, which is all we look for in this species of writing, few fabulists have shewn a happier conception than Henryson here displays. The tale is a Scottish edition of the common one of the city or burgh mouse and her country cousin in-

terchanging visits, and of the contrast between plain cheer with peace and security, and dainty fare in the midst of danger and tribulation. The changes and substitutions required to suit the story to the local peculiarities of the country are made with infinite skill; nor can one doubt for a moment, (who thinks of doubting on such a subject?) that it is Scottish mouse-life which is presented to his view. Of the *Borrowstoun Mous*, it is as wittily as appropriately said, that she

Was Gilt-bruther, and made a frie burgess,  
Tol frie, and without custom mair or less,  
And freedom had to gae quhair eir scho list  
Amang the cheis and meil in Ark or kist.

The habitation of the "Landwart Mous" is

————— a semple wane  
Of fog and fern; full fecklessly 'twas maid,  
A silly sheil, under a eard-fast stane,  
Of quhilk the entrie was not hie nor braid.

The "butrie" of the field mouse can boast of nothing daintier than dried beans and peas; while the "spence" or pantry of the free burgess presents "baith cheis and butter," "fish and flesh," "pokks full of grotts, barlie, meil, and malt," with

A candle quhyt—————  
Instead of spyce, to creish their teith with a'

While thus attentive to the characteristic fitness of every subordinate particular, the author shews himself, in the progress of the tale, to be equally conversant with general nature.

The description of the pantry scene, which forms the catastrophe of the story, will fully justify all that has been said in praise of Henryson's poetical powers.

Thus made they mirry, quhyle they nicht nae mair,  
 And hail Yule! hail! they all cryt upon hie:  
 But after joy ther aftentimes comes cair,  
 And trouble after grit prosperitie:  
 Thus as they sat in all thair solitie,  
 The Spens\* came on them with keis in his hand,  
 Open't the dore, and them at dinner fand.

They tarriet not to wash, ye may suppose,  
 But aff they ran, quha nicht the foremost win;  
 The Burgess had a hole, and in schoe gaes;  
 Her sister had nae place to hyde her in,  
 To se that silly mous it was grit sin;  
 Sae disalait, and will of all gude reid  
 For very feir scho fell in swoun, neir deid.

But as Jove wald, it fell a happy case,  
 The spensar had nae laisar lang to byde,  
 Nowthir to force, to seik, nor skar, nor chese,  
 But on he went and cast the dore upwyde;  
 This Burgess then this passage weil has spy'd,  
 Out of her hole sche came, and cryt on hie,

“Ho! sister fair, cry *peep!* quhair e'er thou be.”

The landwart mous lay flatlings on the ground,  
 And for the deed schoe was full sair dreidand,  
 For to her heart strak mony a waefull stound,  
 As in a fever trymblit scho fute and hand;  
 And when her sister in sic plight her fand

---

\* Butler.

For very pitie scho began to greit ;  
 Syne comfort gaif, with words as huny sweit.

“ Quhy ly ye thus? Ryse up my sister deir,  
 Cum to your meit, this peril is owre-past ;”  
 The uther answert, with a hevye cheir,  
 “ I may not eit, sae sair I am agast,  
 I lever had this fourtie lang days fast  
 With water-kail, and gnaw dry beans and peis,  
 Than haif your feist with this dreid and waneise.”

With tretie fair, at last, scho gart her ryse,  
 To burde they went, and down together sat ;  
 But scantly had they drunken anes or twyce,  
 Quhen in came Hunter Gib, the jolly cat,  
 And bad God speid.—The Burgess up scho gat,  
 And till her hole scho fled, lyk fire frae flint,  
 But Badrans be the back the ither hint.

The verse which follows is exquisitely natural.

Frae fute to fute, he cast her to and frae,  
 Quhyls up, quhyls down, als tait as ony kid ;  
 Quhyls wald he let her run beneath the strae,  
 Quhyls wald he wink and play with her buk-hid ;  
 Thus to the silly mouse grit harm he did,  
 Till, at the last, throw fair fortune and hap,  
 Betwixt the dressour and the wall scho crap.

Syne up in haste behind the pannaling  
 Sae hie scho clam, that Gibby might not get her ;  
 And be the cluks sae craftily can hing  
 Till he was gane, her cheir was all the better,  
 Syne down scho lap quhen ther was nane to let her.



Then on the Burgess Mous aloud did cry,  
 " Sister, farewell! here I thy feist defy.

Were I anes in the cot that I cam frae,  
 For weil nor wae I sould neir com again."  
 With that scho tuke her leif, and furth can gae,  
 Quhyles throw the riggs of corn, quhyles oure the  
 plain,

Quhen scho was furth and frie, her heart was fain,  
 And merry lit scho linkit oure the mure;  
 Needless to tell how afterwart she fure.

But this in schort:—She reicht her eisy den,  
 As warm as on suppose it was not grit,  
 Full beinly stuffit it was baith butt and ben,  
 With peis and nuts, and beins, and ry, and quheit,  
 When eir scho lykt scho had enouch of meit.  
 In ease and quiet, without sturt and dreid,  
 But till her sister's feist nae mair she gied.

Among Henryson's fables, there is improperly classed a piece, called *The Bluidy Serk*. It is an allegorical ballad, the purpose of which is less to be praised than the manner in which it is executed. The daughter of a mighty monarch has been carried away by a giant, and cast into a pit or dungeon, where she is doomed to remain until some gallant knight shall achieve her deliverance. A worthy prince, at length, appears as her champion, vanquishes the giant, and thrusts him into the loathsome dungeon which he had prepared for others. When he had restored the damsel to her father, he felt that death must speedily be the consequence of the wounds which he had received in the combat. He then bequeaths to her his *bluidy*

*serk*, and solemnly enjoins her to contemplate it whenever another lover should happen to present himself. Such is the allegory; the explanation of it shall be given in the author's own words.

This kyng is lyk the trinitie,  
 Baith in hevin and heir;  
 The manis saule to the lady,  
 The gyant to Lucifer;  
 The nycht to Chryst that deit on tre,  
 And coft our sinnis deir;  
 The pit to hell with panis fell,  
 The sin to the woweir.

The lady was woed, but scho said nay,  
 With men that wald hir wed,  
 Sa suld we wryth all syn away,  
 That in our breist is bred.  
 I pray to Jesu Christ verray,  
 For us his blud that bled,  
 To be our help on domysday,  
 Quhair lawis ar stoutly led.

The soule is Goddis dechtir deir,  
 And eik his handewerk,  
 That was betrayit with Lucifeir,  
 Quha sits in hell full merk.  
 Borrowit with Chrystis angell cleir,  
 Hend men will ye nocht herk?  
 For his lufe that bocht us sa deir,  
 Think on the bluidy serk.

The similitude is doubtless well carried through; but there can perhaps be but one opinion as to the

propriety of illustrating sacred truths by a nursery legend.

The *Garment of Gude Ladyis* is another allegorical poem by Henryson. Lord Hailes has said of it, with some severity, that "the comparison between female ornaments and female virtues is extended throughout so many lines, and with so much of a tirewoman's detail, that it becomes somewhat ridiculous." The reader will scarcely expect, that the comparison "extended throughout so many lines, and with so much of a tirewoman's detail," only extends altogether to ten verses.

In the *Abbey Walk*, the *Praise of Age*, the *Reasoning betwixt Deth and Man*, and the *Reasoning betwixt Aige and Yowth*, Henryson has attempted, with some success, the path of moral reflection. His sentiments cannot be expected, at the distance of three centuries, to present much that is striking; but they breathe a spirit of rational piety, which it is always peculiarly pleasing to trace in the productions of remote periods, when the grossest superstition possessed almost universally the minds of men.

The only other production, by Henryson, which claims our particular notice, is a pastoral, entitled *Robene and Makyne*, the object of which is to illustrate the old proverb.—

*The man that will not when he may,  
Sall have nocht when he wald.*

Dr. Irving says of this poem, "I regard it as superior, in many respects, to the similar attempts of Spenser and Browne. Free from the glaring improprieties which appear in the eclogues of those writers,

it exhibits many genuine strokes of poetical delineation, and evinces the author to have been intimately acquainted with human character. Robene's indifference seems, indeed, to be rather suddenly converted into love; but this is perhaps the only misrepresentation of the operations of nature into which the poet has been betrayed. The fable is skilfully conducted; the sentiments and manners are truly pastoral; and the diction possesses wonderful terseness and suavity." The style of this pastoral is indeed worthy of every commendation; but with all deference to Dr. I. we must look elsewhere for proofs of the author's acquaintance with human nature, than to the skill with which he has portrayed the workings of the heart in the story of these rural lovers.

The sudden conversion of Robene's indifference into love cannot be more at variance with the ordinary operations of nature, than is the equally sudden conversion of Makyne's consuming passion into laughing indifference, at the very moment when she beholds the swain, for whom she had been pining, "towmonds twa or three," a willing slave at her feet. But what is either circumstance, compared to the novel boldness with which "mirry Makyne" is the first to make the advances in this little comedy of love, and to declare, that unless Robene has compassion upon her, she will die of grief? or, to the strangely liberal offers with which she tempts the insensible hind?

Robin, tak tent unto my tale,  
 And do all as I reid;  
 And thou sall haif my heart all hale,  
 And eke       •       •       •       •

Such are not surely either the "manners" or "sen-

timents" of "truly pastoral" life. The tale is prettily enough told ; but, instead of being an example of Henryson's knowledge of the human heart, it ought rather to be quoted as an exception to the good sense and discernment which distinguish the generality of his productions.

Nearly the whole of Henryson's poems bear internal evidence of having been composed in the decline of life. In this, he resembled his model, Chaucer, whose *Canterbury Tales*, the best of all his works, were written when on the verge of three score years and ten. Henryson had not however, like Chaucer, cause to blame a vagrant muse in his dying hours, for any thing in his writings which might pollute to future ages the stream of human morals. His sentiments are uniformly worthy of his years—pure, chastened, and instructive ; and whatever share of the poetical art he displays, it is solely employed in giving to the lessons of virtue some heightening charm, or rendering the ways of vice more odious.\*

R. H.

---

\* Wood, in his *Annals*, informs us, that though Chaucer never repented of his reflections on the clergy, yet that there were licentious parts of his poems which grieved him much on his death-bed : " for one that lived shortly after his time maketh report, that when he saw death approaching, he did often cry out, "Woe is me, Woe is me, that I cannot recall and annul those things which I have written

\* \* \* \* \*

but alas! they are now continued from man to man, and I cannot do what I desire."

A. S.

## ALEXANDER SCOT.

THE Scottish poetry of the sixteenth century cannot boast of many productions more elegant and refined, than those of Alexander Scot; but of his personal history, nothing whatever is known beyond what can be gleaned, or rather conjectured, from his writings. He flourished during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whom he addressed "A New Year's Gift, when she came first hame, 1562," in which he designates himself her "simple servant, *Sanders Scot*." He proves himself, in this address, to have been a friend to the Reformed religion, which he recommends in strong terms to her majesty's protection. That he hoped for favour in the royal sight from this poetical tribute, it is natural to suppose; but there is every reason to believe, that he sung an unrequited strain. We find the name of Scot selected by Montgomery to point a reflection on neglected merit, in one of his sonnets addressed to Robert Hudson.

Ye know, ill guyding genders mony gees,  
 And specially in poets: for example,  
 Ye can pen out twa cuple an' ye please,  
 Yourself and I, *auld Scot*, and Robert Semple.

But the fact is still more distinctly indicated in a beautiful little fable by Scot himself, entitled, *The*  
 PART 5.] c

*Eagle and Robin Redbreast.* The royal bird had, according to the poet, invited

To his hie palace, on a rock,  
The courtiers of ilk various size,  
That swiftly swim in crystal skies.

The party having assembled :

Bow'd first submissive to my lord,  
Then took their places at his borde.

The poet proceeds :

Mein tyme whyle feisting on a fawn,  
And drinking blude frae lammies drawn,  
A tuneful *robin*, trig and yung,  
Hard by upon a bour-tree sung.  
He sang the eagle's royal line,  
His piercing eye and right divine  
To sway out-oure the fetherit thrang,  
Wha dreid his martial bill and fang ;  
His flight sublime and eild renewit,  
His mind with clemencie endewit ;  
In safter notes he sung his luve,  
Mair hie, his beiring bolts for Jove.

The monarch bird with blythness heard  
The chanting lital silvan bard,  
Calit up a buzzard, wha was then  
His favorite and chamberlaine.  
'Furth to my treasury,' quod he,  
'And to yon canty robin gie,  
As meikle of our currant geir  
As may mantain him throw the yeir ;

We can weil spair't,—and its his due :'  
 He bad, and furth the Judas flew  
 Straight to the brainch whair robin sung,  
 And, with a wickit lyan tung,  
 Said, ' Ah! ye sing, sae dull and rugh,  
 Ye haif deivt our lugs mair than eneugh.  
 His majesty has a nice eir,  
 And nae mair of your stuff can beir ;  
 Pok up your pypes, be nae mair sene  
 At court, I warn you as a frien'.

He spak, whyle robinis swelling breist  
 And drouping wings his grief exprest ;  
 The teirs ran happing down his cheik,  
 Grit grew his hairt, he could nocht speik ;  
 No, for the tinsel of rewaird,  
 But that his notis met nae regaird ;  
 Straicht to the schaw he spred his wing,  
 Resolvit again nae mair to sing,  
 Whair princelie bountie is supprest  
 By sic whome they are opprest,  
 Wha cannot beir (because they cannot want it)  
 That ocht suld be to merit grantit.

There can be little doubt, that, in the fate of the poor robin, the poet sang his own.

It has been supposed, that the place of Scot's residence was Dalkeith, because that village is the scene of a *Justing*, which he has celebrated *betwixt William Adamson and John Syme*. This is conjecture run wild ; a parity of reasoning would give Homer to Troy, and Tasso to Jerusalem. If any thing is to be inferred from the *Justing* alluded to, with respect to the home of Scot, Edinburgh has a much better



claim to the honor than Dalkeith ; for, at the conclusion of the sport, we are told :

Be than the bougil began to blaw,  
 For nicht had them ouretane :  
 Allace, said Sym, for faut of law,  
 That bargin get I nane.  
 Thus *hame*, with mony a crack and flaw,  
 They passed every ane,  
 Syne partit at the *Potter Row*,<sup>a</sup>  
 And sindry gaits are gane,  
 To rest them within the town that nicht.

The poems by which Scot has established his chief claims to our regard, are of an amatory cast. With a few exceptions, they display a delicacy of sentiment, which was rarely to be met with in this walk of composition at the period when he wrote ; and in common with all his productions, an ease of versification not exceeded by any thing produced for half a century after. The best of these amatory pieces are those entitled, "The Flower of Womanheid," "To his Heart," and the "Rondel of Love." The first, which possesses very considerable beauty, is happily brief enough for quotation.

*The Flower of Womanheid.*

I.

Thou well of virtue, flower of womanheid,  
 And patron unto patiens,

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\* One of the southern inlets to Edinburgh.

Lady of lawty, baith in word and deid,  
 Rycht sobir, sweet, full meik of eloquens,  
 Baith gude and fair; to your magnificens,  
 I me commend, as I haif done before,  
 My sempill heart for now and evermore.

## II.

For evermore, I sall you service mak :  
 Sen of befoir into my mynd I made,  
 Sen first I knew your ladyship, bot lak  
 All bewtie, youth and womanheid ye had,  
 Withouten rest my heart couth not evade.  
 Thus am I yours, and ay sensyne haif bene  
 Commandit thereto, by your twa fair ene.

## III.

Your twa fair ene maks me aft syis to sing,  
 Your twa fair ene maks me to sich also,  
 Your twa fair ene maks me grit comforting,  
 Your twa fair ene is wyt of all my woe,  
 Your twa fair ene will not ane heart let go,  
 But links him fast that gets a sicht of them :  
 Of every virtue bricht, ye bear the name.

## IV.

Ye bear the name of gentilness of blude,  
 Ye bear the name that mony for ye dies,  
 Ye bear the name, ye are baith fair and gude,  
 Ye bear the name of every sweet can pleis,  
 Ye bear the name, fortune and you agreis,  
 Ye bear the name of lands, of length, and breadth ;  
 The Well of Verteu and Flower of Womanheid !

One verse from the address "*To his Heart*" will shew, that it is in an equally melodious strain.

Returne thee hameward, Heart! agane,  
 And byde quhair thou was wont to be ;  
 Thou art ane fule to suffer pane  
 For luv of her, that luv is not thee.  
 My heart! let be sic fantasie :  
 Luv nane bot as they mak thee cause ;  
 And let her seek ane heart for thee,  
 For feind a crum of thee scho fawis.

From the specimens which have been given, it will be seen, that Scot had attained to a skill in the use of numbers, far beyond what was common to the writers, either of Scotland or England, in the early part of the sixteenth century. He appears, in fact, to have been one of the earliest of our poets who had a full sense of the important aid which grace and strength of expression may derive from a mere arrangement of cadences ; and may be said to have presented some of the first examples of that refinement in versification, which it was left to Drummond to advance towards perfection.

In the *Evergreen* of Allan Ramsay, and the *Collections* of Hailes, Sibbald, and Pinkerton, all the best pieces, by Scot, will be found. The *Bannatyne MS.* contains others which have never been printed ; but considering how often that valuable repository has been ransacked by very competent judges, we may conclude, that nothing has been neglected, whose oblivious repose it is worth disturbing.

## WALTER KENNEDY.

ALTHOUGH Walter Kennedy is now chiefly known to the readers of Scottish poetry, as a rival in *Flyting* to Dunbar, he appears, in his time, to have possessed a much more respectable poetical reputation. He speaks of himself as "Of Rethory the Rose," and as one who has

— ambulate on Parnasso the mōuntain,  
 Inspyrit with Hermes frae his golden sphere ;  
 And dulcely drunk of eloquence the fountain,  
 Quhen purifiet with frost, and flowand cleir.

But independently of his own authority, which may reasonably be supposed to be tinged with some portion of vanity, we find him mentioned by both Douglas and Lindsay, as one of the most eminent of their contemporaries. Douglas even ranks him before Dunbar in his *Court of the Muses*, styling him, "The Greit Kennedie." His works, however, have unfortunately all perished, except the *Flyting* with Dunbar, and two short pieces, the one entitled, an *Invective against Mouth-Thankless*, contained in the *Evergreen* ; and the other, *Prais of Age*, published by Lord Hailes.

From the *Flyting*, we learn, that he was a native of the district of Carrick, and belonged to the ecclesiastical order. Dunbar upbraids him with living by

theft and beggary ; but Kennedy replies, that he wants not “ land, store, and stakkis,” “ steids and cakes,” of his own. He boasts also of the favour of royalty, and even of some affinity to it.

I am the king's blude, his trew and special clerk,  
That never yit imagin't his offence ;  
Constant in mine allegiance, word, and wark,  
Only dependand on his excellence,  
Trusting to have of his magnificence  
Guerdon, reward and benefice bedene.

The *Flyting* is altogether a miserable exhibition of rival malice, and does as little credit to the moral sense, as to the poetical taste of the combatants. It is due, however, to Kennedy, to mention, that the attack did not commence with him ; and that as far as it is worth glancing at a comparison, he appears to have had the best of the conflict. Dr. Irving remarks, that “ in the Testament of Kennedy, Dunbar has consecrated this apparently dissolute priest to perpetual ridicule.” This may be true of the Kennedy referred to in the Testament ; but Dr. I. seems to be in a mistake, in supposing him to be the same person with the hero of the *Flyting*. The priest satirized in the Testament is a “ Master *Andro* Kennedie ;” but the Christian name of the poet was *Walter*.

Lord Hailes thinks it probable, that this fierce altercation between the two poets may have been merely a play of fancy, without any real quarrel existing between the parties. Had it served to shew off their talents to mutual advantage, I should have been inclined to suppose so too ; but it is incredible, that



any two individuals should concert to calumniate each other so grossly as Dunbar and Kennedy have done in the *Flyting*, for any entertainment which the exposure might be supposed to give to the public.

It is gratifying to find, that Dunbar, who survived Kennedy, survived also whatever resentment he entertained toward him. In his *Lament for the Death of the poets*, he thus laments the approaching loss of his old antagonist, who appears, at the time that poem was written, to have been on his death-bed.

And Mr. Walter Kennedy  
In point of death lies wearily,  
Grit rewth it wer that so should be,  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*

The *Invective against Mouth-thankless* is beneath criticism ; it is not very intelligible, and, in as far as it is so, is indecent. The *Prais of Age* is the only production by Kennedy extant, which is of a nature to account for the estimation in which he was anciently held. " This poem," says Lord Hailes, whose opinion I gladly adopt, " gives a favorable idea of Kennedy as a versifier. His lines are more polished than those of his contemporaries. If he is the person against whom Dunbar directed his *Invective*, he has met with hard measure."

K. K.

## JOHN OGILBY.

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JOHN OGILBY was born in or near Edinburgh, in November, 1600. His father is said to have been a gentleman of respectable family, who, having wasted his patrimony, removed to London, and was soon afterwards thrown into the King's Bench prison. The education of his son was, in the midst of these distresses, greatly neglected; but the youth being of a diligent turn, improved the few opportunities which he had to so much advantage, that he obtained a knowledge not only of his own language, but of the rudiments of the Latin.

An incredible story is told of his earning, while yet a lad, so much money, as not only to release his father from gaol, but also to bind himself apprentice to one Draper, a dancing-master in London. It would be a secret worth knowing, to trace by what possible exertion of industry or ingenuity this feat of filial affection was accomplished; and when known, we should still have cause to wonder, that the young man could abandon the mine of wealth which he had discovered, for the purpose of apprenticing himself to a teacher of capers.

Ogilby had not, it appears, been long under this master, before he became a proficient in the art and mystery of dancing, and so great a favorite with the scholars, that they supplied him with money

enough to enable him to buy up his indentures before the regular period of their expiry, and to set up for himself. The fame of Mr. Ogilby now spread rapidly, and he was soon accounted without a rival in the metropolis. An unlucky step at high capering, however, in a mask given by William Duke of Buckingham, caused him to sprain one of his legs; and though he continued still able to teach, Ogilby was obliged to yield the honours of personal exhibition to others.

In 1633, when the unfortunate Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, went over to Ireland as Lord Deputy, he took Ogilby along with him as one of his household. His duties in this situation were of rather a multifarious description. He was dancing-master to the Earl's children; occasional amanuensis to the Earl himself; and one of his lordship's troop of guard besides. Ambitious of shewing that he had a claim to still higher preferments, Ogilby began, for the first time, to pay his court to the Muses, and produced poetical versions of some of Æsop's fables, and a humourous piece, entitled, "The Character of a Trooper," which were read and talked of. The Earl was pleased with the assiduity, if not with the genius, displayed by his poetical trooper; and, though he did not at once promote him to be Poet-Laureate to the castle, he gave him an appointment, not much inferior to it in importance—he made him Deputy Master of the Revels. Encouraged by the patronage of the court, and in honour of his new office, Ogilby erected a little theatre in St. Warburgh-street, Dublin, where he, for some time, exhibited, with considerable success, such dramatic



entertainments as were then in vogue. On the breaking out of the rebellion, however, in 1641, the Master of the Revels' occupation was gone ; he lost all his property, and on several occasions his life was in great danger, particularly at the blowing up of Rathfarnham Castle, near Dublin. About the year 1646, Ogilby left Ireland, but was shipwrecked on the passage, and arrived in London, in a most destitute condition.

The Earl of Strafford had perished on the scaffold some years before ; and Ogilby's absence in Ireland having estranged him from all his old connections, he was now without a friend or patron in the world. After a short stay in the metropolis, and a vain effort, as it would seem, to re-establish himself there, he travelled on foot to Cambridge. Here, fortune once more smiled upon him. In what capacity he contrived to earn the means of his subsistence, we are not told ; but he was befriended by many of the scholars, and enabled to devote so much of his attention to classical studies, that he became, ere long, a perfect master of the Latin language. He had most probably resumed, for a season, the practice of his original profession ; and it can be no disgrace to a man to have taught what he knew, in order to learn something better.

Desirous of turning his academical attainments to some account, Mr. Ogilby commenced a Translation of the Works of Virgil. It was completed and published in 8vo. in 1649-50, with a Dedication to William Marquis of Hertford, whom he styles " his most noble patron." It sold so well, that in 1654 it was reprinted in royal folio, with splendid embellish-

ments. Wood says, that this was the finest edition ever produced by the English press.

Encouraged by the success of this literary adventure, Ogilby presented the public, in 1651, with the "Fables of Æsop, paraphrased in verse," &c. in one vol. 4to. The work, says Wood, archly, procured him a degree among the minor poets, being recommended in some verses prefixed by Sir Walter Davenant and James Shirley. The rank he assigns to Ogilby may probably be the true one; but it was unfair in Wood thus to depreciate, by the way, the genius of Shirley, whom he has elsewhere described as "the most noted dramatic poet of his time."

Although Ogilby had now passed his fiftieth year, such was his laudable perseverance in learned pursuits, that about 1654, an opportunity presenting itself of acquiring a knowledge of the Greek language, he entered upon the study of it with all the ardour of youth. He had now removed to London, and through his friend Shirley, the poet, who then kept a school in Whitefriars, became acquainted with a countryman, of the name of Whitford or Whitfield, who was usher to Shirley, and kindly offered to be Ogilby's preceptor in the Greek.

Ogilby had no sooner acquired a competent knowledge of Homer, in the original, than he was seized with the ambition of again appearing before the public as a translator. He commenced an English poetical version of the Iliad, which he published in a style of great splendour in 1660, with a dedication to Charles II. It was printed on imperial paper, and adorned with a variety of engravings by Hollar and other eminent artists. The notes, which shew con-

siderable learning and acuteness, were supplied by Shirley; and it is probable, that the translation was also under some obligations to his superintendance.

In the same year, he published at Cambridge, with the assistance of Dr. John Worthington and other learned men, an edition of the "English Bible," which surpassed in elegance all preceding editions. It was embellished with a number of illustrative maps and engravings by the best artists. Mr. Ogilby embraced the first occasion of the King's (Charles II.) attending the Royal Chapel, at Whitehall, to present his majesty with a copy of the work. His majesty was so well pleased with its execution, that he gave Mr. Ogilby letters to the House of Convocation, which was then sitting, recommending to them his claims to some indemnity for the extraordinary expense which he had incurred in printing the work. The result of this recommendation is not recorded. Ogilby, at the same time, presented a copy to the House of Commons, and petitioned, that his Bible "might be recommended to be made use of in all churches." The house ordered him a gratuity of 50*l.*; but very properly declined granting the sort of monopoly for which he solicited.

On the coronation of Charles the Second in 1661, Ogilby was employed by the commissioners for managing that solemnity, to supply them with what was called the poetical part, including the speeches, emblems, mottoes, and inscriptions. He drew up, on this occasion, "The Relation of his Majesty's Entertainment passing through the City of London to his Coronation, with a description of the Triumphal Arches and Solemnity," in ten sheets folio; but af-

terwards, by his majesty's command, published it in an extended form in a large folio volume on royal paper, with fine engravings. The work is said to have been found useful in succeeding coronations.

Ogilby was now in such favour at court, that in 1662, he obtained, in opposition to Sir William Davenant, the patent of Master of the Revels in Ireland—an office which carried him once more into that kingdom. Of the theatre which he had erected during the viceroyalty of Strafford, nothing now remained; but with a spirit of liberality which did honor to his appointment, he laid out no less than two thousand pounds of a small fortune which he had acquired by his literary speculations, in erecting a new one, on a scale worthy of the Irish metropolis. As soon as this erection was completed, he returned to England.

In 1665, he published a second volume, in folio, of Translations from Æsop, ornamented with cuts, and in this included some new fables of his own.

In the same year, he published, as a companion to his Iliad, a translation of the Odyssey, printed in a similar style of elegance and embellishment.

It must seem surprising, that in an age when the number of readers was few, and when to starve was but too often the fate of real genius, a writer of Ogilby's inferior powers should have enjoyed such extensive patronage, as to be able thus to produce one splendid volume after another. But Ogilby was, at least, as good a schemer as he was an author, and had a way of his own of procuring purchasers for his works, which is deserving of notice as a very curious piece of literary history. With the sanction of

the court, he issued a proposal "for the better and more speedy vendition of several volumes (his own works) by the way of a standing lottery." This lottery commenced drawing on the 10th of May, 1675, and, according to the account given by Ogilby in a subsequent proposal, "to the general satisfaction of the adventurers, with no less hopes of a clear dispatch and fair advantage to the author." It continued drawing several days, when its proceedings were stopped by the plague, and "it long discontinued under the arrest of that common calamity, till the next year's more violent and sudden visitation; the dreadful and surprising conflagration swallowed the remainder of the stock, being two parts of three, to the value of 3000*l*."

Ogilby, at the time of this calamity, occupied a house in Whitefriars, which, with all it contained, shared in the general conflagration. In one moment, he saw himself deprived of the whole fruits of a laborious life, with the exception of the value of about 5*l*. which was all he had left to begin the world again with, at the advanced age of sixty-six. Besides his whole stock of published works, there perished in the flames three unpublished poems of his own; two of them of the heroic kind, entitled, the "Ephesian Matron," and "The Roman Slave," which were intended to have been dedicated to the Earl of Ossory; and one, an epic, in twelve books, in honor of Charles I. The fortitude with which Ogilby sustained a loss, attended with so many aggravating circumstances, evinced a strength of character not often exemplified. Instead of throwing up the game of life in despair, as most men at his advanced age would have been

disposed to do, his only thought was how to make a new fortune as rapidly as possible. "He had," says Wood, speaking of this event, "such excellent invention and prudential wit, and he was master of so good an address, that, when he had nothing to live on, he could not only handsomely shift for himself, but made such rational proposals, which were embraced by rich and great men, that in a short time he would obtain an estate again. He never failed in what he undertook; but by his great industry and prudence went through it with profit and honour to himself." His first scheme for repairing his loss of fortune was to revive the lottery speculation, which the plague and fire had interrupted. He resolved, as he says in the second proposal which he issued on this occasion, not only to reprint all his own former editions, but others that were new and of equal value, and to 'set up a second standing lottery, where such the discrimination of fortune shall be, that few or none shall return with a dissatisfying chance.' Accordingly, the author opened his office, 'where persons might put in their first encouragements, (viz.) twenty shillings, and twenty more at the reception of their fortune, and also see those several magnificent volumes, which their varied fortune (none being bad) should present them."

Poor Ogilby, however, did not find the encouragement he expected, for he observed "how that a money dearth, a silver famine, slackens and cools the courage of adventurers; through which hazy humours magnifying, shillings look like crowns, and each forty shillings a ten pound heap." He then determined to change the plan of his lottery, and

“ to attemper, or mingle each prize with four allaying blanks ; so bringing down by this means the market from double pounds to single crowns.”

The following were the propositions : — “ First, whoever will be pleased to put in five shillings shall draw a lott, his fortune to receive the greatest or meanest prize, or throw away his intended spending money on a blank. Secondly, whoever will adventure deeper, putting in 25 shillings, shall receive, if such his bad fortune be that he draws all blanks, a prize presented to him by the author, of more value than his money (if offered to be sold) though for offered ware, &c. Thirdly, who thinks fit to put in for eight lots, forty shillings, shall receive nine, and the advantage of their free choice (if all blanks) of either of the works complete, *vid.* Homer’s Iliad and Odyssey, or Æsop the first and second volume,” &c.

The principal prize was valued at £51, and contained an Imperial Bible, Virgil, Homer’s Iliad and Odyssey, Æsop’s Fables, His Majesty’s Entertainment, &c.

The whole number of lots was 3360, and the total money he received only £4210, although valued at £13700. The office was at “ the Black Boy, over against St. Dunstan’s Church, Fleet Street.”

The success of this lottery scheme, though not perhaps extremely flattering, was such, at least, as saved Ogilby from loss, and enabled him to push into circulation works, which had they depended on their intrinsic merit would, in all likelihood, have fallen dead-born from the press. It was reported at the time, that in the first lottery the adventurers could never get their books ; but Ogilby often de-

clared, that of seven hundred prizes drawn, there were not six which remained undelivered at the time of the fire, and were destroyed with the rest.

Ogilby now prudently turned his attention to a class of publications, which, as their utility was indisputable, required no such extraordinary arts to be forced into notice. He occupied himself solely with works of a geographical description, which he either compiled himself, or employed others to compile for him; and, with the same taste which he displayed in all his preceding publications, spared no pains or expense to present them to the public in as splendid a style as the united arts of typography and engraving were then capable of producing. He set up a printing establishment of his own, solely for the purpose of these works; employed only the best workmen and artists that were to be procured; and to give the greater eclat to his undertakings, he obtained, by his interest at court, the appointment of cosmographer and geographic printer to the king.

The chief work which he projected in this line was a General Atlas of the World; to be comprised in a series of folio volumes. Of this, the following parts were all that he lived to complete: An Embassy from New Batavia to the Emperor of China, 1669. Description of Africa, 1670. Description of America, 1671. Atlas Japonensis; being remarkable addresses, by way of Embassy, from the East India Company of the United Provinces to the Emperor of Japan, 1670. Atlas Chinensis; being the second part of a relation of remarkable passages in two Embassies from the East India Company of the United



Provinces to the Viceroy of Simlamong, 1671. Asia, the first part; being an accurate description of Persia and the several provinces thereof, 1673-4. Britannia, an Historical and Geographical Description of Britain, &c. part I.

Ogilby also produced several minor works, illustrative of the topography of England. In 1674, he published in folio, "The Travellers' Guide; or a most exact Description of the Roads of England; being Mr. Ogilby's actual Survey and Mensuration by the Wheel of the Great Roads from London to all the considerable cities and towns in England and Wales, together with the cross roads from one city or eminent town to another," &c. This work was afterwards reprinted in octavo, and entitled, "Mr. Ogilby's and Mr. William Morgan's Pocket Book of the Roads, with their computed and measured distances," &c. Morgan was his grandson and successor, as cosmographer to the king. More recently, the work was enlarged and amended by John Owen, of the Middle Temple, and published in 12mo. under the title of "Britannia Depicta, or Ogilby Improved," &c. 1731. On the rebuilding of London, after the great fire, Ogilby published "A New Map of London, as it is now built; and in conjunction with Morgan, he also constructed "A Map of London, Westminster, and Southwark;" a "New and Accurate Map of the City of London, distinct from Westminster and Southwark;" and "A Survey of Essex, with the roads exactly measured, and the arms of the gentry on the borders."

Having attained the age of seventy-six, Ogilby, at

length, departed this life, (Sept. 4, 1676,) and was interred in the vault under part of the church of St. Bride's, in Fleet Street.

The rank of Ogilby, as a poet, has been supposed to be pretty well settled by Pope, who, after admiring him extravagantly when a boy, has thus consigned him to ridicule in the Dunciad.

The rest on outside merit but presume,  
 Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room ;  
 Such with their shelves, as due proportion hold,  
 Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold,  
*Or where the pictures for the page alone,  
 And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own ;  
 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the Great, &c.*

Pope, as we are told by his biographers, was in his very early years " a great reader of Ogilby's Homer, and frequently spoke, in the latter part of his life, of the exquisite pleasure which the perusal of it gave him. When, on removing to a school in London, he had an opportunity of visiting the play-house, he became so delighted with theatrical exhibitions, that he formed a kind of play from the chief events of the Iliad, as related by Ogilby, with some verses of his own intermixed. He persuaded a few of the upper boys to act in this piece ; the master's gardener represented the character of Ajax ; and the actors were dressed after the pictures of his favourite Ogilby, which, indeed, were designed and engraved by artists of note." The poetry of Ogilby's Homer had probably but little share in Pope's youthful admiration ;

he gloated on it with the pleasure of a child, on account of the pictures which it contained. Had the text been even of a better order of composition than it was, he could not, perhaps, have said more than Cowley has done of his early fondness for the Fairy Queen—"my understanding had little to do with all this."

The contempt which Pope, when of mature age, entertained for Ogilby's poetry and has expressed in the *Dunciad*, is repeated in still more explicit terms in the preface to his translation of the *Iliad*. It is there pronounced to be poetry too mean for criticism. I am sorry that I have nothing to oppose to so severe a sentence; yet it is but justice to Ogilby to remark, that the productions by which we would have been best able to judge of the real extent of his poetical genius, were those which perished in the flames and never came under the public eye.

However humble Ogilby's pretensions as a poet may have been, it must be allowed, that in other respects he was no common character. The assiduity with which he repaired the defects of his early education; his attainments as a classical scholar; his address in procuring friends, and his care, by useful and honourable services, to retain them; the ingenuity of his schemes, and the magnitude of his performances; are all evidences of a mind capacious, inventive, and vigorous. Cibber says, that "he seems to have recommended himself to the world by honest means, without having recourse to the servile arts of flattery." I rather suspect, that to flatter must have formed no inconsiderable part of Ogilby's art of rising in the

world. It may have been flattery, however, without debasement; such honest courtliness as the most upright of men must have recourse to, when fate has left them to be the architects of their own fortune.

W. O.

## DR. ALEXANDER PENNYCUIK.

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ALEXANDER Pennycuik was born in 1652. His father was a gentleman of the same name, who served as Surgeon-General to the Auxiliary Scots Army, sent into England during the civil wars, and was possessed of two considerable estates in Scotland, that of Newhall, situated on the North Esk, near Edinburgh; and that of Romanno, in the county of Peebles. He is said by his son, to have lived to be "the oldest Æsculapius of the age," and to have been moreover

A Scotsman true, a faithful friend and sure;  
Who flatter'd not the rich, nor scourg'd the poor.  
He lov'd his native country as himself,  
And ever scorn'd the greed of worldly pelf.  
From old forbiers much worth he did inherit,  
A gentleman by birth, but more by merit.

Of the early years of his son, Alexander, nothing certain is known; neither the course of his studies nor the place where he studied. His works seem to indicate a foreign education, and shew, at least, that he had at one period or other visited the continent. With the French and Italian languages he seems to have been early familiar.

When of an age to take an active part in the world, a tender regard for his father, who had retired from

public service to spend the remainder of his days on his patrimonial property, induced him to reside almost constantly with him, and the life of rural retirement, which he thus adopted from a sentiment of filial duty, became so agreeable to his inclinations, that he never afterwards emerged from it. In a poetical answer to several letters which he had received from his brother, persuading him against staying longer in the country, and inviting him to settle in Edinburgh, he gives a glowing account of his rural occupations and amusements; contends for their superiority over the gaieties of the town, and declares, that he will not be so "graceless" or "bold" as to bring his father to the city,

"To stifle him with smoke, though he be old."

When the old gentleman died, the property of the family estates devolved upon Dr. Pennycuik, and much of his time was henceforth occupied in their management. He delighted in the labours of the field, and studied botany with the curiosity of a man of science. For the benefit of his country neighbours, he practised, at the same time, as a physician, and his patients are said to have been numerous. In his hours of leisure, he employed himself in collecting materials for a "Description of Tweedale," which he afterwards published in conjunction with Mr. John Forbes, the friend of Allan Ramsay; and in writing occasional pieces in poetry, chiefly descriptive of the rustic manners of the peasants around him, with whom he was fond of cultivating an acquaintance.

A tradition prevails, that Allan Ramsay was fur-

nished by Dr. Pennycuik with the plot of his beautiful pastoral comedy of the Gentle Shepherd; and, in a Life of Dr. P. prefixed to a late edition of his works, published at Leith, (1815) a variety of circumstances are mentioned as corroborative of the story. To those who share in the too common disposition to trace every thing of merit in an author's works to any body but the author himself, these circumstances will appear extremely convincing; but an impartial inquirer needs only to be reminded of the chance manner in which the comedy of the Gentle Shepherd was constructed, or rather grew out of the eclogues of Jenny and Peggy, and Patie and Roger, after an interval of many years between the two productions, to be satisfied that it is altogether unlikely, that Ramsay was in possession of a plot at all in the first instance; and if such was the case then, he could scarcely be indebted for any subsequent help to Dr. Pennycuik, who died the very year after the publication of the first portion of the Gentle Shepherd, and six long years before the appearance of the second.

Dr. Pennycuik closed a long and useful life in the year 1722, being then in his seventieth year. He left two daughters, the eldest of whom was married to Mr. Oliphant, the younger, of Lanton, in Mid Lothian, and the other to Mr. Farquharson of Kirk-toun of Boyne, in Aberdeenshire. With the former, he gave, as a marriage portion, the estate of Newhall; and to the latter, he left the estate of Romanno, on which he was residing at the time of his death.

The works of Dr. Pennycuik were first printed in 1715, and they had time to become scarce before the

new edition before mentioned was called for, exactly a century having elapsed between the two publications. His "Description of Tweedale" is esteemed for the antiquarian and, more especially, the botanical information which it contains. His poems, which are of a miscellaneous description, do not rise much, if at all, above mediocrity; but as sketches from real life, at the period in which he flourished, they are curious, and, as memorials of a warm and generous heart, may be read with profit, if they do not greatly delight. An inscription for his "Bee House," another for his "Closet," and a third for "Gilmerton Cave," are among his neatest effusions. I subjoin the last not as the best of the three, but on account of the singular history with which it is connected. The "Cave," which is in the vicinity of the village of Gilmerton, near Edinburgh, was a dwelling house dug out of solid rock by one George Paterson, a blacksmith. It consisted of several apartments, including a workshop for Paterson, and a washing house, with a well for his wife; it had also several windows, so formed as to communicate light from above. The architect, or rather excavator, of this extraordinary abode, took five years to finish it, and lived and prosecuted his business in it till his death, which took place in 1735. For many years, the Cave was deemed a great curiosity, and much visited by strangers. The inscription which Pennycuik wrote for it, though deficient in elegance, and ending with a sad rhyme, is possessed of some point.

Upon the earth thrives villainy and woe,  
But happiness and I do dwell below;



40 LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

My hand hewed out this rock into a cell,  
Wherein from din of life I safely dwell.  
On Jacob's pillow, nightly lies my head,  
My house when living, and my grave when dead ;  
Inscribe upon it, when I'm dead and gone,  
I lived and died within my mother's womb.

A. P.

## EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

ALEXANDER CUNINGHAM, Earl of Glencairn, was son and heir of William, fourth Earl of Glencairn, Lord Treasurer of Scotland, one of the prisoners taken at the battle of Solway Moss in 1542. In 1547, he succeeded to the earldom. He took the part of the Queen Dowager of Scotland, against the regent, James Duke of Chatelherault; and afterwards, according to Crawford, was one of the first of the peers of Scotland who concurred in the Reformation of the church from popery. His zeal in the cause is said to have partaken of frenzy; and the picture of him, given in Pinkerton's Scottish Gallery,\* presents a physiognomy which gives every countenance to the assertion. He particularly distinguished himself for an enmity to the works of art, which a man of his rank might have been expected to leave to the vulgar rabble. When Queen Mary was driven from the throne, he hastened to Holyrood House, attended by his domestics, tore down the altars of the royal chapel, and broke the images to pieces.

John Knox, in his History of the Reformation,

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\* From which the portrait which accompanies this work is taken.

speaking of the cruelties exercised against the reformers about the end of the reign of James the Fifth, observes, that notwithstanding this prosecution, "the monsters and hypocritis, the Gray Freers, day by day, came farder in contempt: for not only did the learned espye and detest their abominable hypocrisy, but also men in whom none such graces nor gifts were thought to have been, begun plainly to paint the same furth to the people, as the rhyme made by Alexander Earl of Glencairn, yet alive, can witness." The rhyme to which Knox refers was "Ane Epistle directed from the Holy Heremite of Allareit to his Brethren the Graye Frears." The Hermit of Allareit is mentioned by Sir David Ramsay at the close of his *Satyre of the three Estaitis*.

" I will with ane humill spreit,  
Ga serve the Hermit of 'Lareit,  
And leir him for till flatter."

*Allareit*, or 'Lareit, says Sibbald, was undoubtedly Loretto, at the east end of Musselburgh, where there was formerly a chapel, belonging to the abbacy of Dunfermline, dedicated to the Lady of Loretto. Of the "Hermit," we have the following instructive account in Mr. Dalrymple's "Cursory Remarks on Ane Booke of Godly Songs," prefixed to his Collection of "Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century." "A person having lost a lawsuit, and being unable to pay, took refuge in Holyrood-house, which is still a sanctuary for debtors. He abstained a long time from food; on which the king, it is said, tried this faculty for thirty-two days in a private chamber. He was

dismissed ; and coming half naked into the street professed to the people, that what he had done was from the assistance of the Virgin Mary. Many supposed him a sacred person ; but others, with more probability, that he was mad ; so that soon being neglected, he went to Rome, where he gave Pope Clement a similar proof ; and besides getting a certificate of so valuable a property, he obtained some money to defray the expense of a journey to Jerusalem. As he returned by London, he preached against King Henry's divorce and defection from the Holy See, for which he was imprisoned ; and having fasted fifty days, he was dismissed for a madman. Falling in with another rogue by profession, who earned a livelihood by exhibiting miracles and selling relics, they agreed to join their fortunes. But one of them appropriating too much of the spoil, the other deserted him ; and erecting an altar (at Loretto) set up his own daughter, a beautiful young woman, as an image of the Virgin Mary, and thousands flocked to worship her. The cell at Loretto was a kind of fashionable resort. Young men and women made pilgrimages to the hermit, but for purposes very different from devout. His impostures were exposed when men durst begin to write."

The first that exposed them in writing was Glencairn, in his "Epistle." It has no poetical merit, and is only curious as a relic of the history of the times. The following is the commencement :

I Thomas, Hermit of Lariet,  
 Saint Frances' bretheren heartily greet,

Beseching you with firm intent,  
 To be wakryif and diligent :  
 For thir Lutherans risen and new,  
 Our order daily dois pursue.  
 Thir smaikes\* do set thir whole intent  
 To read the English New Testament ;  
 And say we have them clean disceyvit,  
 Therefor in haste they must be stoppit.  
 Our state hypocresy they prise,  
 And do blaspheme us on this wise :  
 Saying, that we are heretics,  
 And false, loud, lying mastiss tykes,  
 Cummerars and quellers of Christ's kirk,  
 Sweir swingeours that will not work,  
 But idly our living wins,  
 Devouring wolves into sheep's skins,  
 Hurkland with hoods into our neck,  
 With Judas mind to jouk and beck ;  
 Seeking God's people to devore,  
 The overthrowers of God's gloir,  
 Professors of hypocresy,  
 And doctors in idolatrie, &c. &c.

After continuing for some time in the same strain,  
 the Hermit proposes to his monkish brethren to re-  
 deem the credit of the order by the exhibition of  
 pretended miracles.

A ghaist I purpose to gar gang,  
 By counsal of Frear Walter Lang,

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\* Simpletons.

Which shall make certain demonstrations,  
 To help us in our procurations,  
 Your holy order to decore.  
 That practice he prov'd once before,  
 Betwixt Kyrkcadie and Kinghorne, &c.

Although intemperate in his religious conduct, the Earl of Glencairn appears to have been highly esteemed among those of his own belief for his kindness of heart, and habits of active beneficence. He was called "THE GOOD EARL;" and no one can wish to dispute a title which popular opinion conferred.

W. C.

## DAVID MALLET.

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DAVID MALLET, or Malloch, is said to have been a descendant of the clan Macgregor, so celebrated for its misdeeds and its misfortunes. When, under the chieftainship of the noted Rob Roy, the whole of this race were proscribed by a solemn act of the state, and the few who escaped famine or the sword were compelled to purchase their safety by stealing into the Lowlands under fictitious names, some of them, the ancestors of the poet, assumed that of Malloch. His father was one James Malloch, who kept a public house at Crieff, on the borders of the Highlands, where David was born, as is generally supposed, about the year 1700. The history of his early years, even till manhood, is involved in the completest obscurity. He seems himself to have wished, that it should rest so for ever; nor can it be said, that the conjectures of others have in the least drawn the veil aside. One writer\* tells an idle story of his being compelled by the poverty of his parents to become Janitor of the High School of Edinburgh, an office which is never conferred except on age and experience. The picture which Fergusson has given of the Janitor of his *alma mater*, is one which may suit all the rest of the tribe :

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\* Companion to the Play-house, vol. ii.

“ Wi’ haffit locks sae smooth and sleek,  
John look’d like ony ancient Greek.”

Another biographer, with greater appearance of probability, infers, that Malloch studied at Aberdeen, from his having written some youthful verses on the repair of that university. If ever he wooed the classic muse on the banks of the Dee, he must, however, have early left it for the university of Edinburgh; for it is there that we meet with the first certain trace of Malloch. The Duke of Montrose having enquired among the professors for a fit person to be tutor to his sons, they recommended Malloch to the enviable situation. It is scarcely necessary to say, that only the greatest merit could have procured for a youth of humble parentage so distinguished a preference over the rest of his fellow students; nor is it easy to conceive what motive Malloch could have had for concealing any of the means by which he arrived at such early eminence. They may have partaken of difficulty, but they could not be dishonorable.

With his noble pupils, Malloch made the tour of Europe. On their return, he continued to reside with them at London; and, from his station in so illustrious a family, gained admission into the most polished circles of society. “By degrees,” says Dr. Johnson, “having cleared his tongue from his native pronunciation, so as to be no longer distinguished as a Scot, he seemed inclined to disencumber himself from all adherences of his original, and took upon him to change his name from Scotch *Malloch* to English *Mallet*, without any imaginable reason of preference which the eye or ear can discover.” The reason of preference is not perhaps so imperceptible,



as the spirit in which the change was made is objectionable. He would have made the improvement in sound completer, by calling himself *Mallow*, and he would probably have done so had he not been as afraid of the imputation of an Irish as of a Scotch original.\*

As Mallet, he became first favourably known to the English public by the affecting ballad of William and Margaret. It was printed in No. 36 of the Plain Dealer, July 14, 1724. "Of this poem," says Dr. Johnson, "he has been envied the reputation; and plagiarism has been boldly charged, but never proved." There is no doubt, however, that a certain degree of plagiarism is justly chargeable against Mallet. The idea of the ballad was taken from two older ballads, entitled "William's Ghaist," and "Fair Margaret and Sweet William;" from which he has also borrowed largely both in sentiment and expression. In "William's Ghaist" the spectral visitant thus reclaims his plighted faith :

O sweet Margret! O dear Margret!  
 I pray thee speak to me;  
 Give me my faith and troth, Margret!  
 As I gave it to thee.

And so in Mallet's poem, Margaret exclaims :

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
 Thy pledged and broken oath;

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\* The first time the name of David Mallet occurs in print is in a list of subscribers to Savage's *Miscellanies*, 1726.

And give me back my maiden vow,  
And give me back my troth.

In "Fair Margret and Sweet William" the midnight scene is introduced in a stanza which Mallet has almost literally adopted for the commencement of his ballad.

When day was gone and night was come,  
And all men fast asleep,  
There came the spirit of fair Margret,  
And stood at William's feet.

Mallet has here even preserved the defective rhyme of the original. In some of the later reprints of the ballad, this defect has been amended, by changing the second line into

When night and morning meet ;

but it is the amendment of some friendly hand, and not Mallet's own.

The conclusion of "William's Ghaist" had also evidently been the model on which Mallet formed the winding-up of his tale.

O stay, my only true love, stay,  
The constant Margret cry'd ;  
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her e'en,  
Stretch'd her soft limbs, and died.

Still, however, notwithstanding all these traces of imitation, there is enough of Mallet's own in the ballad of William and Margret, to justify all the poetical reputation which it procured for its author.

I do not know of many ballads in better taste, or combining, in so short a space, a greater share of just sentiment and appropriate imagery.\*

In 1728, Mallet produced "the Excursion," in imitation of "the Seasons" of Thomson, whose friendship he enjoyed. It is a collection of poetical landscapes, sketched with considerable elegance and spirit, but with more gawdiness than truth of colouring.

Mallet's next production was the tragedy of Eurydice. It was brought out at Drury Lane; but coldly received. When, thirty years after, Garrick attempted to revive it, neither all the talents of that great actor, nor those of Mrs. Cibber, could procure for it

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\* A bold attempt was recently made in some of the periodical journals to rob Mallet entirely of the merit of this ballad by a *fabricated old version*, which Mallet was said to have adopted as his own, after making a few alterations. The first and last verse of this modern-antique may suffice to manifest the cheat.

When *Hope lay hush'd in silent night,*  
 And *Woe was wrapp'd in sleep;*  
 In glided Margret's pale-ey'd ghost,  
 And stood at William's feet.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thrice call'd, unheard, on Margret's name,  
 And thrice sore wept her fate,  
 Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,  
 And died and lov'd too late.

a more favorable reception. Yet, though the chief characters had such able representatives, so much of an egotist was Mallet, that, as Davis tells us, he sat all the time in the orchestra, and bestowed his execrations plentifully on the players, to whom entirely, he attributed the bad success of the piece.

About this period, Mallet appears to have left the Montrose family, and to have been residing with Mr. Knight, at Gosfield, probably as tutor. There is a remarkable letter extant from Pope to Mrs. Knight, in which he speaks of Mallet in the following affectionate terms: "To prove to you how little essential to friendship I hold letter writing,—I have not yet written to Mr. Mallet, whom I love and esteem greatly, nay, whom I know to have as tender a heart, and that feels a remembrance as long as any man." How ill Mallet repaid this zealous friendship, we shall afterwards see. In the first warmth of it, he wrote, for no

It may be safely affirmed, that such conceits as distinguish these two passages never belonged to any Scottish ballad, a century old. The last is particularly praised by its author. "None," he says, "can help remarking, how poor and flat the last line of the copy ends in the ballad, in comparison of the original." He appears to have no conception of the simple and genuine pathos of Mallet's conclusion.

And thrice he call'd on Margret's name,  
 And thrice he wept full sore;  
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  
 And word spake never more.

A. S.

other purpose than to please Pope, by abusing Bentley, a poem, entitled "Verbal Criticism." It is stuffed, as Bentley observes, "with illiberal cant about pedantry and collectors of manuscripts. Real scholars will always speak with due regard of such names as the Scaligers, Salmasiuses, Heinsiuses, Burmans, Gronoviuses, Reiskiuses, Marklands, Gesners; and Heynes." Dr. Johnson allows the versification to be tolerable, but adds, with truth, that criticism cannot allow it a higher praise.

When Frederick, Prince of Wales, was at variance with his father, and endeavoured to add to his popularity by the patronage of men of letters, Mallet had the good fortune, through the recommendation of his friends, to be appointed Under Secretary to His Royal Highness, with a salary of 200*l.* a year.

In 1739 he published and dedicated to his royal patron "Mustapha," a tragedy. It was generally supposed to glance both at the King and at Sir Robert Walpole, in the characters of Solyman, the Magnificent, and Rustan, his vizier; but it received, notwithstanding, the licence of the Lord Chamberlain, and was acted with great applause. The first representation of the piece is said to have been honored with the presence of all the heads of the opposition, and much of its success was, undoubtedly, owing to the allusions which it was supposed to contain to the living actors in passing events. In most points of intrinsic merit it was, indeed, superior to Eurydice; but in general want of interest they are nearly on a par.

In the year following, Mallet wrote, in conjunction with Thomson, by command of the prince, the

masque of "Alfred," in honor of the birth-day of the Princess Augusta, his eldest daughter, (the late Duchess of Brunswick.) It was twice acted in the gardens of Cliefden, by London performers. After Thomson's death, Mallet was at some pains to revise it for public representation, and, with the aid of lofty music and splendid scenery, it attracted for a season as much notice as other Christmas spectacles are wont to do.

In 1742, Mallet made a valuable addition to his fortune by marriage. He had already buried a first wife, by whom he had several children; but of this lady there is no account. His second wife was a Miss Lucy Estob, daughter of Lord Carlisle's Steward, with whom he received a portion of 10,000*l*.

In 1740, Mallet wrote a "Life of Lord Bacon," which was prefixed to an edition then published of that philosopher's works. It is written with elegance, but shews too glimmering an idea of the spirit which animated the illustrious individual portrayed, to be ever referred to for an accurate knowledge of his character. Dr. Johnson makes a just distinction, when he says of it, that it is known as appended to Bacon's volumes, but is no longer mentioned.

Become affluent, he appears to have grown lazy. Seven years had elapsed without any thing from his pen, when he again appeared as a claimant for public favour, by the publication of the "Hermit; or, Amyntor and Theodora." This poem has been condemned by Dr. Warton, in his Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope, as exhibiting "a nauseous affectation of expressing every thing pompously and poetically;" but Dr. Johnson, more tender to its

merits, gives it praise for "copiousness and elegance of language, vigour of sentiment, and imagery well adapted to take possession of the fancy." It must be allowed, indeed, that the fault which Warton imputes to it, was too much in the taste of Johnson himself, to make it surprising, that it should escape his discrimination; yet the reader who is delighted with "Rasselas," will scarcely fail to derive pleasure from the "Hermit." It contains a great deal of excellent morality, enforced by that best of all sanctions, the divine will.

We come now to a part of Mallet's history which has been the subject of much observation, and, deservedly, of much censure. Pope, whose friendship it was an honor to have obtained, and not by any other honor to be exceeded, had introduced Mallet to Bolingbroke. When "The Patriot King," by Bolingbroke, was first written, only seven copies were printed, and given to some particular friends of the author, including Pope among the number, with a positive injunction against publication; his lordship assigning as his reason, that the work was not finished in such a way as he wished it to be before it went into the world. Pope lent his copy to Mr. Ralph Allen, of Prior Park, near Bath, stating to him, at the same time, the injunction of Lord Bolingbroke; but that gentleman was so captivated with it, that he pressed Pope to allow him to print a small impression at his own expense, using such caution as should effectually prevent a single copy getting into the possession of any one till the consent of the author should be obtained. Under this condition, Pope gave his consent. An edition was then printed,

packed up and deposited in a warehouse, of which Pope received the key. Here it lay at the time of Pope's death, when the transaction came to the knowledge of Lord Bolingbroke, who affected an extraordinary degree of indignation at what he was pleased to call Pope's "breach of faith." Mallet has been generally said to be the person who carried the tale to his lordship's ear, but of this part of the business, at least, he appears to have been innocent. The late Mr. George Rose, to whom all the particulars of the story were more than once related by the Earl of Marchmont, the friend of Bolingbroke, gives an account of the discovery, which seems in no way to inculpate Mallet. "On the circumstance," he says, "being made known to Lord Bolingbroke, who was then a guest in his own house at Battersea, with Lord Marchmont, to whom he had lent it for two or three years, his lordship was in great indignation; to appease which, Lord Marchmont sent Mr. Grevinkop to bring out the whole edition, of which a bonfire was instantly made on the terrace at Battersea." His lordship's wrath, however, was not even to be thus appeased. He resolved now to revise and publish the work himself, and employed Mallet to write a preface, in which the part that Pope had acted was to be represented to the world in the blackest and falsest colours possible. Mallet engaged with readiness in the odious task, and though one cannot help thinking, that he must have had some compunctious visitings, when he reflected, that the man whose memory he was aspersing for hire, had been his friend, the performance betrays nothing of the kind. Pope is every where spoken of in the most malignant



and contemptuous terms ; the affair of the surreptitious edition, so harmless both in the intention and event, is represented as originating in the basest of motives ; every fact which could tend to the exculpation of Pope, particularly the share which Allen had in the business, and the careful suppression of the copies until Bolingbroke's permission for their publication could be procured, is entirely concealed. How far Mallet was as well acquainted, as Bolingbroke must have been, with the real facts of the case, we have no means of knowing ; nor can any one care about the proportions in which they divide the infamy of such a transaction between them.

Mr. D'Israeli, struck with the apparent inadequacy of this affair of the surreptitious edition, to cause all this rage on the part of Lord Bolingbroke, who had idolized Pope while living, and wept over him in death, suggests, that we ought rather to seek for the origin of it in resentment for the preference with which Pope had distinguished Warburton, whom Bolingbroke hated. But though such may have been the real motive, it is not at all probable, that Mallet should have been made acquainted with it ; nor, if he had, would it have lessened the baseness of the hireling part he acted.

At Bolingbroke's death he rewarded the obnoxious service, which Mallet had done him, by bequeathing to him the care and profit of all his writings, published and unpublished ; a singular trust to place in a man, whose chief recommendation to his notice had been the ease with which he could sacrifice the memory of a departed friend to his own interest, and another's malignity. It would seem as if the spirit of

retribution had dictated the bequest, in order that the tool of Bolingbroke's calumny on the memory of Pope, might also be the instrument of bringing shame on the memory of his calumniator. Mallet, with a view to his own emolument, proceeded to publish every scrap of Bolingbroke's he could find, without ever attempting to make any discrimination between what was proper to be published and what ought to be suppressed, either from a regard to the character of the writer, or a regard to the interests of society. Bolingbroke, like Chesterfield and Hume, had left something behind him worse than he produced in his lifetime; his infidel principles were, in fact, but little known before his death, except to his most intimate friends. It was reserved for Mallet, in the characteristic execution of the trust reposed in him, to make known to all the world, that his benefactor was a scoffer of that religion in which others place their assurance of immortality.

The manner in which Mallet conducted the publication of these remains affords another unfavourable illustration of his character. Franklin, a printer, to whom many of Bolingbroke's political pieces, written during his opposition to Walpole, had been given, as he supposed, in perpetuity, laid claim to some compensation for them. Mallet allowed his claim, and the amount of indemnity was referred to arbitrators, who were empowered to decide upon it by an instrument signed by the parties; but when they decided unfavorably to Mr. Mallet, he refused to yield to the decision, and Franklin was thus deprived of the benefit of the award from his not having insisted on bonds of arbitration, to which Mallet had objected as

degrading to a *man of honour*! He then proceeded, with the help of Millar, the bookseller, to collect and print every thing which he could trace to have been written by Bolingbroke, and so sanguine were his hopes of profit from the speculation, that he rejected an offer of 3000*l.*, which Millar made him, for the copy-right. The collection at last appeared in five volumes quarto. Mallet had soon occasion to repent his refusal of Millar's liberal offer. The sale was so extremely slow, that the edition was not sold off in twenty years, even though assisted into notoriety by a presentment of the work by the Grand Jury of Westminster, on account of the profane sentiments which it contained.

Mallet's next appearance, as an author, was of a still more revolting character than any thing which he had yet done. When the nation was exasperated by the disasters of an ill-conducted war, and the ministry wished to divert the public indignation from themselves, Mallet was employed to turn it upon the unfortunate Admiral Byng. He wrote a letter under the character of "A Plain Man," in which the disgrace brought upon the British arms, in the affair of Minorca, was imputed to the cowardice of Admiral Byng. It was printed on a large sheet, and circulated with great industry. How cruelly it effected its purpose, need not be told. Byng is now universally considered to have fallen a victim to the popular clamour, which was thus raised against him, rather than to any actual demerit in his conduct. The price of blood, says Dr. Johnson, with fearful but just severity, was a pension, which Mallet retained till his death.

Were it allowable to trace in the remote consequences of this event an apology for Mallet's share in contributing to it, the apology would be ample enough. The fate of Byng, however unmerited, has been a lesson of powerful utility to the British navy. One individual was sacrificed, but the permanent glory and prosperity of the country were promoted. Never till then was it sufficiently impressed on the minds of our officers, that where there is a possibility to sink, burn, or destroy, no consideration whatever must interfere to prevent their venturing life and every thing in the attempt; and hence, in a great measure, that succession of matchless achievements, which have, in later times, raised the naval glory of Britain to so unrivalled a pitch, and so well illustrated the maxim of the immortal Nelson, that "*in sea affairs, nothing is impossible and nothing improbable.*"

With all this, however, Mallet has nothing to do. He acted his part in the matter from the narrowest principle of self-interest, looking only to the pension which he was to receive for the prostitution of his talents, and careless who was to suffer or who to gain, so that his own ends were attained.

Mallet was now for some years silent, but generally supposed not to be unoccupied. On the death of the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough, (1744) it was found by her will, that she had left to Mr. Glover, the author of *Leonidas*, and Mr. Mallet, jointly, the sum of 1000*l.*, on condition, that they should draw up, from the family papers, a history of the Life of the Great Duke. The bequest was, however, accompanied with so many vexatious prohibitions and restrictions, that Glover, a man of high spirit and virtue, refused to have any thing to do with it. Mallet, less

scrupulous, accepted the legacy under every condition attached to it, and was put in possession of all the papers necessary for proceeding with the execution of his task. The second Duke of Marlborough, in order to quicken his industry, very liberally added to the legacy an annual pension. Mallet then pretended to have begun his labours, and talked much and often of the progress he had made. In a dedication to his Grace, of a collection of his poems, he even spoke of having speedily the honor of dedicating to him the Life of his illustrious predecessor. On the death of Mallet, however, it did not appear that, notwithstanding all the money he had pocketed, he had ever written a line on the subject.

In 1763, Mallet produced, at Drury Lane, his tragedy of "Elvira," which he is said to have written with the intention of promoting the ministerial views of his countryman, Lord Bute. He seems to have imagined, that, by the mere force of declamation, he could inspire an aversion for war, at a moment when the nation felt itself dishonored by an injurious peace. As nothing could be more preposterous than such an idea, it is not surprising, that the play, though assisted by the ablest theatrical talents of the day, met with an extremely cold reception. The Critical Review, of that period, praised it beyond bounds; but as Mallet himself was known to be one of the critics in that journal, the public were not induced to pay much respect to an authority which might, very probably, be that of the author himself.\*

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\* It is no secret, that when Smollet had the superintendance of this Review, he was the critic of his own works.

Davies tells an amusing anecdote of the way in which Mallet tricked Garrick into the performance of this piece. He made him believe, that in the *Life of Marlborough*, with which he always pretended to be so busy, he had not failed to make honorable mention of Garrick's name. The vanity of the theatrical hero was flattered by the compliment, and there was nothing, at that moment, which he would not do "to serve his good friend Mr. Mallet."

In consequence of declining health, Mallet, accompanied by his wife, sought the benefit of a change of air in the south of France; but, after some time, finding no improvement, he returned to England, where he died, April 21, 1765.

Mr. Mallet's stature, says Dr. Johnson, "was diminutive, but he was regularly formed. His appearance till he grew corpulent was agreeable, and he suffered it to want no recommendation that dress could give it." With the due embellishment of his exterior, his second wife is reported to have taken particular pains. She was ambitious that Mallet should appear like a gentleman of distinction, and, from her great kindness, always chose herself to purchase every thing he wore, and to let her friends know that it was out of her fortune she did so.

After the many lamentable proofs which the history of Mallet's life has furnished of his want of honor, feeling, and integrity, no one can be surprised to learn, that, among his friends, he was a declared free-thinker in principle. His wife, too, chose to profess infidelity; and, as may naturally be expected, their company was selected from among persons of congenial sentiments. Gibbon appears to have been a

frequent guest at their table. The lady used to take a prominent part in the conversation; and, proud of her opinions, would often, in the warmth of argument, preface them with the exclamation, "*Sir, we Deists.*"

It is only as Mallet the poet, that it is possible to rest, for a moment, without dissatisfaction on his character. Several of his pieces have suffered in durable reputation from the temporary purposes to which they were directed, but all of them display a richness of language, elegance of style, and force of sentiment, which will entitle them to preservation and remembrance. Had he never written any thing but the ballad of "*William and Margaret,*" Mallet would have deserved, for that alone, to have lived to future ages.

Of the children whom he had by his first wife, one, named Cilesia, who was married to an Italian of rank, wrote a tragedy, called "*Almida,*" which was acted at Drury Lane. This lady died at Genoa in 1790.

D. R.

## WILLIAM FALCONER.

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Thy woes, Arion! and thy simple tale,  
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail.

*Campbell.*

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WILLIAM FALCONER was born at Edinburgh, according to some authorities, about the year 1730, and to others, 1735. His father was originally a barber and wig-maker, but afterwards kept a grocer's shop. He is said to have been another Partridge for wit and humour; and, like most men whose minds are above their condition, lived poor, though admired. He had a large family, all of whom, with the single exception of William the poet, had the singular misfortune of being either deaf or dumb. What extent of education William received has never clearly appeared. All his former biographers say, it was a common education; but it seems more probable, that the afflicting dispensation of Providence, which spared his father the necessity of sending his other children to school, had enabled him, though in indigent circumstances, to bestow more than usual pains on his favoured child. In the character of Arion in the Shipwreck, which was evidently intended for his own, Falconer speaks of his early attainments in terms which afford strong support to this supposition.

While yet a stripling, oft, with fond alarms,  
His bosom danc'd to Nature's boundless charms;



On him fair *Science* dawn'd in happier hour,  
 Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower ;  
 But frowning fortune, with untimely blast,  
 The blossom wither'd and the dawn o'ercast.

The affairs of his father, which were never prosperous, fell into great derangement on the death of his wife, a woman whose prudent management had long averted the impending crisis ; and while some of the more helpless members of the family found their way to the workhouse,\* William went to sea.

“ Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree,  
 Condemned reluctant to the faithless sea.”

He engaged as an apprentice on board a merchant vessel at Leith ; and, at the conclusion of his term of service, was either impressed or entered voluntarily into the Royal Navy. The purser of the ship to which he belonged was Mr. Campbell, the reputed author of *Lexiphanes* ; and to him Falconer appears to have been assigned as a servant. Mr. Campbell speedily discovered indications of a genius, above the common order, in his attendant. According to Dr. Currie, he delighted in improving the mind of the young seaman ; and afterwards, when Falconer

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\* “ Long after the commencement of my acquaintance with him,” says Captain Hunter, “ I met two of the family labouring under their infirmities in the poor-house at Edinburgh, where they continued until their death.”

had obtained celebrity, this early patron felt a pride in boasting, that he had once been his scholar.

With Mr. Campbell, however, Falconer could not have remained long, for through some turn of fortune, which cannot now be traced, we find him, in his eighteenth year, wandering about the port of Alexandria. Here he was engaged as second mate of the *Britannia*, a merchantman, bound for Venice. On the voyage a dreadful storm arose, and the vessel was wrecked near Cape Colonna, on the coast of Greece. Of the ship's company, Falconer and two others were the only persons who escaped a watery grave.

In 1751, Falconer revisited his native place, still nothing more than a humble sailor. On this occasion, he made his first appearance before the public as an author, by the publication of a poem, *Sacred to the Memory of His Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales*. It was but a poor performance, and scarcely evinced a glimpse of that poetical talent which Falconer afterwards displayed.

After some more years, which are supposed to have been spent in the merchant service, Falconer again went on board of a man of war. Fortune seemed here, for a time, to smile upon him. His talents attracted the notice of his superiors, and in 1757, he was promoted to the quarter deck of the *Ramilies*. While in this situation, he profited by the greater leisure which it afforded, to cultivate with assiduity his poetical powers; and, though the libraries of officers at sea are not often of the most choice description, the friendship of the poet's messmates must doubtless have supplied him with many books, which enriched his mind and gave expansion to his ideas.

Many occasional poems which he wrote at this period were transmitted to that general repository of fugitive literature, the Gentleman's Magazine. Mr. Clarke\* has pointed out the following pieces as having been written by Falconer.—“On the uncommon Scarcity of Poetry in that publication, (the Gent. Mag.)” signed “J. W. a Sailor.” March, 1756. The difference between these initials and those of Falconer make his claim to this piece rather doubtful. “The Chaplain's Petition to the Lieutenants of the Ward Room,” 1758; “Verses addressed to a Lady, dated H. M. S. Ramilies, Bay of Biscay, 25th Nov. 1758;” “Description of a Ninety Gun Ship,” 1759. Mr. Clarke also gives to Falconer the credit of a little poem, entitled “the Midshipman,” descriptive of the humours of the orlop deck; and states some reasons for believing him to be the author of “Cease, rude Boreas,” and several other well known sea songs, which came into vogue about this period.

While thus writing himself into notice, Falconer had, a second time, the misfortune to suffer shipwreck. On the 5th of February, 1760, Admiral Boscawen, in the Royal William, sailed from Plymouth Sound, with the Ramilies and five other sail of the line, to take the command of the fleet in Quiberon Bay. The wind soon after shifted to the westward, and increased to a violent gale, which dispersed the squadron. The Ramilies was so much shattered, that its commander, Captain Taylor, bore away for Plymouth. On the 15th, in coming up Channel, he discovered the Bolt-

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\* Clarke's edition of the Shipwreck.

head; but the weather being extremely thick and hazy, he mistook it for the Ram-head, and stood on till the ship was so entangled with the shore, that it was impossible to weather it. Captain Taylor ordered the masts to be cut away, and came to an anchor; but the storm raged with such fury, that the cables parted, and the ship was driven on the breakers and dashed to pieces. The only persons saved, out of a crew of seven hundred and thirty-four men, were Falconer and twenty-five men, who escaped the melancholy fate of their companions by jumping from the stern to the rocks.

Falconer wrote some verses on this catastrophe, which appeared shortly after, under the title of "the Loss of the Ramilies," in the Gentleman's Magazine.

For nearly two years subsequent to this period, his history is unknown. In whatever situation, or in whatever degree of comfort, they were spent, they must have been years of considerable leisure and meditation; for all at once, he burst from his obscurity with a poem, not only of the most finished description, but of such excellence, as to rank him among the most eminent bards of his country. This was the "Shipwreck, in three Cantos, by a Sailor," first published by Millar in 1762. It was dedicated to Edward Duke of York, brother of the king, who had then hoisted his flag as Rear Admiral of the Blue, on board the Princess Amelia of 80 guns, attached to the fleet under Sir Edward Hawke.

The poem was preceded by the following appropriate motto:

————— Quæ ipse miserrima vidi,  
Et quorum pars magna fui.

The Shipwreck, which he selected for his theme, was that in which he had first been a sufferer on board the *Britannia*; and from this circumstance it has been inferred, that ever since that event he had been employed on the poem. The choice seems, however, referable to reasons which, though they do not negative this inference, do not countenance it. Between the wreck of a first-rate British man of war and that of a small Levant trader, there could, in point of importance of subject, be no comparison; and when we consider besides, how much the public mind was affected at the time by the loss of the *Ramilies*, it may perhaps be thought, that Falconer missed an excellent opportunity of identifying his poetical powers with a catastrophe which a nation lamented. Let us attend, however, on the other hand, to the circumstance which might recommend the shipwreck of the inferior vessel to a poetical mind. The *Britannia* had been cast away on a classic shore; and an opportunity was thus afforded of dignifying and embellishing a narrative of sea adventure, with allusions to classic story, which in any other situation would have been chargeable with affectation and conceit. The reflections, for example, which Falconer has in the following passage introduced with propriety, because the country where the disaster happened was that of a *Zeno*, an *Epictetus*, and a *Socrates*, would, in the description of a wreck on the coast of Cornwall, or the Orkneys, have seemed not merely far-fetched, but verging on the ludicrous:

And now lash'd on by destiny severe,

With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew near!

The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,  
 Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath !  
 In vain, alas ! the sacred shades of yore  
 Would arm the mind with philosophic lore ;  
 In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,  
 To smile serene amid the pangs of death.  
 Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,  
 This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.  
 Had Socrates, for god-like virtue fam'd,  
 And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,  
 Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,  
 His soul had trembl'd to its last recess, &c.

We have another reason for the preference which Falconer may have given to the shores of Greece, in the striking contrast which he has himself drawn between them and those of England, in respect to the treatment given to shipwrecked mariners. Albert, in addressing his men, alludes to the inhuman practice which then prevailed on some parts of the English coast, where a "lawless brood"

Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd crew,  
 Who, 'scap'd from every horror of the main,  
 Implore their mercy, but implore in vain.

He then consoles them with the different prospect before them :

But dread not this ; a crime to Greece unknown ;  
 Such bloodhounds all her circling shores disown !  
 Her sons, by barbarous tyranny opprest,  
 Can share affliction with the wretch distress :  
 Their hearts by cruel fate inur'd to grief,  
 Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief.

Every one must be sensible, that to lay the scene of his "Shipwreck," where the sympathy excited for the wretched sufferers was sure not to be shocked by any revolting barbarity in our own species, was to evince the justest notion of the pathetic. The inhumanity of the English "wreckers" might serve well for contrast; but it would have made a tale of horrors too terrific, to have added, to the shipwreck of Arion and his companions, their destruction by a merciless banditti.

While such considerations present themselves in favour of the scene where Falconer's poem is laid, it is hardly doing justice to his powers of discrimination, to suppose, that the choice was merely the accidental consequence of the priority of his shipwreck on the shores of Greece, to that on board of the *Ramilies*. It seems rather probable, that he proceeded by an inverted order, and that his verses on the loss of the *Ramilies* first gave the idea of the more extended poem on the loss of the *Britannia*. The tribute which he paid to the memory of the Prince of Wales, shews what were his poetical powers after his first misfortune; and, if we examine the *Shipwreck* by this test, it will be found, that there is scarcely a couplet in it which can be referred to so humble a level. It displays every where proofs of having been begun and ended during a far more advanced period of improvement, when he had acquired an astonishing mastery over the mechanism of versification, and was rich in ideas, the fruit of long experience and reflection. It is deserving too of observation, that in many places the story has evidently been indebted for circumstances that heighten its

interest, to what the author could only have witnessed on board the *Ramilies*; and though it is possible that these may have been additions to a poem previously written, yet there is an air of original connectedness in the narrative, which by no means favours the supposition. The *heaving the guns overboard* is one very striking instance of that man-of-war experience which pervades the poem; nor could any thing but the latitude of poetical licence justify the introduction of such a circumstance into the description of a merchant vessel in distress.

The reception which the "Shipwreck" experienced from the public, was, in the highest degree, flattering to its author. It was universally hailed as an accession to English poetry. The Duke of York, to whom it was inscribed, shared in the general admiration, and became desirous of seeing the author in a situation where he could befriend him. Falconer, assured of such distinguished patronage, was tempted to try once more his fortune at sea; and in the course of the summer of 1762, we find him, a second time, rated as a midshipman, on board the *Royal George*, which bore the flag of Sir Edward Hawke.

The Duke of York, not long after, embarked on board the *Centurion*, Commodore Harrison, for the Mediterranean; and Falconer, to improve the hold he had gained on his esteem, published, on the occasion, an "Ode on the Duke of York's second departure from England as Rear Admiral." Towards the conclusion of the poem, he thus gratefully acknowledges his Royal Highness's kindness to himself.

No happy son of wealth or fame,  
To court a royal patron came :



A hapless youth, whose vital page  
 Was one sad lengthened tale of woe ;  
 Where ruthless fate, impelling tides of rage,  
 Bade wave on wave in dire succession flow ;  
 To glittering stars, and titled names unknown,  
 Preferr'd his suit to thee alone.  
 The tale your sacred pity mov'd,  
 You felt, consented, and approv'd.

Falconer, now finding, that by the rules of the service he must continue some years more as a midshipman, before he could, even with the royal interest, obtain any advancement, prudently resolved to transfer himself to the civil department of the navy, in order that he might the more speedily avail himself of the influence of his illustrious patron. On his wishes being stated to the duke, his Royal Highness immediately procured him the appointment of purser to the *Glory* frigate, of 32 guns.

About this period, he is supposed to have written "The Fond Lover, a ballad," and an "Address to Miranda." The latter has been praised by Ritson, and as it is believed to have conveyed the sentiments of a real passion, it claims a place in the author's biography.

*Address to Miranda.*

The smiling plains, profusely gay,  
 Are dress'd in all the pride of May ;  
 The birds on ev'ry spray above  
 To rapture wake the vocal grove.  
 But ah, Miranda ! without thee  
 Nor spring, nor summer, smiles on me ;

All lonely in the secret shade,  
I mourn thy absence, charming maid!

O soft as love! as honour fair!  
Serenely sweet as vernal air!  
Come to my arms, for you alone  
Can all my absence past atone.

O come! and to my bleeding heart  
The sovereign balm of love impart;  
Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,  
And give the year, eternal spring!

His "Miranda" was a Miss Hicks, the daughter of the surgeon of Sheerness Dock Yard, whose hand he had now the happiness to receive in marriage. Mrs. Falconer is described, by those who knew her, to have been a lady of superior taste and abilities; and it is said to have been the lustre of her mind, rather than the charms of her person, which attracted and confirmed the affection of Arion.

At the piece of 1768, the *Glory* was laid up in ordinary at Chatham, and Falconer was on the point of being driven to live on shore, on the small pittance of a purser's half pay, when the commissioner of the Dock Yard, a brother of the celebrated Jonas Hanway, generously ordered the captain's cabin to be fitted up for his residence. In this characteristic place of retreat for a sailor poet, he was enabled, for a time, to enjoy all the luxury of literary pursuits, undisturbed by the din of the world, and free from many of its cares.

It was probably about this period, that Falconer spared a few months to pay a farewell visit to his na-

tive country. Dr. Irving, in an imperfect sketch which he published of Falconer's life in 1801, says, that "after the publication of the Shipwreck, he paid a final visit to Scotland;" but he does not specify the time more precisely. While on this visit, we are told, that "he resided for some time at the manse of Gladsmuir, which was then possessed by his illustrious kinsman, Dr. Robertson. This great historian, whose father was the cousin-german of old Falconer, seems to have been proud to acknowledge his relationship to the ingenious self-taught poet."

In 1764, Falconer presented the public with a new edition of his *Shipwreck* in 8vo. considerably improved and enlarged, containing upwards of a thousand additional lines.

In 1766, he availed himself of the political disputes which then agitated the nation, to evince his attachment to the government by entering the lists in its defence. He wrote "*The Demagogue*," for the purpose of abusing Mr. Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, Wilkes, Churchill, and other party men of the day. The poem was called a satire, but the characters are rather reviled, than satirized. The sentiments of a production, which may have been dictated by an honest gratitude for favours received and continued to be enjoyed, demand, however, some exemption from severity of criticism. As a poem, it added nothing to his fame.

In the following year, he left his aquatic retirement on board the *Glory*, to assume the active duties of the pursership of the *Swiftsure*, an appointment to which his political zeal had perhaps, in some degree, contributed. He appears soon after, however,

to have fallen into difficulties which obliged him to take up his residence in the metropolis, and, as may be concluded, to abandon his situation in the Swiftsure. Here he lived, for some time, in very straitened circumstances, deriving his principal means of subsistence from writing in the *Critical Review*, and other periodical publications. It is said, that the late Mr. John Murray, of Fleet-street, offered to take him into partnership with him, in the bookselling business; but, for some reasons which have not been explained, the offer thus liberally made did not lead to so desirable a connection.

In 1769, he published "*The Marine Dictionary*," a work which had occupied the chief part of his attention during his retirement at Chatham, but had not till now been completed. The idea of this compilation was first suggested to him by George Lewis Scott, Esq. It has been always highly praised by naval men for its completeness and accuracy. In a complimentary letter which Falconer received from the celebrated Du Hamel, who, besides his botanical works, distinguished himself by some writings on naval architecture, the writer speaks of "*the Marine Dictionary*" as supplying an absolute desideratum in naval literature. "*Ce livre manquoit absolument.*"

The publication of this valuable work appears to have recalled Falconer to the favorable consideration of the Admiralty Board. He was almost immediately after appointed purser to the *Aurora* frigate, which was appointed to carry out to India Messrs. Vansittart, Scrofton, and Forde, as supervisors of the affairs of the company; and he was also promised the office of private secretary to these gentlemen.

Before sailing for India, Falconer superintended the printing of a third edition of his "Shipwreck;" but in the agitation of mind, attendant on his approaching departure, he appears to have suffered it to pass through his hands in a very negligent state. Almost all the additions and alterations which he introduced into this edition were imperfections. Mr. Clarke has since judiciously endeavoured, with the assistance of the first and second editions, to make the author correct himself, and has thus, in a great measure, succeeded in restoring the purity of the original text.

The *Aurora* sailed from England on the 30th of September, 1769, and reached the Cape of Good Hope on the 27th of December following. Here, the commander, Captain Lee, though a stranger to the difficult navigation of the Mozambique channel, expressed his intention of proceeding by that route to India. Mr. Vansittart endeavoured, but in vain, to dissuade him from the attempt; and was so displeased with his obstinacy, that, if there had been an outward bound East Indiaman at the Cape, at the time, he declared he would have quitted the *Aurora*. The fears of this gentleman were but too well founded. After leaving the Cape, the *Aurora* was never seen more; and poor Falconer, by a characteristic fatality, perished by a similar infliction of Providence to that which it had been the pride of his muse to describe. It was for years supposed, that none of all who were on board had survived to tell the story of the loss; but on the 19th of November, 1773, a black made his appearance before the East India Directors, who affirmed, "that he was one of

five persons who had been saved from the wreck of the *Aurora*; that she had been cast away on a reef of rocks off Mocoa; that he was two years upon an island after he had escaped; and was, at length, miraculously preserved by a country ship happening to touch at that island."

"In person," says Mr. Clarke, "Falconer was about five feet seven inches in height; of a thin light make, with a dark weather-beaten complexion, and rather what is termed hard featured, being considerably marked with the small pox; his hair was of a brownish hue. In point of address, his manner was blunt, awkward, and forbidding; but he spoke with great fluency; and his simple, yet impressive, diction was couched in words which reminded his hearers of the terseness of Swift. Though he possessed a warm and friendly disposition, he was fond of controversy, and inclined to satire. His observation was keen and rapid; his criticisms on any inaccuracy of language or expression were frequently severe; yet this severity was always intended eventually to create mirth, and not, by any means, to shew his own superiority, or to give the smallest offence. In his natural temper, he was cheerful, and frequently used to amuse his messmates, by composing acrostics on their favourites, in which he particularly excelled.\*"

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\* How well he was beloved by his messmates, is agreeably exemplified in a passage of an interesting little work, entitled "The Journal of a Seaman, written in 1755," and published by Mr. Murray in 1815. "How often," says the author, "have I

“As a professional man, he was a thorough seaman, and, like most of that profession, was kind, generous, and benevolent.”

His life had been too clouded by adversity to enable him to leave any provision for his widow; but having had no children, she was fortunately unincumbered with the cares of a family. After the fate of her husband became known, Mr. Cadell, who published the *Marine Dictionary*, made her several liberal presents, in consideration of the extensive sale of that work. She afterwards retired to Bath, where she died.

The poetical reputation which Falconer enjoyed, while living, has not diminished, with the lapse of time, since his death; but it is by the “Shipwreck” alone, he continues to be known; all his other pieces being either forgotten or neglected. The hope of immortality which he ventures to express in the introduction to this poem, bids fair to be realized; his name, this

——— tragic story, from the wave  
Of dark oblivion, haply yet may save.

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wished to have the associate of my youth, Bill Falconer, with me, to explore these beauties, and to record them in his sweet poetry; but alas! I parted with him in Old England, never perhaps to meet more in this world. His may be a happier lot. Led by a gentler star, he may pass through this busy scene with more ease and tranquillity than has been the portion of his humble friend, Penrose.”

Its popularity rests on grounds which no criticism will perhaps ever impair. It is the only poem, of length, in our language, which describes the wonders of that element on which our most glorious triumphs, as a people, have been achieved ; the only piece of poetic painting, in which a brother, sister, mistress, wife, or friend, can trace a faithful delineation of the many hardships and perils to which thousands of our bravest sons are daily and hourly exposed. As Falconer himself has beautifully said, it was his lot to be the first who,

—— in lamenting numbers o'er the Deep,  
With conscious anguish, taught the harp to weep.

Nor is the subject of the Shipwreck merely original ; it is treated with originality. " His Sunset, Midnight, Morning, &c." it has been truly remarked, " are not such as have descended from poet to poet. He beheld these objects under circumstances in which it is the lot of few poets to be placed. His images cannot therefore be transferred or borrowed ; they have an appropriation which must not be disturbed, nor can we trace them to any source but that of genuine poetry. Although we may suspect that he had studied the *Æneid*, there are no marks of servile imitation ; while he has the high merit of enriching English poetry by a new train of ideas, and conducting the imagination into an undiscovered country."

The " Shipwreck" has yet higher claims to esteem as a work of utility. It is seldom, that poetry can lay claim to the merit of being so directly and extensively instructive as in the present instance. The people of



Herefordshire would probably not have brewed better "cyder" than they do now, though Philips's poem, on that subject, had never been written; nor can "the Fleece" of Dyer be supposed to have contributed much to the excellence of the woollen manufactures of Yorkshire; but either honorable men belie themselves, or the nautical knowledge displayed in the Shipwreck must have had an important share in improving the skill of our seamen, and consequently in extending and maintaining our empire over the ocean. Mr. Clarke, whose zeal for the reputation of the British Navy must exempt him from any suspicion of wishing to detract from its well earned fame, says, that the Shipwreck "is of inestimable value to this country, since it contains within itself the rudiments of navigation; if not sufficient to form a complete seaman, it may certainly be considered as the grammar of his professional science. I have heard many experienced officers declare, that the rules and maxims delivered in this poem, for the conduct of a ship in the most perilous emergency, form the best, indeed the only, opinions which a skilful mariner should adopt." It is a curious fact, that Falconer, in his preface to the poem, confesses, that he was more tenacious of his reputation as a sailor than a poet; he probably felt, that to shew deficiency in what was the business of his life, might justify reproach, while to fail as a poet could surprise no one who did justice to him as a sailor.

The chief fault which has been found with the "Shipwreck" is one arising almost necessarily out of the subject, and for which the interest and importance

of that subject ought, at all events, to atone. The sea-phrases in which it abounds are said to obscure the sense, and embarrass the reader. It is very probable, that such may be their effect with many readers, indolent ones especially; but to admit this as a well founded objection, would be, in other words, to say, that a poem about the sea ought to exclude all words which are used at sea, because those on land do not happen to understand them. Could it be shewn, that he might have been more sparing in the use of nautical phrases, without lessening the number of nautical precepts which the poem contains, there might have been some reason to question his taste; but, next to the skill with which he has softened the introduction of such phrases by an exquisite harmony of numbers, few things in the work are more remarkable, than the care with which he has avoided loading his diction with uncouth expressions, where the fancy merely was to be pleased, and not the judgement informed.

It is quite true, that in proportion as the poem is difficult to be understood by the general reader, its chance of readers is diminished; nor can any argument avert from the fame of Falconer this penalty for writing on a subject not equally familiar to all the world. But with all the limitations which may arise from this cause, there will still remain, among those acquainted with nautical affairs, and those interested in them, enough of readers of the *Shipwreck* to constitute an admiration, which the proudest of poets might envy.

R. F.

FRANCIS GARDEN, ESQ.  
(LORD GARDENSTONE.)

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FRANCIS GARDEN was born at Edinburgh, June 24, 1721. He was the second son of Alexander Garden, Esq. of Troup, and Jane, daughter of Sir Francis Grant, of Cullen, one of the Senators of the College of Justice. After passing through the usual course of liberal education at the university of his native city, he applied to the study of law as a profession, and was admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates in 1744.

For some years Mr. Garden was less distinguished for his displays at the bar, than for a disposition to literary pursuits, and the gay enjoyments of convivial intercourse. His chief delight was in the social circle, where a lively fancy, a strong flow of constitutional good humour, and much of that fondness for new opinions, so common to young and ardent minds, made him equally beloved and admired. Occasionally, the Muses would come in for a share of his devotions; and the last love ditty, or Imitation of Horace, by Mr. Garden, was oftener inquired after among his friends, than what important cause he had last pleaded before the courts.

Although such habits cannot be supposed to have been favorable to his progress in legal knowledge,

yet no such deficiency was ever perceptible in his professional appearances. With the aid of a vigorous understanding, great quickness in getting at the points on which an issue depended, and a manly, engaging style of eloquence, he covered over all defects, and left his clients no reason to complain of the want either of ability or zeal in their advocate. His reputation as a barrister increased almost in spite of himself and of his gay propensities ; and there were, at length, few important causes in which he was not engaged. In the celebrated one relating to the Douglas Peerage, he took a leading part, and was one of the counsel sent to France, to inquire into the circumstances connected with the case which occurred in that country.

In 1764, Mr. Garden was promoted to be His Majesty's Solicitor General ; and shortly after raised to the bench, when he assumed the title of Lord Gardenstone.

His lordship had, a few years before this event, made a purchase of the estate of Johnston, in the county of Kincardine ; and his office of judge affording him considerable leisure, he now commenced upon his property one of the most liberal schemes of improvement which have been witnessed in Scotland for the last century. Adjoining to the estate was a miserable village, called Laurencekirk. In 1730, the number of inhabitants in it did not exceed eighty, and, at the time of Lord Gardenstone's purchase, they had decreased to fifty-four. In 1765, his lordship laid down a plan of a new village, and began to offer leases of small farms, and ground for building

upon, for the term of one hundred years at a low rent, and on the most liberal conditions. Settlers, of all descriptions, flocked rapidly to the village; and as a still farther encouragement, his lordship, within a few years, reduced his ground rents to one half of the original rate. His next object was to provide employment for this increasing population; and with this view, he engaged in several undertakings, which were not, however, attended with that success which he anticipated. Projects for the establishment of a print-field, and manufactures of linen and stockings, attempted with sanguine hopes in the new village, and chiefly at his lordship's risk and expense, misgave in such a manner as might well have dispirited a man of less steady and ardent philanthropy. But the village, notwithstanding, still continued to increase in size and prosperity; and many useful manufactures sprung up, as it were spontaneously, among the people themselves; in particular, that of the snuff boxes, for which Laurencekirk has since become so famous. In 1779, his lordship procured it to be erected into a Burgh of Barony, with power to elect every three years a baillie and four counselors, to regulate the police of the burgh, with the privilege of holding weekly markets and an annual fair. He also erected a handsome inn for the reception of travellers, and furnished it with a library for their amusement, (probably the only one of the kind in either kingdom,) and with an album for the reception of fugitive specimens of poetry, in imitation of those to be met with at most places of note on the continent. And to complete his lordship's satisfaction,

he had, at length, the pleasure of seeing a linen manufactory and bleach-field established, and in a thriving state.

A late English tourist (Skrine) in speaking of Laurencekirk, describes it in the following animated terms: "The taste and liberality of Lord Gardenstone have decorated this spot in a manner very unusual in Scotland, neatness appearing to be its prevailing character, and even elegance being, in some respects, studied. Not content with employing those leisure hours, which the high station he held in a laborious profession allowed him, in adorning his patrimonial territory, this nobleman extended his cares over all the poorer order of people, and shone most as the patron of industry and virtue. Renouncing all those oppressive and invidious privileges which still exist as relics of the feudal system in Scotland, he set a noble example to the great landholders in his neighbourhood, and obtained a just portion of admiration and applause, without meanly courting the public favour, or seeking adulation from sycophants. Inflexibly severe in holding the balance of justice, he restrained transgressions by his authority, and prevented the temptation to commit them, by the judicious liberality with which he encouraged industry and established various manufactures within his extensive domain. The village of Laurencekirk owes its existence and prosperity to these active virtues, being entirely rebuilt by his munificence."

In a memoir which his lordship had occasion to write concerning this village, he thus nobly estimates the satisfaction which he had derived from the undertaking. "He had," he says, "tried in some

measure a variety of the pleasures which mankind pursue ; but never relished any so much as the pleasure arising from the progress of his village."

In 1785, his brother, Alexander Garden, of Troup, who was sometime member of parliament for Aberdeenshire, dying without issue, Lord Gardenstone succeeded to the family estates, worth about £3000 a year. Beginning now to feel the infirmities of age, his lordship availed himself of this increase of fortune, to put in execution a plan of foreign travel, by which he hoped to recruit his strength, and prolong his days of usefulness on the earth. He resigned the justiciary or criminal branch of his duties as a judge for a pension of £200 ; and procuring a temporary dispensation from the performance of his civil functions, took his departure for the continent in September, 1786. The whole of the next two years he spent in travelling through France, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and Italy ; so arranging his progress, as to elude, as far as possible, the frosts of winter, and to secure, at each place where he sojourned, the genial blessing of a warm and benign atmosphere. At the end of 1788, he returned to his native country, considerably invigorated in constitution, and with a large store of objects of natural history and specimens of the fine arts, collected in the course of his travels.

Immediately after his return, he began revising the journal which he had kept of his foreign tour ; and in 1791, published the first volume of " Travelling Memorandums made in a tour upon the continent of Europe in the years 1786, 1787, and 1788." In 1793, he added a second volume ; and, since his

death, a third has been supplied from his papers by his friends. The work contains a great deal of acute observation and curious anecdote ; and till superseded by the works of more recent, though not often so intelligent travellers, was much read and admired.

In 1791, he also published under the title of "Miscellanies, in prose and verse," a collection of the various fugitive pieces which he had written at different periods, but chiefly in the gayer days of his youth. It appeared without his name, but was immediately assigned by general report to his lordship, nor has there ever appeared any reason to doubt that he was the author.

His lordship's residence, during the closing years of his life, was chiefly at Edinburgh. He imagined that he derived benefit from the use of the mineral spring, called St. Bernard's Well, in the vicinity of that city, and as a mark of his gratitude he erected over it a very massy building of free stone, surmounted by a Temple in the ancient taste, in which he placed a statue of Hygeia, the goddess of health. The elegance of the building, and the romantic scenery amid which it was placed, its base being washed by a small river, whose precipitous and woody banks are in some places finely ornamented and every where beautiful, soon attracted crowds of visitors, who benefited, if not from the water, at least from the fine air which they breathed, and the exercise they enjoyed, the spring acquired such reputation for its supposed virtues, that it has ever since continued a place of favorite resort for the inhabitants of the city.

Having reached the advanced age of seventy-three,



Lord Gardenstone departed this life on the 22nd of July, 1793, universally and deeply regretted.

The point of view in which the character of his lordship first claims our attention, is that in which it is perhaps least eminent. As a judge he did not rank high. Integrity, good sense, and humanity, distinguished his conduct; but his decisions neither helped to restore old land marks, nor establish new. Into the learning of his profession, to which he had probably never any great liking, he had but just dipped; and to the habits of application which it requires, he was, it is to be feared, at all times too much a stranger. The convivial propensities which distinguished his youth, did not cease to be a prominent feature of his more advanced years; and many stories are still current of lapses on this score, which, however amusing for their eccentricity, must have suited ill with the gravity of the judicial character.

As a land-holder and improver, Lord Gardenstone deserves a place with the Dawsons, the Kaines's, the Dempsters, and the Sinclairs, of his country. He exhibited on his estate an example, which, if generally followed, (and who may not follow it?) would soon make emigration a forgotten evil. Never had the labouring classes a patron who looked into their wants with a more anxious eye, or with a more earnest desire to relieve them. Often was he in the midst of them on a visit of beneficence, when they knew it not, delighting, according to common fame, in such humble disguises as those of a beggar or a ballad singer, to find his way to their fire-sides, and there to learn how they really fared, and how their condition could possibly be improved. Of this dispo-

sition to do good to others, and to hold all other merits as small in comparison, we have a striking exemplification in a note which he has subjoined to one of the pieces in his *Miscellanies*, written, "On reading *Memoirs of Frederick III. By Joseph Towers, LL.D.*" It is such an opinion of the great Frederick, as might be expected from one who was himself a rebuilder and a founder. Towers, it may be remembered, has taken a very unfavourable view of the character of the Prussian hero; Lord Gardenstone remarks, "When the Prince succeeded to his father, the Prussian dominions did not contain two millions and a half of inhabitants. At his death, after a reign of forty-six years, the number exceeded four millions; besides two millions in the provinces of Silesia and Pomerelia. And so much at ease do the peasantry feel themselves, that the annual number of births surpasses that of burials, by upwards of fifty thousand. Baron Trenck is an unsuspected witness to the rapid increase in every sort of improvement, as well as population. He informs us, that after the seven years' war, the king re-built every farm-house in Eastern Prussia, which had been burnt by the enemy, except that of the Baron's sister. When we have reflected, that he had at this time but just ended a third bloody war, in which his armies had fought nineteen battles; that his capital had been plundered with every circumstance of barbarous rapacity; that almost every parish in his provinces had been a scene of carnage and devastation; that he had not added a single impost, nor borrowed a single shilling; we may then, with what grace we can, condemn him as a hateful tyrant.—The justice of his title to Silesia has been disputed; but the protestant inhabitants

of that oppressed province received him as a deliverer. And is there now any Briton who wishes to see it revert to the House of Austria? In Pomerelia he began his career by erecting one hundred and eighty schools, as he himself tells us in a letter to D'Alembert; and the only subject of regret with men of sense, is that he did not acquire possession of the whole kingdom."

What Lord Gardenstone adds of Frederick, we may with equal truth apply to himself and his improvements; "That he had many faults, we know; but has the reader ever heard of a character *without faults*?"

"Before such merit, all objections fly;  
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick six feet high."

The literary, especially the poetical claims of Gardenstone, do not appear to have been ever sufficiently appreciated. The Scotch have not for a long time past been able to boast of many satirists of note; and they ought to be more careful of the reputation of one who has a better title to the character, than any poet who has appeared beyond the Tweed for half a century past. The want of Scottish writers in this class, is, I am willing to believe, owing to the want in Scotland of occasion for them; and should there ever be a call for a second reformation, I doubt not a new race of Dunbars and Lindsays would speedily arrive to quicken the deadened sense of public virtue and private worth. But Lord Gardenstone has not made the contemporary manners of his own country, the theme of his ridicule. He has drawn his pictures of life, either from general nature, or from the state of society which he had witnessed in his visits to other



kingdoms. Neither have modern Scotsmen, with the exception of Hume and Boswell, of both of whom there is a divided opinion, been the sufferers under his lash.

It is true, that with some of the ancient worthies of our history he has made free enough; but it might have been hoped that the time had ere now arrived, when even Scotsmen might bear to hear a distinction drawn between the honest zeal of the Reformers, for the triumph of their religious opinions, and their destroying fury against the numerous monuments of genius and art, with which the monasteries and churches of old were enriched. The following passage on this subject contains some expressions which might well have been spared, but is it not substantially true?

When rampant Harry quarrell'd with the Pope,  
And gave his gothic conscience all its scope ;

\* \* \* \* \*

At that all-glorious dawning of reform,  
Ten thousand volumes perish'd in the storm ;  
And lest some novice think me too severe,  
In their own words their sacred logic hear.  
“ Horace ! what need we more than David's metre,  
Or can Demosthenes compare with Peter ?  
Let Euclid's magic in the bonfire roll ;  
Do rhomboids and right angles save the soul ?  
Be careful to destroy the book of James,  
Substantial virtue that vile papist claims ;  
Forgetting Paul, he spurns at faith alone,  
And bids our saintship by our works be known.  
All Cato's virtue was not worth a pin,  
And Phocion's exit but a shining sin !”

Such was the style of those atrocious days,  
 On which weak bigots lavish all their praise ;  
 Yet we on Omar's madness dare to lay  
 That loss, twelve Shakespeares never could repay :  
 With all their tricks our common sense to blind,  
 With all their holy frauds to cheat mankind ;  
 The conclave never coin'd a viler lie,  
 And here plain truth may challenge a reply.

*On the Loss of Ancient Literature.*

It seems, indeed, but too probable, that it is to the bold tone of remark, in which here, as in other places, Lord Gardenstone has indulged on religious or rather ecclesiastical topics, that we must in a great measure ascribe that coldness with which his poetry has been regarded in a country, where the abounding of genuine religion makes it but too easy to raise a prejudice against whoever presumes to draw the pen of satire against the many follies, absurdities, and wickednesses, of which a false piety has been, and still continues to be, the cloak. It must not at the same time be concealed, that much of this coldness is also fairly imputable to the degree of libertinism which distinguishes Lord Gardenstone's amatory effusions ; and which is rendered doubly offensive by the reflection that he gave his sanction to their publication, at a period when age might have been expected to correct the pruriency of a youthful imagination.

Still, however, he has many redeeming qualities. His opinions of men and things are marked with great justice, and frequent originality ; his satire is poignant and witty ; and the prevailing tendency of his writings is to inculcate noble and generous sentiments.

A few specimens as they occur, in turning over his *Miscellanies*, will shew that this is no unmerited praise. "On Good-nature," the third piece in the collection, he presents us with the following sterling maxims.

Endeavour, if you can, to be sedate ;  
 And shun the mad extremes of love and hate :  
 Censure or praise, be cautious to proclaim,  
*For all the world are more than half the same.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Let this grand maxim in your mind be fix'd,  
*All mortal characters are oddly mix'd.*  
 The best of men have some substantial fault,  
 The dullest dunce acts often as he ought :  
 Thus Job himself was peevish for a time,  
 And Nero reign'd five years without a crime ;  
 The honest Cato sometimes drank too late,  
 And Cæsar shed one tear for Pompey's fate.  
 Since then the heart is seldom long the same,  
 'Tis but a phantom you can praise or blame. †

In "The Dignity of Human Nature," which he ironically styles "a Panegyric upon the world," he rises at the conclusion into a strain of indignant reflection, which does not only honor to his muse, but shews that, whatever may have been his own failings in this life, he entertained a Christian's hope of the future.

If what the Scriptures teach us were not true,  
 That virtue shall hereafter reap her due ;  
 If Cato's worth is nothing but a name,  
 And good and bad are in the grave the same,

If Shakespeare's intellect be gone to dust,  
 And keen Voltaire survives but in his bust ;  
 His envied wound if Hampden has forgot,  
 And Frederick sleeps unconscious why he fought ;  
 If Howard shall not from the silent grave  
 Survey that happiness his bounty gave ;  
 Nor Hawke review the glorious path he trode,  
 But moulder with a Swift or Chatham's clod ;  
 Vaunt as you please of Nature's gracious plan,  
 I'd rather be a pismire, than a man.  
 This doubt, so terrible to human pride,  
 Reason's dim rush-light never can decide,  
 The all-comforting eye of faith alone  
 Assures our rise to worlds beyond our own.

In treating "on the Diversities of Life," he thus pleasantly lashes the pedantry and extravagance of Warton, of whom he rather cavalierly remarks, in a note, "He is one of the most popular critics of the present age ; and his volumes have been so generally circulated, that a man of sense must find it difficult to kick them out of his way."

The son of grammar on all these looks down,  
 He conjugates a verb, declines a noun ;  
 And could he but correct one classic page,  
 His name descends to every future age.  
 With him, obscenity becomes divine,  
 If Horace chanc'd to pen the precious line :  
 Supreme dictator in some parish school,  
 He dreams perhaps that Shakespeare was a fool ;  
 That Tully must be studied ere we speak,  
 That all true wit is borrow'd from the Greek ;

That melody is only to be found  
Where dactyls gallop, and spondees draw round.

“*That all true wit is borrowed from the Greek.*” Lord Gardenstone illustrates this line by the following amusing and unanswerable note.

“TO ATTEMPT TO UNDERSTAND POETRY without having diligently digested this treatise, (Aristotle’s *Poeticks*,) would be as *absurd* and *impossible*, as to pretend to a skill of geometry without having studied Euclid.” Warton’s *Essay on Pope*, vol. i. p. 170. By this remark, we learn that Homer did not “understand poetry,” for as he died many centuries before Aristotle was born, he cannot have perused the said treatise. It is to be feared that Shakespeare knew little of Aristotle; since in one of his most correct plays he introduces Hector quoting him. Now, as it is needless to read any author who does not *understand* his subject, the admirers of Mr. Warton may perhaps think it advisable to commit these two poets to the flames.

“In the same work, vol. i. p. 146, we are told, “That he that has well digested these four cantos, (Boileau’s *Essay*,) cannot be said to be ignorant of *any important rule of poetry.*” It is not requisite to add, that these two passages are in the directest contradiction to each other, as well as to common sense. In p. 229, of the same volume, a few very trifling lines in Pope’s *Rape of the Lock* are said to have “excelled any thing in Shakespeares or any other author.”—The rest of the book, and especially the dedication, is written in the same style. The author is, in particular, very angry, that the world should have mistaken Dean Swift for a poet; a mistake in which we are likely to continue.”



In lines "On the Character of a Wife," his lordship has made some atonement for the freedom of his other speculations on the sex, by the following happy picture of the force of conjugal affection in the hour of sickness.

And are you sick? 'Tis then her actions prove,  
 (No words can paint,) the frenzy of her love.  
 'Tis then the grandeur of her soul shines forth,  
 Then first you learn the vastness of her worth;  
 Your kindest comrades in attendance fail,  
 For all must weary of a sick man's tale;  
 But, night and day, she still is at your side,  
 More soft, more charming, far, than when a bride;  
 For, though corroding cares her bloom destroy,  
 Her generous love excites supreamer joy.  
 She watches every motion of your eye,  
 Your every want impatient to supply.  
 Affected smiles conceal her inward care,  
 Hopeless herself, yet checking your despair;  
 While oft, in spite of all her female art,  
 A sigh escaping, cuts you to the heart.  
 How cold mere friendship, when compar'd to this!  
 Without such women, what were human bliss?

Some of his Imitations of Horace next invite our attention. One of Lib. I. Ode III. is particularly fine. It will remind the reader of the force and sentimental dignity of Dryden; and in ease of style is only inferior when compared with the similar efforts of Pope. It opens with the following tender invocation:

O ship! thou bearer of my better part,  
 The man whose friendship long has fix'd my heart;

Hear, if thou canst, his absence how I mourn,  
 And grant, O grant, my friend a safe return ;  
 May Fate prove kind, protect and shelter thee  
 From all the perils of the raging sea ;  
 Where winds and waves incessant storm and roar,  
 And thousands hourly sink to rise no more.

A natural association of ideas leads the poet to reflect on that daring curiosity, which first prompted the human race to attempt the navigation of the pathless ocean ; it is viewed, more poetically than justly, as an innovation upon the plan of Almighty Goodness to " check the quarrels of mankind : " the atrocities committed by the Spaniards in America are deplored ; and thence, adverting to the conduct of his own country, the poet bursts out into the following indignant strain of reflection.

Nor let old England, with absurd disdain,  
 For deeds like these, insult atrocious Spain ;  
 Since, in the task of scourging human kind,  
 Calm Truth can hardly rank us far behind.  
 Our monks, like theirs, have lighted many a fire,  
 Where holy fools were eager to expire ;  
 Like them, we trembled at a tyrant's frown,  
 Till daring Hampden tore the puppet down.  
 See ! every tie of faith and mercy broke,  
 Ill-fated Bengal bleed beneath our yoke.  
 Its ample spoils impel us to renew  
 The dreadful scenes once acted in Peru.\*

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\* Colonel Alexander Dow, an author of uncommon merit, affirms that between the years 1765 and 1771, the province of Bengal alone had lost five or six millions of inhabitants. *Notes by Lord G.*

Whatever baseness can degrade mankind,  
 Whatever Cade or Catiline design'd ;  
 Whatever outrage Rome's red streets deform'd,  
 When Sylla rul'd her, or when Bourbon storm'd ;  
 Whatever Timur did to win a throne,  
 Or faith-defending Harry would have done ;  
 All seems as nothing in these polish'd times,  
 Which ev'n our sons can ne'er eclipse in crimes.

But soon the hapless Indian saw repaid  
 The wrongs of those who chas'd him from his shade ;  
 A new disease invades the fount of joy,  
 And' scorching suns the tyrant race destroy.  
 With all the riches Potosi can boast,  
 How few return from that polluted coast !  
 The planter shrivels in the prime of life,  
 The injur'd negro aims his deadly knife ;  
 Here, while a tertian desolates around,  
 And pain's last pangs poor human pride confound ;  
 Lo ! there contending elements conspire,  
 Each black cloud bursting in a sheet of fire ;  
 And earth and ocean, as dissolving, rend,  
 While guilty cities down the gulph descend.

The passage which follows is prophetic ; it is a  
 literal description of that scene of retribution which  
 we have lately seen acted in St. Domingo.

And sure, since Heaven is just, the western skies  
 Shall see e'er long some Spartacus arise ;  
 To bid our slaves the Christian yoke disown,  
 And seize the land they labour as their own.  
 Behold the Hero burst oppression's bands,  
 The blood of ruffians reeking on his hands ;

Hark ! how he echoes freedom's honour'd name,  
And boasts how victory vindicates his claim.  
See round their chief the jetty nation throngs,  
What horrid vengeance answers all their wrongs.  
Extermination steeps the trembling shore,  
Europa's robbers lift the lash no more ;  
Vindictive Justice sweeps the race away ;  
Our toil of ages perish'd in a day.

In the conclusion, the poet takes advantage of the progress which discovery has made since the days of the Roman satirist, to introduce some new and striking illustrations into his imitation of that satirist's well-known description of the insatiable nature of human ambition. The invention of the diving bell, of electric conductors, of balloons, &c. are all appropriately alluded to.

Nothing so wild which man will fear to try ;  
From pole to pole in search of gold we fly ;  
Nor ev'n contented to surround the globe,  
Remotest ocean of her spoils we rob ;  
Fearless we range below her gloomy deeps,  
Where the keen shark through purple slaughter sweeps.  
And leaving eagles in their flight behind,  
We soar above them on the swelling wind ;  
We teach resistless lightning where to fly,  
Nor dread to drown the thunders of the sky ;  
We tell cold Saturn's distance from the sun ;  
We count what orbs around his centre run ;  
We measure all the skies : some air balloon  
One day, who knows, may land us in the moon ;  
Where, but a while ago, we tried our skill  
To trace the height of every knoll and hill.

Our daring crimes the deity offend,  
 Well might his thunder on our heads descend ;  
 Our folly yet inclines him to forgive :  
 The judge of Nature pities, and we live.

In "the Newspaper, or a Peep at the Literary World," and in "Sketches of celebrated characters, ancient and modern," lord Gardenstone has ventured upon a wide range of personal satire. These pieces must have been among the latest of his poetical productions, for there are topics adverted to which did not occur till he had been long on the bench ; such as Dodd's forgery, and the case of Woodfall for publishing the letter of Junius. Where so many shafts are thrown, many must, in the ordinary course of human fallibility, have been directed amiss ; but it will in general be found, that he has appreciated as justly as he has satirized severely. Of Dr. Johnson, and his friend Boswell,

(Ah ! Bozzy, Bozzy, shan't we see  
 Some wooden vacancy for thee,)

and also of Hume, he speaks in terms, which are much at variance with the opinion which an impartial posterity has passed upon them. But in such passages as the following, the reader will recognize a spirit of discrimination, and a power of drawing character, which might with ease have founded a second Dunciad.

Read Burke's eternal letter to an end,  
 Or crack-brain'd Boswell on his tour attend ;  
 Pope buried in the mire of Warton's skull,  
 So trite, perplex'd, impertinent, and dull ;

Or Warburton's "Divine Legation" bore,  
 And all the "Sacred" scenes of Hannah More ;  
 Those letters Lady Wortley never wrote,  
 Or Craven's scrawls, so innocent of thought,  
 Or Joseph Marshall's jaunt, where, by the by,  
 Through four thick volumes, every word's a lie ;\*  
 Or modest Bellamy's important tale,  
 So archly fitted for a Bagnio sale,  
 Where the pert harlot, spouting foolish plays,  
 In place of infamy, demands our praise ;  
 Or honest Mirabeau's Historick Spy,  
 To which a halter only should reply ;  
 Or poor Rousseau's unfortunate detail  
 Of all that Bedlam blushes to unveil.†  
 Those five portentous tomes about a fiddle  
 Nor Œdipus nor Hawkins could unriddle ;  
 Or the bright anthems of our birth-day bard,  
 If yet one verse the barber's tongs have spar'd ;  
 Piozzi's chat, the novelists of Lane,  
 That paragon of peerage, Lady Vane ;  
 Or Anna Yearsley's admirable note,  
 Sweet as the warbling of a screech-owl's throat.‡

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\* No such person ever existed. *Note by Lord G.*

† See his *Confessions*, in four or five volumes. *ib.*

‡ This is the Bristol Milkwoman. Her reception justifies the remark, that "Wonder, usually accompanied by a bad taste, looks out only for what is uncommon, and if a work comes abroad under the name of a Thresher, a Bricklayer, or a Lord, it is sure to be eagerly sought after by the Million." Introduction to *Sheridan's Life of Swift*. *Note by Lord G.*

The answer of a late eccentric nobleman, on being

Then with contemptuous pity shall you say,  
 How much good paper has been cast away ;  
 That paper which (a far superior use)  
 Might well have serv'd our honest Mother Goose,  
 Or Bunyan's progress in the world to come,  
 The Seven Wise Masters, Whitfield, and Tom Thumb.

It would be easy to add to the quotations which have been made, by others of, perhaps, superior merit, but enough has been extracted to shew that the poetry of Lord Gardenstone has ill-deserved that neglect which it has been its misfortune to experience. A high poetical station is not besought for him; but he can surely not be refused the humble one which he claims for himself in the following lines, in his poem on the Diversities of Human Life.

'Tis possible the reader may inquire  
 To what distinction I, myself, aspire:  
 Let songsters, of superior parts to mine,  
 Paint Rodney rushing through the Gallic line ;  
 Or Elliot earning the great Prussian's praise,  
 While Calpe's sky descended in a blaze.  
 (A scene compar'd to which, fam'd Ilion's fall  
 Bore but the semblance of a school-boy's brawl.)  
 To pomp or pathos I make no pretence,  
 But range in the broad path of common sense,

---

asked to subscribe for this lady's poems, was as appropriate as any thing that was ever said of them. " You may put me down for five guineas, but let it be five pounds for her poverty, and five shillings for her poetry."

Nor even burrow in *the dark sublime*,  
Nor cramp a thought by scantiness of rhyme ;  
And if, by turns, contemptuous and severe,  
Candour must own the verses are sincere ;  
Nor at a fool's command politely grieve,  
Nor vindicate a system none believe ;\*  
Nor whet a pimp, nor serve a tyrant's end,  
Nor gain their sire a farthing or a friend.

J. G.

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\* Such as Popery, in "The Hind and Panther," or Optimism, in an "Essay on Man." The preceding line of this couplet refers to the Dedication of Dryden's "Eleonora." *Note by Lord G.*



## ROBERT BLAIR.

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ROBERT Blair was the son of the Rev. David Blair, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and grandson of the Rev. Robert Blair, Minister of St. Andrews, Chaplain to Charles I., and one of the most zealous and distinguished clergymen of the period in which he lived. He was born in 1699; educated for the church, at the University of Edinburgh; and afterwards travelled, for his improvement, on the continent. In 1731, he was presented to the living of Athelstaneford, in the county of East Lothian, where he passed the remainder of his life, "bosomed in the shade."

Being much at ease in his circumstances, he lived in a style of considerable elegance, and was on terms of familiar intimacy with most of the gentlemen of his neighbourhood. Among the most respected of his friends, was the lamented Colonel Gardiner, who was slain at the battle of Prestonpans, in 1745; and who appears to have been the medium of his opening a correspondence with Dr. Watts and Dr. Doddridge. The acquaintance with the latter commenced with a letter from Blair, which contains some interesting information relative to the composition of the poem which has given so much celebrity to his name. It is dated Athelstaneford, February 25, 1741-2, and is in these words :

“ You will be justly surprised with a letter from one, whose name is not so much as known to you, nor shall I offer to make any apology. Though I am entirely unacquainted with your person, I am no stranger to your merit as an author ; neither am I altogether unacquainted with your personal character, having often heard honourable mention made of you by my much respected and worthy friends, Colonel Gardiner and Lady Frances. About ten months ago, Lady Frances did me the favour to transmit to me some manuscript hymns of yours, with which I was wonderfully delighted. I wish I could, on my part, contribute in any measure to your entertainment, as you have sometimes done to mine, in a very high degree. And, that I may show how willing I am to do so, I have desired Dr. Watts to transmit you a manuscript poem of mine, entitled “ The Grave,” written, I hope, in a way not unbecoming my profession as a minister of the gospel, though the greatest part of it was composed before I was clothed with so sacred a character. I was urged by some friends here, to whom I shewed it, to make it public, nor did I decline it, provided I had the approbation of Dr. Watts, from whom I have received many civilities, and for whom I had ever entertained the highest regard. Yesterday I had a letter from the doctor, signifying his approbation of the piece in a manner most obliging. A great deal less from him would have done me no small honor. But, at the same time, he mentioned to me, that he had offered it to two booksellers of his acquaintance, who, he tells me, did not care to run the risk of publishing it. They can scarcely think, (considering how critical an age

we live in, with respect to such kind of writings,) that a person, living three hundred miles from London, could write so as to be acceptable to the fashionable and polite. Perhaps it may be so, though, at the same time, I must say, that in order to make it more generally liked, I was obliged, sometimes, to go cross to my own inclinations, well knowing, that whatever poem is written on a serious argument, must, on that very account, be under peculiar disadvantages ; and, therefore, proper arts must be used to make such a piece go down with a licentious age, which cares for none of these things. I beg pardon for breaking on moments so precious as yours, and hope you will be so kind as to give me your opinion of the poem."

This work, which the two wise booksellers " did not care to run the risk of publishing," proved to be one of the most popular productions of the eighteenth century. The author did not, however, live to enjoy the applause conferred on his muse, being seized with a fever, of which he died, on the 4th of February, 1746, in the forty-seventh year of his age.

Mr. Blair was distinguished, in his pastoral office, by his assiduity and zeal ; and, as a preacher, was admired for the fervour of his eloquence. His manners were endearing, and, by his friends, he was warmly beloved. He has, in his poem, made a heartfelt acknowledgment of the pleasures which he derived from this source.

Friendship ! mysterious current of the soul !  
 Sweet'ner of life and solder of society !  
 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me  
 Far, far, beyond what I can ever pay.

Poetry was not alone the amusement of his leisure hours. He paid considerable attention to botany, and corresponded on the subject with Henry Barker, F.R.S., a naturalist of some celebrity. He is said to have been also conversant in optics.

He left five sons and one daughter; one of these sons was the late President Blair, as able and upright a judge, as, perhaps, ever honored the judicial seat. His wife was a Miss Isabella Law, daughter of Mr. Law, of Elvingston, sometime Professor of Moral Philosophy, in the University of Edinburgh. With Professor Law, Mr. Blair had been long acquainted; and, on his death, he is said to have written and printed a poetical tribute to his memory, which may, perhaps, be still in the possession of the family, though it has never been re-published.

A poem which has so long held so high a place in public opinion as "The Grave," is, in some measure, exempted from criticism; a fondness for its beauties can alone excuse our dwelling for a moment upon them. The subject of the poem cannot he said to have, of itself, invited attention.

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The Grave! dread thing!  
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd.

As little has the author sought, by splendour of diction, or singularity of idea, to court the popularity he has gained. The charms by which he has fixed himself in the hearts of so many readers, are those of a homely, yet nervous, style, and an exuberance of just reflection, illustrated and enforced by imagery, often strikingly appropriate. Whoever commences reading

“The Grave” must go on to the conclusion; the attention is no sooner engaged than it is absorbed. The author sometimes allows his poetry “to loiter into prose,” and the sentiment to flag with it; as when he asks the dead,

————— Do the strict laws  
Of your society, forbid your speaking  
Upon a point so nice?

but there are few poems of equal length, where the march of thought is, upon the whole, so majestic and yet so unaffected.

The worst exception that can be taken to “the Grave,” is, that the author seems to have had the good taste to enrich his memory with many fine expressions and thoughts from other poets; the appropriation of which he has forgotten to acknowledge.—It ought to be recollected, however, that it was a posthumous publication; had Blair lived to superintend the printing of the work himself, he might possibly have spared the critics the trouble of pointing these appropriations out. Some of his borrowings are from quarters where one would not have suspected there was any thing to lend. To Nat. Lee, for example, Blair is indebted more than once or twice. Every reader must remember the striking picture which is drawn in “the Grave,” of the effects of the summons of death “on him who is at ease in his possessions.”

In that dread moment, how the frantic soul  
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,  
Runs to each avenue and shrieks for help.

• • • •

Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,  
At once she sinks to everlasting rest !

Lee, in his *Alexander*, has exactly the same fancy :  
Drives the distracted soul about her house,  
Which runs to all the pores, the doors of life ;  
Till she is forc'd for air to leave her dwelling.

*Act IV. Scene 1.*

Another passage, of great power, must also be referred to the same source :

The common damn'd shun their society,  
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.

*The Grave.*

In " *Alexander*" we have,

While foulest fiends shun thy society,  
And thou shalt walk alone, forsaken fury !

*Act V. Scene 1.*

But, however much Blair may have been indebted to his reading for the materials of his poem, it must still be allowed that he has made a tasteful use of them ; nor can any plagiarism-hunter ever deprive him of the honour of having contributed largely from his own stores to our poetical wealth.

P. B.

## DR. MOOR.

OF Dr. James Moor, professor of Greek in the university of Glasgow, and author of the well-known Elements of Greek Grammar, no memoir has ever come under my observation, nor is his name to be found in any of the general collections of biography. The particulars of his history which have come to my knowledge are too scanty to have much pretension to the merit of supplying the deficiency; but having through the kindness of a friend been put in possession of some unpublished poetical remains of Dr. Moor,\* and had my attention directed to others, which, though they have graced a periodical column, are not known to the world to have been the effusions of his muse; whatever service may be done to his memory by bringing these under notice, will, it is hoped, atone for the defects of the memoir by which they are accompanied.

The University in which Dr. Moor had the honour to be a Professor was also his *alma-mater*. The stu-

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\* To the same source, the Society are indebted for a spirited likeness of Dr. Moor, from which the portrait given with this part has been engraved.

dies to which he chiefly attached himself were the ancient languages, mathematics, and geometry. The celebrated Simson filled, at this period, the mathematical chair, and to the happy manner which that eminent teacher is said to have had of making the abstruse subjects of his prelections engaging to young minds, we may ascribe the great partiality which Moor acquired for them, and retained through life. When he had gone through the usual course of academical study, he was engaged as a tutor in the family of the Earl of Kilmarnock ; the same who afterwards expiated his rebellion against the House of Hanover on the scaffold. While residing with this nobleman at the family seat in the neighbourhood of Kilmarnock, the mansion-house accidentally took fire, and was burnt to the ground. Dr. Moor was not among the least of the sufferers. He had, ever since leaving the University, been pursuing with great ardour both his philological and mathematical researches ; and his writings on the subject had accumulated to a considerable mass, when they had the misfortune to share in the general conflagration. Dr. Moor was often heard to lament their loss, and felt it so severely that he could never muster resolution enough to make any attempt to repair it.

When the rebellion of 1745 broke out, Dr. Moor was far from sharing in the views of his noble patron. Among the poetical remains now before me, there is a fragment on the spirit which characterised the Scots on this occasion, in which they are told, that

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God nor Man,  
Nor Law, nor Reason, can approve their plan.



Dr. Moor must have known besides, from his personal intercourse with the Earl of Kilmarnock, a fact, now pretty well ascertained, that a desperate state of fortune, and not any real attachment to the Stuart family, was the cause of his joining the rebel standard.

After the death of that nobleman and the ruin of his house, a long time had not elapsed, when Dr. Moor was elected to be Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, in which situation he spent the remainder of his life.

The abilities which he displayed in the department of instruction assigned to him, soon proved him to be an accession to the number of eminent men for which the university of Glasgow became, about this period, remarkable. He made the Greek, from being the most neglected, one of the most popular branches of study; and had, ere long, the pride of hearing it allowed, that Glasgow produced the best Grecians of whom Scotland could boast. His brother professors found in Dr. Moor, at the same time, one who was as well suited as inclined to participate with them in those social relaxations, for which they were only not so remarkable, as for their learning. The following picture of this collegiate brotherhood, which Mr. Stewart has drawn in his *Life of Reid*, is that of an advanced period of Dr. Moor's connection with it; but till Reid was added, the picture could not be complete. "Robert Simson, the great restorer of ancient geometry, was still alive, and, although far advanced in years, preserved unimpaired his ardour in study, his relish for social relaxation, and his amusing singularities of humour. Dr. Moor combined,

with a gaiety and levity foreign to this climate, the profound attainments of a scholar and a mathematician. In Dr. Black, to whose fortunate genius a new world of science had just opened, Reid acknowledged an instructor and a guide; and met a simplicity of manners congenial to his own. The Wilsons, father and son, were formed to attach his heart by the similarity of their scientific pursuits, and an entire sympathy with his views and sentiments. Nor was he less delighted with the good humoured opposition which his opinions never failed to encounter in the acuteness of Millar, then in the vigour of youthful genius, and warm from the lessons of a different school (of Hume). Dr. Leechman, the friend and biographer of Hutchinson, was the official head of the college; and added the weight of a venerable name to the reputation of a community which he had once adorned in a more active station." Of the habits of this select fraternity, something yet remains to be told. From Dr. Trail's Life of Simson, we learn, that one evening in the week was devoted to a club, which met in a tavern near the college. The first part of the evening was spent in playing the game of whist, of which Simson was particularly fond. The rest of the night was spent in social conversation, and in singing Greek odes, to which modern music had been adapted. On Saturdays, they usually dined in the village of Anderston, about a mile from Glasgow, where they met a variety of respectable visitors, all desirous of cultivating the acquaintance, and enjoying the society, of the most eminent persons of their day.

The "Elements of Greek Grammar," by which

Moor's name is so familiar to every Grecian, were followed, in 1766, by his *Essay on the Prepositions of the Greek language*. The merit of this work, which has always been spoken of in high terms, has never been overrated. "On the subject of the Greek prepositions," says Dr. Irving, "he had perhaps formed more correct notions than any other modern writer." The "Essay," as well as the "Grammar," were, however, left incomplete; they were but introductory sections, and seem as if they had been fragments saved from that calamity which destroyed so large a portion of his early speculations in philology.

Although thus distinguished as a Greek scholar, it is curious, that Dr. Moor himself made but little account of his attainments in that capacity, compared with his researches in mathematical science. Among his Remains, is the following Epitaph for himself, in which his poetical genius seems to be ranked among the lowest of his merits, and his knowledge of geometry as the highest.

#### EPITAPH.

Here lye the bones of Dr. Moor,  
 Who lived contented, though but poor.  
 Piece of a poet he was once,  
 By inspiration or by chance;  
 Nor was he very far to seek  
 Either in Latin or in Greek;  
 And what is more rare 'mong men of letters,  
 He was well vers'd in the Greek Geometers;  
 Knew too the Rules and the Reductions  
 Of Algebra, Fluents and Fluxions;

Could penetrate into the natures  
 Of Curves, their Tangents and Quadratures,  
 And bring to Fluxional Equation  
 Problems of Curve-Rectification.  
 Friend of the fatherless and poor,  
 Who wail the death of Dr. Moor.

Know that these verses, ye who see 'em,  
 Were by himself wrote—ante-diem.  
 "Himself too much he praises." Hush!  
 Or ye will make his ashes blush:  
 Had he himself not done it, Brother,  
 It ne'er had been done by another.

Of his poetical abilities, the proofs are much more favorable than any thing in this Epitaph would lead one to suppose. The fragment which has been already mentioned on the rebellion of 1745, contains some vigorous lines, and acquires no ordinary interest from the obvious allusion which it contains to the conduct of the unfortunate Kilmarnock. The manuscript is embarrassed with corrections and interlineations; but the following appears to have been the intended reading:

**SPIRIT OF THE SCOTS' AND ENGLISH REBELS IN 1745  
 CHARACTERISED.**

*Scots' Spirit.*

The Scots, warm in mistake, too high of spirit,  
 Think, if they die, 'twill be with Heaven a merit;  
 Forsake wife, children, fortune, nay, their reason,  
 Rather than not be guilty of high treason.

Driven like the hogs, when hurried by the devil ;  
Thoughtless of success ; right, wrong ; good or evil ;  
Run furious on, precipitately brave,  
Madly to meet the gallows, or the grave.

Yet many were inveigled, many cheated,  
By words of honour given and oaths repeated  
Who had resolv'd before at home to stay,  
And leave to fools the fortune of the day.  
Those wept for anguish, to be thus outwitted,  
Yet, for their word was given, not one man quitted.

O Gothic Honour ! thy unnatural rules,  
Thy tyrant customs, make even wise men fools.  
Mad, honest, luckless, brave men ! God nor Man,  
Nor Law, nor Reason, can approve your plan,  
Nay, not yourselves at bottom. Reason thus,  
And one example will the point discuss.—

—You'll play at hazard, will you, sir ? Yes. Come—  
You sit, play, lose, and instant pay the sum ;  
Why so ? Because you think he play'd you fair.  
You're wrong, sir ! try, you'll find some false dice  
there.

Agreed ; you try and find out in a trice,  
He palm'd upon you full four loaded dice ;  
That moment you compell him to repay,  
And swear with such you ne'er again shall play.

The application may be made with ease,  
I shall not mention it, except you please.

Some few there were, whose deeds of horror tell,  
Their hearts of brass were cast in hottest hell ;  
Monsters confest, but soon they met their match  
From victor-monsters, who made quick dispatch ;

In cold, cold blood, to kill each man they met,  
 Such easy slaughter did their swords but whet;  
 And wanton show'd (let us to both be just)  
 Of savage butchery, the raging lust.

The next piece for which notice is solicited must be familiar to most persons who are versant in Scottish song. It is entitled "The Chelsea Pensioners," and was published in most of the newspapers at the commencement of the French Revolution, as the production of "a Young Lady." The person who gave it this parentage—from some whim, now forgotten—assures me, that the real author was Dr. Moor. It was found, among other scraps in the doctor's hand writing, among the sweepings of his chamber, after his death.

#### CHELSEA PENSIONERS.

Tune—"Days o' lang syne."

When war had broke in on the peace of auld men,  
 And frae Chelsea to arms they were summon'd again,  
 Twa vet'rans grown grey, wi' their muskets sair soil'd,  
 With a sigh were relating how hard they had toil'd;  
 The drum it was beating, to fight they incline,  
 But ay, they look'd back to the days o' lang syne!

Eh, Davie man, weil thou remembers the time,  
 When twa brisk young callans, and just in our prime,  
 The Duke led us conq'rors, and shew'd us the way,  
 And mony braw cheilds we turn'd cawld on that day;  
 Still again I would venture this auld trunk o'mine,  
 Could our general but lead, and we fight, as lang  
 syne!

But garrison-duty is a' we can do,  
 Though our arms are grown weak, our hearts are still  
     true ;  
 We car'd na for dangers by land or by sea,  
 But Time is turn'd coward, and not you and me ;  
 And tho' at our fate we may sigh and repine,  
 Youth winna return, nor the strength o' lang syne !

When after our conquest, it joys me to mind  
 How Janet caress'd thee, and my *Meg* was kind ;  
 They shar'd a' our dangers, tho' never so hard,  
 Nor car'd we for plunder when sic our reward.  
 E'en now they're resolv'd baith their hames to resign,  
 And will share the hard fate they were us'd to lang  
     syne.

A twin-foundling of this popular ballad was the following humorous tale :

#### THE MISTAKE.

Gude honest Davie and his wife  
 Led lang an easy kindly life ;  
 When *hogmanay* came round, at night,  
 The year was done, and a' was right ;  
 And up they raise, on New Year's day,  
 Life to begin, new bode, new play.  
 Thus on they liv'd, and on they lov'd,  
 He weil content, and she weil woo'd  
 By him when he came home at e'en ;  
 Then life was like an ever green.

A nibour chield, wha had some spunk,  
 Contrives to play them a begunk :

Comes lang before the break o' day,  
 And steeks their winnock up wi' clay.  
 They, waken'd at their usual time,  
 Look'd up, but cou'd na see a styme ;  
 Their weary'd limbs were weel content,  
 And sae to sleep again they went ;  
 Their een, glad of a hearty dose,  
 Took their ain sweet fill o' repose.  
 Seldom they could sic dainties get,  
 And now the sun began to set ;  
 The wife got up, ran to the door  
 And saw—what ne'er was seen before !  
 Na, what was never yet seen since,  
 Nowther by subject nor by prince ;  
 Nor ever will be seen again  
 By daughters nor by sons o' men ;  
 She saw, and troth it is nae jest,  
 A sight that kept her mind frae rest ;  
 To tell the ferlie, in she ran,  
 Wi' peghing heart, to her gude man :  
 " O Davie, Davie, man ! come here,  
 The like was not this thousand year !  
 See, but say nought—silence is best ;  
 See the sun rising in the West ! "

To the Edinburgh Magazine, so famous in its day as  
 a vehicle for the vindictive passions of Gilbert Stewart,  
 Dr. Moor appears at one time to have been induced  
 to lend his countenance. In this repository, we find  
 the following poetical contribution headed with all  
 due solemnity, as intended " For the Edinburgh Ma-  
 gazine."



THE LINNET,  
OR,  
HAPPINESS AT HOME.

By *Dr. James Moor.*

Sweet Linnet ! shall I disengage  
Thee, from this prison of thy cage ;  
And let thee forth, freely to fly,  
And range around thy native sky ?  
It gives my soul a pang of grief  
To see thee pent up like a thief.  
Catullus owns, he saw no marrow  
To thee, since he saw Lesbie's sparrow.  
Thou art call'd, by the Queen of love,  
The sweetest songster of the grove.  
——— " I thank you, Sir ! in the first place ;  
But, good friend, ye mistake the case ;  
King George himself will frankly own,  
He is not happier on the throne ;  
Yet happier far, I scarce can doubt him,  
Where he has wife and bairns about him.  
My happy life I shall not grudge  
To tell ; be you yourself the judge.  
Christian\* is careful me to feed  
With water pure and mustard seed ;  
Safe hangs my cage from the cat's paws,  
To fear her fangs, I have no cause ;

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\* The Doctor's housekeeper.

And what ye call my prison tower,  
 I call my palace or my bower;  
 Where all day long, I trip and sing,  
 Or plume the feathers of my wing.  
 Never need I to fear the sight  
 Of either hawk's or eagle's flight;  
 Never need I to dread the noise  
 Of guns, discharg'd by murd'ring boys.  
 Jove's eagle, soaring through the sky,  
 Is not a happier bird than I.  
 Think me not then less happy, stranger,  
 Because not through the skies a ranger;  
 But learn from me, from time to come,  
 BEST HAPPINESS IS FOUND AT HOME.

Glasgow College,  
 Oct. 20.

From the specimens now given, it will be seen that Dr. Moor's claims to poetic rank, are of no ordinary cast. The "Chelsea Pensioners" and the "Mistake," are distinguished by a dryness of humour and truth of painting, which have not often been surpassed.—They evince powers which only required to have been cultivated, to place their author on a level with the very best of our minor poets.

B. T.

### JAMES GRÆME.

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JAMES GRÆME was born at Carnwath, in Lanarkshire, in the month of December, 1749. He was the youngest son of a poor farmer; but happening to present a greater promise of talent than any of his brothers, was, according to a policy very common with Scottish families in this walk of life, selected to be put forth in some learned profession, while the others were left, as their fathers had been before them, to find their destiny at the plough tail. At the age of fourteen, young James was sent to the grammar school of the neighbouring town of Lanark, then taught by a Mr. Robert Thomson, brother-in-law to the author of "The Seasons." During four years' attendance at this seminary, he appears to have so much distinguished himself above his school fellows for classical learning, as to be looked upon somewhat in the light of a prodigy, not only by his master, but by all who were supposed competent to judge on the subject. In the composition of Latin poetry, he was thought particularly to excel, and much was said of a Sapphic ode, which he wrote when only fifteen, entitled *Descriptio Scholæ Lanarcensis*, in which he described the occupations and pastimes of the scholars during the hours allotted for recreation. The time at length came, when he was to take his departure for the University; and a degree of ceremony attended the event, which could scarcely have been ex-

ceeded, had it been the admirable Crichton, who was to be launched into the world. A public examination of the school took place, at which the ministers of the Presbytery of Lanark and the magistrates of the town acted as examiners; and before these high authorities in classical literature, young Græme pronounced a valedictory oration in Latin, which is said to have deserved and called forth great applause.

In 1762, Græme was matriculated of the University of Edinburgh; and although he had now to contend with the best scholars of various masters, it was still his good fortune to bear away the palm. We are told, that in classical learning he had no superior of the same standing; that he spoke and composed in Latin with fluency and elegance, and had even commenced writing in Greek.

In mathematics and natural philosophy, he made also great progress; he delighted too in metaphysics, and was, what Franklin says all Scottish students are, prone to disputation.

At the close of his first session at College, he was engaged by Laurence Brown, esq. of Edmonston, who then resided at Easthills, in the parish of Dunsyre, to assist the studies of his sons, and in this family he passed the summer of 1768. While living here, he is said to have become acquainted with a young lady, whose beauty and accomplishments made a deep impression on his heart, and first led him to attune his harp to those amatory strains, which constitute his chief claims to poetical distinction. She was alternately the Mira and the Eliza of his muse.

In 1769, Græme attracted the notice of Mr. Lockhart, then Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, after-

wards a judge of the Court of Session, by the title of Lord Covington, through whose interest he was presented to a Bursary or Exhibition at St. Andrew's. On repairing thither however, he found that the acceptance of the bursary would subject him to repeat a course of languages and philosophy which the extent of his acquirements rendered now superfluous; and he was therefore reluctantly obliged to decline availing himself of the presentation.

In 1770, he resumed his studies at Edinburgh, and having finished the usual preparatory course, entered himself of the Divinity Hall, with the design of qualifying himself for the church.

During the following summer, he was employed as a tutor in the family of Martin White, esq. of Milton, near Lanark; but a state of ill-health which had been for some time gaining ground upon him, forced him on the approach of winter to return home to his parents, in order to receive those attentions which his situation required, and which the hand of parental affection could best bestow. His disease presented at length all the features of a deep consumption. He lingered through the winter and spring, occasionally relieving the pains of sickness, by composing verses and corresponding with his friends, but at last expired without a groan on the 26th of July, 1772, in the twenty-second year of his age.

Græme is described, by those who knew him, to have been of a very manly and prepossessing appearance. "He had a lively and penetrating eye; his features were expressive, his gestures animated, and all his movements were marked with extraordinary energy and vivacity. He was social, cheerful, and affectionate,

and by those friends who thoroughly knew him, beloved, even to enthusiasm.”

He had begun to make a collection of his poetical pieces for publication, when the inroads of disease made him suspend the task. It was, after his death, completed by his friend Dr. Anderson, and published in 1773, in one volume 8vo., under the title of “Poems on several occasions, by James Græme,” with a prefatory Account of his Life and Character. Dr. Anderson has also given his works a place in his collection of British Poets.

From partiality to the memory of his friend, Dr. Anderson has however much transgressed the bounds of a discreet praise. He has assigned Græme a station of importance, which there is nothing in his poetry, even in the way of promise, to justify. Græme had certainly attained to considerable ease in versification, but he no where exhibits the fire of genius. He abounds in conceits, and not unfrequently offends by coarseness. In one of his elegies to Mira, (*“in the manner of Tibullus!”*) the delicate theme is all about flannel night-caps and grisly beards. Dr. Anderson has even carried his injudicious admiration so far, as to republish the “Sapphic Ode,” as it was called, which Græme wrote at school, and to recommend it as “*a very correct and manly performance for a boy of fifteen.*” Now it so happens, that this “correct and manly performance,” though it only extends to sixteen lines, contains, as an English critic has been at pains to point out,\* no less than forty-five faults! It is scarcely necessary after this to say, what degree

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\* British Critic, vol. vii.

of credit is due to all that has been said of Græme's wonderful proficiency in Latin composition. It is evident that he must have been indebted for his reputation in this respect, to persons who knew nothing of the subject ; and for the credit of Scotch Latinity, it is to be hoped, that that reputation was not quite so extensive as his friendly editor would have the world to believe.

S. Y.

## CALEB WHITEFOORD

CALEB WHITEFOORD was born at Edinburgh in 1734. He was the only son of Colonel Charles Whitefoord, of the 5th regiment of foot, third son of Sir Adam Whitefoord, Bart. of Ayrshire. After going through all the branches of a polite education at the schools and University of Edinburgh, he was sent to London, and placed in the counting-house of Mr. Archibald Stewart, an eminent wine merchant.

While in this situation his father died, leaving to Caleb and a sister the bulk of his fortune. Shortly after, Mr. Whitefoord went to France, where he spent about two years. He then returned to England, and being of age, embarked his patrimony in the wine trade, in partnership with a Mr. Thomas Brown.

Mr. Whitefoord's life, after this period, was one of continued gaiety and enjoyment. He possessed strong natural talents, wit, learning, and taste; but, content that these were such as to recommend him to the society of the most choice spirits of his day, his ambition aspired no higher. Delighted with the intercourse, and honored by the esteem, of such men as Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Foote, he appears to have looked with considerable indifference on all the world besides. Had he not accidentally formed an acquaintance with Mr. Woodfall the Printer, it is doubtful whether he would ever himself



have attempted to appear as a writer ; and, when stimulated to it by that gentleman, he consented, rather to amuse a vacant hour, than with any view to literary distinction. To Woodfall's paper, the Public Advertiser, he became a frequent contributor of short satirical pieces, both in prose and verse, which attracted much notice for their singularity, wit, and humour ; but so careless was he about the reputation which they brought him, that, as soon as gone from his pen, he took no farther concern about them, and left them exposed and deserted, till Almon and Debrett sought after and gave them a place in that appropriate asylum, The Foundling Hospital for Wit.

In his political sentiments, Mr. Whitefoord was attached to the ministry of the day ; and his satire took a corresponding direction. Of its tendency to serve them, Dr. Smollet has expressed a very flattering opinion in the following passage of a letter which he wrote to Mr. Whitefoord, from Italy, in 1770. " You could not," he says, " have made me a more agreeable present than the papers I received by the hands of my good friend Dr. Armstrong. Some of the pieces I had read with great pleasure in one of your evening papers ; but my own satisfaction is much increased, by knowing that you are the author, for, without flattery, I really think these fourteen letters contain more spirit, wit, and humour, than all I have as yet seen written on the other side of the question ; and I am fully persuaded, that if you had two or three coadjutors of equal talents to play into one another's hands, and keep up the ball of argument and ridicule, you would actually, at the long run, either shame or laugh the people out of their absurd infatuation. Your ideas

of characters and things so exactly tally with mine, that I cannot help flattering myself so far as to imagine, I should have expressed my sentiments in the same manner, on the same subjects, had I been disposed to make them public; supposing still, that my ability corresponded with my ambition." "I hope you will not discontinue your endeavours to represent faction and false patriotism in their true colours, though I believe the Ministry little deserve that any man of genius should draw his pen in their defence."

The Ministry themselves were so satisfied with the abilities which Mr. Whitefoord had displayed in their support, that he was requested by one of their number to write a pamphlet on the subject of the misunderstanding which then subsisted betwixt Great Britain and Spain, in regard to the Falkland Islands. Mr. Whitefoord declined engaging in the task himself, but recommended Dr. Johnson, as the ablest person who could be selected for the purpose. Dr. Johnson was accordingly employed, and produced his celebrated pamphlet, entitled, "Thoughts on the late transactions respecting Falkland Islands."

In the course of his lighter effusions, Mr. Whitefoord had the merit, such as it is, of giving birth to that numerous class of travesties and conceits, which were at one time so much in vogue, under the titles of Ship News Extraordinary, Cross Readings, Errors of the Press, &c.

The various sallies of one kind or another which continued to proceed from his pen, are said to have emancipated the diurnal prints from a dullness and insipidity which before pervaded them. The same praise has, however, been given to Goldsmith for the

effect produced by his "Citizen of the World," which originally appeared in detached letters in the Public Ledger, and nearly about the same period as the effusions of Whitefoord. They may possibly have divided the honor between them; though it is not clear, that the diurnal press was at all in so low a state as has been represented.

Satire has been proverbially a dangerous occupation; but it was otherwise with Whitefoord. He mixed so much good humour and pleasantry in all his attacks, that he made few or no enemies.

Adam Smith used to say, that though the wits and authors heartily hated each other, they had all a regard for Mr. Whitefoord. When any quarrel or disagreement occurred among them, he was never at ease till he saw the parties reconciled. His favourite practice was to invite them to his house, give them an excellent dinner, and make them drink a glass of reconciliation. Garrick and Foote had long been at variance; but Mr. Whitefoord contrived to bring them together at one of these dinners, and so complete was the renewal of their friendship, that Garrick actually lent Foote £500, to repair his theatre in the Haymarket.

Of the celebrated Literary Club, founded by Dr. Johnson, Mr. Whitefoord was a member; and though it included many far abler men, it could boast of none who contributed in a higher degree to the hilarity of its meetings. Having on one occasion read to the Club some ludicrous epitaphs which he had written, in concert with Sir Joshua Reynolds, on the supposed death of Dr. Goldsmith and Dr. Cumberland, the two doctors were at first very angry with the

writer. Mr. Whitefoord, for this reason, remained away from the next meeting ; but sent the following poetical apology, addressed to Sir Joshua Reynolds :—

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND CO.

*From Mr. Whitefoord.*

Admire not, Dear Knight,  
That I keep out of sight ;  
Consider what perils await him  
Who, with ill-season'd jokes,  
Indiscreetly provokes  
The "genus irritabile vatum."

I felt when these swains  
Rehears'd their sweet strains,  
That mine had too much lemon juice ;  
And I strove to conceal,  
For the general weal,  
What at last I was forc'd to produce.

After such panegyric,  
The least thing satiric  
Must put both the bards into twitters ;  
'Twas impossible they,  
After sipping TOKAY,  
Could relish a bumper of bitters.

Do talk to each bard,  
Beg they won't be too hard,  
But be merciful as they are stout ;  
I rely on your skill,  
Say—just what you will,  
And, as you brought me in, bring me out.

To the company, too,  
 Some apology's due ;  
 I know you can do it with ease :  
 Be it your's, sir, to place,  
 In the best light, my case,  
 And give it—what *colour* you please.

For those brats of my brain,  
 Which have caus'd so much pain,  
 Henceforth I'll renounce and disown 'em ;  
 And still keep in sight,  
 When I epitaphs write,  
 “ *De mortuis nil, nisi bonum.*”

The “ Retaliation” of Goldsmith is well known. The portrait which he has there drawn of Mr. Whitefoord, is one of the most faithful and spirited which it contains.

Here Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,  
 Though he merrily liv'd, he is now “ a grave man.”  
 Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun,  
 Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun ;  
 Whose temper was generous, open, sincere,  
 A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear ;  
 Who scatter'd around, wit and humour at will,  
 Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill.  
 A Scotsman, from pride and from prejudice free ;  
 A scholar, but surely no pedant, was he.  
 What a pity, alas ! that so lib'ral a mind  
 Should so long be to newspaper essays confin'd ;  
 Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,  
 Yet content, if the table he “ set in a roar ;”  
 Whose talents to fill any station were fit,  
 Yet happy if Woodfall confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper witlings! ye pert scribbling folks,  
 Who copied his squibs, and re-echoed his jokes;  
 Ye tame imitators! ye servile herd, come,  
 Still follow your master, and visit his tomb;  
 To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,  
 And copious libations bestow on his shrine;  
 Then strew all around it, you can do no less,  
 Cross-readings, ship-news, and mistakes of the press.  
 Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake, I admit,  
 That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said, wit:  
 This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,  
 Thou best humour'd man, with the worst humour'd  
 muse.

When the American colonies succeeded in separating themselves from the mother country, and Commissioners were appointed to meet at Paris to treat of a general peace, Mr. Oswald, who had bailed Mr. Laurens from his confinement in the Tower, was the gentleman delegated by our Government, as more acceptable than any other, to the American Commissioners; and, from a similar principle of selection, Mr. Whitefoord, who was the friend of Mr. Oswald, as well as of Dr. Franklin, and had latterly become a convert to the claims of America\*, was appointed

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\* There is a fable in the Foundling Hospital for Wit, addressed to the Minister on the subject of America, entitled, "the Hen and the Golden Egg," subscribed with Mr. Whitefoord's initials (C. W.) It has little merit, but opens with a smart couplet:

Had Æsop been able, what mortal so able,  
 To write your gazettes, as he dealt much in fable.

secretary to the British Commission. After the signature, on the 30th of November, 1782, of the preliminary articles, declaratory of the Independence of the United States, Mr. Oswald returned to London, but Mr. Whitefoord remained at Paris several months longer, as secretary to Mr. Fitzherbert (afterwards Lord St. Helens), who was the minister charged to negotiate the definitive treaties of peace with the United States, and those European Powers who had espoused their cause. Three of the treaties concluded on this occasion, are in the hand-writing of Mr. Whitefoord.

Services of so important a diplomatic description seldom fail of being handsomely rewarded. Prior got two hundred guineas, and was made a gentleman of the bed-chamber, for being secretary at the treaty of Ryswick ; but Mr. Whitefoord was in no such luck. On returning from the continent, he found that Lord Shelburne had resigned, without making any provision for him ; and he was obliged to prefer his claims to the coalition administration, by whom they were rejected. Seven years after, the neglect which he had experienced was brought under the notice of the King, who was pleased to order him a pension, but of so small an amount as to induce a suspicion, that even at that late period, a person might have a better recommendation to royal favour than that of having written the treaty which established the independence of America.

While thus poorly requited for his services to the government, Mr. Whitefoord found ample sources of consolation in the increased esteem with which he was regarded, not only by his friends, but by the commu-

nity at large. So high was the opinion generally entertained of his literary and scientific acquirements, that the Royal Society of London, the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the Society of Antiquaries, and the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, each elected him to be a member of their body; and in the fine arts, of which he had formed an admirable collection of specimens, his judgement as a connoisseur was held in such repute, that the Society for Improvement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, elected him, first, to be the Chairman of their Committee of Fine Arts, and afterwards to be their Vice President, an honour which it has been usual to confer on persons of elevated rank alone.

Mr. Whitefoord survived nearly all his early and most esteemed associates. He died in 1809, at the advanced age of seventy-five. He married, late in life, a lady of the name of Sedley, by whom he left four children, two sons and two daughters.

The excellent character which Goldsmith drew of Whitefoord, when in the flower of his days, is that which will accompany his name to posterity. The events of his after life furnish no cause either to add or take away any thing. His diplomatic employments, his learned honors, all prove how truly Goldsmith had conjectured, that although engrossed by the pleasures of the passing hour, he was possessed of talents equal to any station or attainment. Neither did his muse ever produce any thing which could entitle her to a better character for good humour, than Goldsmith has been pleased to allow her. What she might have yielded to an assiduous courtship we know not; but



it is but too clear, that Whitefoord was not of the number of those who can boast of favours at first sight. Yet, although without memorial as a philosopher, without eminence as a poet, the affection with which Whitefoord was universally regarded to the last, shews that he had social virtues which entitle him to remembrance as one of the best and happiest of men. Had it chanced to have been my lot to select an epitaph for his tomb, it should have been one of few words; but the words of the same admirable writer who has done such justice to all that was bright and fair in his character:—

“Merry Whitefoord, farewell!”

G. G.

## DR. GRAINGER.

JAMES Grainger was born at Dunse, in Berwickshire, in the year 1724. He was of English descent, but by education as well as birth a Scotsman. He was the son of John Grainger, Esq., once of Houghton Hall, in the county of Cumberland; but who, in consequence of some unsuccessful speculations in mining, was obliged to sell his estate and retire into Scotland, where he obtained an employment in the Excise, and was stationed at Dunse when the poet was born. He lost his father early, but, through the generous care of an elder brother, who had established himself as a writing master in Edinburgh, he received such an education, as qualified him to be afterwards bound an apprentice to Mr. George Lauder, surgeon, in Edinburgh. At the conclusion of his apprenticeship, he completed his medical studies at the University of Edinburgh, and, when but in his twenty-first year, was so fortunate as to obtain the appointment of Surgeon to Pulteney's Regiment of Foot. With this corps he shared in some active service during the rebellion of 1745, and went afterwards to Germany, where it was found easier to gather laurels than on the plains of Falkirk. At the Peace of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748, Mr. Grainger quitted the army, and after obtaining, probably at Edinburgh, the degree of Doctor of Physic, came to London.

Neither his services nor his titles appear, however, to have sufficed, to exempt him from that probationary

obscurity and hardship common to all adventurers. If we may believe Smollet,\* he was reduced to the necessity of working for bread in the lowest employments of literature and at the lowest prices. His first attempt to attract notice in his own name, was in the year 1753, when he published a volume, written in Latin, entitled, "Historia Febris anomalæ, Batavæ, annorum 1746, 1747, 1748," &c.; but Sir John Pringle, in his celebrated "Observations on the Diseases of the Army," published a short time before, had so fully anticipated the subject, that Dr. Grainger's book, though able, was neglected. His next appearance was more fortunate. To Dodsley's Collection, published in 1755, he contributed "An Ode on Solitude," which pleased alike the critics and the public, and procured him immediate admission to a degree among that distinguished brotherhood of wits, poets, and philosophers, over which Dr. Johnson was in the habit of presiding.

Shortly after, Dr. Grainger accepted of the situation of tutor to a young gentleman of fortune: how long he remained in it does not appear, but he is said to have given such satisfaction, that his pupil, at parting, settled upon him an annuity for life.

In 1758, he again offered himself to notice as a poet, by a translation of the Elegies of Tibullus, and of the Poems of Sulpitia, accompanied with the original texts and notes, critical and explanatory, in two volumes, 12mo. This work was immediately attacked in the Critical Review, then under the direction of Dr. Smollet, with an acrimonious severity very foreign

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\* Critical Review.

to the spirit of genuine criticism. The translation was abused as inaccurate, harsh, and inelegant; full of uncouth words and distorted images; and the notes were styled a "huge farrago of learned lumber jumbled together to very little purpose, seemingly calculated to display the translator's reading, rather than to illustrate the sense and beauty of the original." All the faults and blemishes of the work were, with invidious industry, collected together, and presented as exemplifying its general character, while the beauties which predominated, and which have been since so fully recognized by the public, were studiously concealed. Dr. Grainger, honestly indignant at such treatment, instantly wrote a vindictory "Letter to Tobias Smollet, M.D., occasioned by his criticism on a late Translation of Tibullus." In this he exposed, with success, the plan of malicious distortion, to which he was attempted to be made the victim, and, had he been content to stop here, his triumph would, perhaps, have been complete; but pushed on by his resentment, he endeavoured to retaliate on Dr. Smollet, by many coarse reflections on his personal character, and on the moral tendency of his novels. Dr. Smollet was not a man likely to shrink from such an encounter; but, glad, on the contrary, to find the question shifted from his criticism to himself, he replied to Dr. Grainger in a similar strain of personality, and said all he could to lower him in the eyes of the public, both as a man and as a writer. In a coarse notice, by which this reply was heralded in the Review, we are let into some part, though probably not the whole, of the secret of Smollet's original animosity to Grainger. "Whereas," he says, "one of the owls belonging to the proprietor of the M. R. (Monthly

Review) which answers to the name of Grainger, hath suddenly broke from his mew, where he used to hoot in darkness and peace, and now screeches openly in the face of day, we shall take the first opportunity to chastise this troublesome owl, and drive him back to his original obscurity\*." The Critical Review, it is well known, was set up as a rival to the Monthly, and, while under the direction of Dr. Smollet, was remarkable for nothing so much as the personal abuse in which it indulged against the proprietor of the Monthly Review, and all who were supposed to be in any way connected with it. To be a writer in the Monthly, which Dr. Grainger appears to have been, was therefore enough to secure condemnation from the Critical. But Smollet had a farther motive to revenge. He had suffered as an author from the lash of the Monthly, and he appears to have thought, that in Grainger he had discovered his flagellator; "the owl" who "used to hoot in darkness and peace." How far he was right in his conjecture is uncertain, and the means of determining are not before the public. It has, indeed, been doubted, whether Grainger wrote at all in the Monthly; but Smollet was too conversant in the literary history of his times to make it likely, that he should be so completely mistaken in this respect.

If we except the injury done to his feelings, Grainger may be said, upon the whole, to have come out of the contest unharmed. The habitual prejudices

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\* "Where the owl still hooting sits" is a line in the "Ode to Solitude." It probably gave Smollet the idea of this poor attempt at wit.

of Smollet had become too notorious to make his critical opinions much regarded; and the personal hostility, so remarkably manifested in the care of Grainger, only tended to excite a more than ordinary interest in favour of its object. Notwithstanding all the censures of the Critical Review, the Translation of Tibullus and Sulpitia was read and admired; and, to the present day, continues to be regarded as an elegant and pleasing performance.

One important exception, indeed, which escaped the critical malignity of Smollet, has since suggested itself to the dispassionate observation of another writer, Mr. Elton, who, in his *Specimens of the Classic Poets*, makes the following judicious remarks on that part of Dr. Grainger's work, which he has been pleased to style, "the Poems of Sulpitia."

"Sulpitia was a noble matron of Rome, singularly eminent as a poetess. She was the first, according to her own testimony, who set her countrywomen the example of contesting the palm of genius with the poetesses of Greece. She must have alluded to her lyrical compositions, as, that there were Roman women who, before her, had excelled in general poetry, appears from the instance of Cornificia, in the age of Augustus, whose poems are lost. Sulpitia composed certain "Lusus," or Fugitive Pieces in lyric measure, and on subjects of love, addressed to her husband, Calenus. They are eulogized with elaborate gallantry by Martial.

Let all those maids, Sulpitia's lays peruse,

Who for one only youth have sigh'd;

Let all those husbands read Sulpitia's muse,

Who seek to please one only bride.

Not of the Colchian princes' rage she sings,  
 Nor Atreus' feast, with blood imbrued ;  
 Scylla and Byblis are forgotten things,  
 No fab'lous themes her ear delude.

She teaches loves, affectionate and chaste ;  
 Delights and sports, and raileries :  
 No lays would seem with looser sallies grac'd,  
 Yet none more virtuously wise.

Such pleasantries, Egeria might impart  
 To Numa's ear in dripping cell :  
 Hadst thou, Oh, Sappho ! learn'd with her thy art,  
 Or she, thy mistress, tun'd the shell.

More subtle were thy genius, chaste thy fame,  
 And if together seen with thee,  
 The rigorous Phaon had confess'd a flame,  
 And to Sulpitia bow'd the knee.

Yet had enamour'd Phaon vainly sigh'd ;  
 She not to JOVE would yield her charms ;  
 Nor live, e'en Bacchus or Apollo's bride,  
 Torn from her own Calenus' arms.

“ Martial was not the best possible judge of what is delicate in sentiment ; and there is reason to suspect, that the chastity of Sulpitia's productions consisted in the single circumstance, that her husband was the subject of them. The old scholiast on Juvenal has preserved a fragment of Sulpitia, allusive to Calenus ; it consists of only two lines, but these, unfortunately for the epigrammatist, are of a wanton complexion. That her writings were free, may be

deduced also from the testimony of Ausonius in his "Nuptial Cento," where, in defending his licentiousness by the common sophism, that the verse and the life of the writer are at variance, he pleads, among other examples, that "the pieces of Sulpitia are prurient, but her forehead had the frown of chastity."

"From the conjectural judgement that might be formed of Sulpitia, as a lively, beautiful, and fascinating lady, the theme of Roman gallantry and fashionable admiration, in an age not remarkable for the strictness either of public or private morals, and from the scrap of her poetry above alluded to, it should appear, that the mere circumstance of a libertine gaiety in the sentiments, offers no objection why those poems, in the book of Elegies, printed as the fourth of Tibullus, of which several assume to be the composition of Sulpitia, should not be hers. But there are marks of their being, if not the production of Tibullus himself, at least, the compositions of a Sulpitia, who lived in the Augustan age. The name of *Messala* occurs more than once; the favourite of this Sulpitia is a youth, called *Cerinthus*, and it happens, oddly enough, that Tibullus, in one of his undisputed elegies, addresses a *Cerinthus*; and that Horace alludes to a youth of the same name, in illustration of personal beauty. Yet on the clumsy supposition, that there *might* have been another *Messala* in the time of Domitian, and another *Cerinthus*, also beautiful, and a youth, Dr. Grainger, the elegant translator of Tibullus, boldly isolates the whole fourth Book of Tibullian elegies, and inscribes it, "Poems of Sulpitia," which are ushered in by a glowing panegyric on her own person. I have no



doubt, that the other pieces, assuming to be written by the same Sulpitia, are from the hand of the author of her panegyric, and the names of Messala and Cerinthus form a coincidence sufficiently strong to justify the belief, that the author was Tibullus. The assumption of another's name is a common poetic fiction. The supposed inferiority of this fourth book seems to me a refinement of hypercriticism; nor is it so surprising, that an author should be inferior to himself. Some farther light is thrown upon this question of the lady's identity, by a jealous epigram addressed to Cerinthus :

“ Sulpitia, *Servius*' daughter, needs must prove  
 Less worthy of Cerinthus' love,  
 Than the poor wench with basket on her arm,  
 Whose harlot gown is now his charm.”

“ Now *Servius Sulpitius* is the name of the orator and lawyer, the friend of Cicero. This Sulpitia therefore is *not* the poetess of the age of Domitian.”

Shortly after the publication of Tibullus, Dr. Grainger was induced, by assurances of an advantageous settlement in his medical capacity, to go out to the island of St. Christopher's. While on his voyage, a lady on board of a merchantman, which was in company, and bound for the same island, fell ill of the small pox. Dr. Grainger, hearing of the circumstance, tendered his professional services, and, for the greater convenience and security of his patient, agreed to take the remainder of his passage in the same vessel. He prescribed with success, and to enhance the importance of the cure to his professional

prospects, his patient proved to be the wife of the Governor of St. Christopher's (Matthew William Burt, Esq.) Nor was this all the good fortune arising out of the incident. Mrs. Burt was accompanied by an interesting daughter, to whose esteem Dr. Grainger so recommended himself while attending on the mother, that, shortly after their arrival at St. Christopher's, he received her hand in marriage. By this union, he became related not only to the governor, but to many of the principal families of the island, and was thus enabled to commence practice as a physician, with the most flattering opportunities of success.

At the peace of 1763, Dr. Grainger returned for a short time to England. He brought along with him a poem which he had written in the West Indies, and which West Indian scenes had inspired, intitled "The Sugar Cane." He submitted it to the judgement of his various literary friends in London, from whom he received such meed of approbation as encouraged him to publish it in a handsome quarto volume, in 1764.

Mr. Boswell, in his life of Johnson, informs us, that when the Sugar Cane "was read in manuscript at Sir Joshua Reynolds', the assembled wits burst out into a laugh, when, after much blank-verse pomp, the poet began a new paragraph thus—

Now, Muse ! let's sing of rats :—

and what increased the ridicule was, that one of the company, who slyly overlooked the reader, perceived that the word had originally been *mice*, and had been altered to *rats* as more dignified." "This passage," adds Boswell, "does not appear in the printed work ;

Dr. Grainger, or some of his friends, *it should seem* having become sensible that introducing even rats in a grave poem might be liable to banter." He, however, could not bring himself to relinquish the idea, for they are thus, in a still more ludicrous manner, paraphrastically exhibited in his poem as it now stands.

"Nor with less waste the whisker'd vermin race,  
A countless clan, despoil the lowland cane."

Dr. Percy, however, has considerably altered the complexion of the story by the following explanation: "The passage in question was not originally liable to such a perversion, for the author, having occasion in that part of his work to mention the havoc made by rats and mice, had introduced the subject in a kind of *mock heroic*, and a parody of Homer's Battle of the frogs and mice, invoking the muse of the old Grecian Bard in an elegant and well turned manner. In that state I had seen it, but afterwards, unknown to me and other friends, he had been persuaded, contrary to his better judgement, to alter it so as to produce the unlucky effect above-mentioned."

While in England at this time, Dr. Grainger also furnished Dr. Percy with the beautiful ballad of "Bryan and Pereene," which appeared in the first volume of the *Reliques of English Poetry*. It was founded on a real fact which happened in the island of St. Christopher's.

"An Essay," which appeared in 1764, "on the more common West India diseases, and the remedies which that country itself produces; to which are added some hints on the management of negroes," was likewise written by Dr. Grainger, though printed

without his name. It is chiefly made up of the notes on his "Sugar Canc," and it was, no doubt, with the view of presenting them in a form more likely to attract the attention of medical men, that he was at the trouble of a separate publication.

Dr. Grainger returned to St. Christopher's in 1765, and resumed his practice as a physician with great success; but while in the midst of his career, and rapidly multiplying friends and fortune, he was cut off by one of those epidemic fevers common to the West India islands. He died at Basseterre, on the 16th December, 1767, in the forty-third year of his age.

The personal as well as literary character of Dr. Grainger appears to have stood high in the estimation of all who were most intimately acquainted with him; and among those, as we have seen, he had the happiness to number many of the ablest and most virtuous men of his time. "He was not only," says Dr. Percy, "a man of genius and learning, but had many excellent virtues, being one of the most generous, friendly, and benevolent, men I ever knew." Dr. Johnson, with more brevity, but perhaps equal comprehensiveness, says, that "he was an agreeable man who would do any good that was in his power."

As a poet, Dr. Grainger has probably always had his full measure of praise. The "Sugar Cane," which is the largest of his productions, is as remarkable for its defects as its beauties. "While the imagination," as Dr. Anderson, in the latest edition of his works, remarks, "is indulged to the highest pitch of luxury" by some beautiful sketches of tropical scenery, and by pictures of grandeur which a tropical region only can supply, such as the earthquake and the hurricane;

it must be allowed, on the other hand, that the good taste of the reader has, in no ordinary degree, cause to be offended with the meanness of a great many of the topics introduced; the technical minuteness, so peculiarly foreign to the spirit of poetry, with which others are treated of, such as the cultivation of the cane, the preparation of sugar, &c.; and even the loathsomeness of not a few things about "the management of negroes." It has been said, that such are the faults of his subject; but those who offer this apology forget, that other subjects quite as unfavorable have been poetically descanted upon, and no such faults committed. Armstrong, in his "Art of Preserving Health," had a far greater number of revolting topics to encounter, than ever lay in the way of Grainger; and yet, such have been his judgement and skill, that he has produced a poem which has not one offensive or mean thing in it from the beginning to the end.

The "Ode on Solitude," though a minor production, has every chance of being remembered by the lovers of poetry, when the "Sugar Cane" is known only to the learned in indexes. It is an imitation of Milton's *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, but a successful one. A variety of delightful images are brought, in rapid succession, before the mind, in versification at once vigorous and harmonious. In some instances, the cadences are skilfully expressive; as when he says,

But, when mid-day fervors glow,  
To upland airy shades you go,  
Where never sun-burnt woodman came,  
Nor sportsman chas'd the timid game;

And there beneath an oak, reclin'd,  
With drowsy waterfalls behind,  
*You sink to rest.*  
Till the tuneful bird of night,  
From the neighb'ring poplar's height,  
Wake you with her solemn strain,  
And teach pleas'd echo to complain.

And again :

Anguish left the pathless wild,  
Grim-fac'd Melancholy smil'd ;  
Drowsy Midnight ceas'd to yawn,  
The starry host put back the dawn ;  
Aside their harps ev'n Seraphs flung,  
To hear thy sweet complaint, O YOUNG !

Beside the pieces which have been mentioned, Dr. Anderson's edition of Grainger's works contains, "Translations from Ovid's Heroic Epistles," and a "Fragment of the Fate of Capua, a tragedy," first printed by Dr. Anderson, from the author's MSS.

W. A.

## HECTOR MACNEILL.

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Mr. MACNEILL, whose death has lately\* given so much cause of regret to all the lovers of Scottish poetry, for in him they had found their chief consolation for the loss of Burns, was descended from a respectable family in the West Highlands, but born at Rosebank, on the classic banks of the Esk, near Edinburgh. He was sent, at an early age, to the grammar school of Stirling; where he had the benefit of the instructions of one of the most ingenious and learned teachers in all Scotland, the late Dr. David Doig. His education was liberal; but he possessed little fortune, and, as he tells us himself, none of the qualities which most ordinarily pave the way to it.

He ne'er can lout, I musing said,  
To ply the fleeching, fawning trade;  
Nor bend the knee, nor bow the head,  
                    To wealth or power;  
But backward turn, wi' scornfu speed,  
                    Frac Flatt'ry's door.

He'll never learn his bark to steer  
Mid passions' sudden wild career;

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\* This memoir was written shortly after the death of Mr. Macneill, in 1818, and is now published with little alteration.

Nor try at times to tack or veer  
 To Int'rest's gale :  
 But hoist the sheet, unaw'd by fear,  
 Tho' storms prevail.

*The Scottish Muse.*

He was of an ardent and susceptible temperament, and, like Burns, owed his first poetical inspirations to the tender passion.

To LAURA, beauteous, mild, and young,  
 His artless lyre, he trembling strung;  
 Close to his beating heart it hung,  
     While glen and grove,  
 And craig and echoing valley, rung  
     Wi' fervent love.

*Links o' Forth.*

Of his amatory effusions, during this morning of delight, it is not clear that any have been preserved. All his most popular love-songs are in the Scottish dialect; but he did not begin to compose in that till several years after. The beautiful ballad of "the Wee Thing, or, Mary of Castle Cary," which Macneill ranked among his English productions, seems the only one which can with any probability be referred to this period. When Mr. Macneill afterwards undertook the task of selecting such of his productions as he chose to acknowledge, "many with a sigh were consigned to oblivion"; (Preface to *Collected Works*,) and, no doubt, those of his earlier years were the greatest sufferers.

Like all poetical lovers, he avoided the throng, and



delighted in the solitary contemplation of the beautiful scenery, by which the place of his education was every where surrounded.

'Twas then, entranc'd in am'rous sang,  
I mark'd you midst the rural thrang,  
Ardent and keen, the hail day lang,  
Wi' Nature ta'en,  
Slip frae the crowd, and mix amang  
Her simple train.

*Scottish Muse.*

'Twas here, O Forth! for love o' thee,  
Frae wine and mirth, and cards, he'd flee ;  
Here too, unskill'd, sweet Poesy !  
He woo'd thy art.  
Alas! nor skill nor guide had he,  
Save warmth o' heart.

Yet, feckless as his numbers fell,  
Nae tongue his peacefu' joys can tell,  
Whan, crooning quietly by himsel,  
He fram'd the lay  
On Gowlands whin-beflower'd hill  
And rocky brae.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus (blind to Prudence' warning light,)  
Aft sigh'd and sang the pensive wight!  
Reckless, alas! o' Fortune's blight,  
Or worldly blame,  
He'd muse and dream till dark midnight,  
Then daunder hame!

*Links o' Forth.*

His first attempt beyond the line of song writing was "The Harp; a legendary tale, in two parts." The composition of it was suggested by the following accidental circumstance. Mr. Ramsay, of Ochertyre, so well known for his researches into antiquity and national character, chancing, while on a tour to the Hebrides, to hear some person say, "I'll never burn my harp for a woman," took occasion to ask the meaning of the proverb. He received for answer a simple unadorned tale; the singularity of which struck him so forcibly, that he committed it to writing. Mr. Graham, of Gartmore, had seen this manuscript, and, on receiving a visit from Macneill, he repeated the story to him, and with such a glow of colouring, as suggested an idea, that something might be made of it in verse. The first part of the tale was written by Mr. Macneill, almost immediately after; but before he could finish it, he was forced to lay aside his "Harp" for the active pursuits of life, and to embark for Jamaica. He did not, however, find circumstances there such as to induce his stay, and after a short time he returned to his native country. On his passage home he wrote the second part of the tale, and the whole was published at Edinburgh in the spring of 1789.

A promise being now made him of an advantageous settlement in the East Indies, he again left Scotland for a foreign shore. He had not been long in India, however, before a change in the administration at home blasted all his fair prospects, and compelled his return. During his brief residence in the East, he found an opportunity of visiting the celebrated caves of Elephanta, Canary, and Ambola; and he thus

records the consolation which he derived in the midst of misfortunes, from the contemplation of these and other wonders of nature and art.

Whan warfare ceas'd its wild uproar,  
To Elephanta's far-fam'd shore,  
I led ye, ardent to explore,  
  Wi' panting heart,  
Her idol monuments o' yore,  
  And sculptur'd art.

Sweet flew the hours! (the toil your boast)  
On smiling Salsett's cave-wrought coast,  
Though Hope was tint—tho' a' was cross'd,  
  Nae dread alarms,  
Ye felt—fond fool! in wonder lost,  
  And Nature's charms.

*Scottish Muse.*

Of the caves of Elephanta, Canary, and Ambola, he wrote a detailed account, which was published in the eighth volume of the *Archæologia*, and does credit to his learning and ingenuity.

On returning to Scotland once more, Mr. Macneill, for the first time, attempted song-writing in his native dialect, and succeeded so well, as to obtain, what some have been inclined to regard as the highest of all poetical honors, that of having his songs adopted, sung, and admired, by all classes of the people. Among those which still preserve their popularity, and are long likely to preserve it, "The Lammie," "O tell me how for to woo," "I loo'd ne'er a laddie but ane," "Jeanie's black ee," and "Come under my plaidy," are of predominant merit.

All these songs were composed to existing pastoral and Gaelic airs; for Macneill agreed with those who think, that there can be no good song-writing where music has not a large share in the inspiration. "It occurs," says he, "to the author, that without a strong natural predilection for music, and a mind fully susceptible of its charms, it is unlikely, that any poet, however eminent otherwise, should be successful in song-writing. There is so close an union between these sister arts, that to separate them, in the present instance, is like the separation of mind from body. A plaintive, a tender, or a lively air, operating forcibly on a true musical mind and ear, produces wonderful effects on poetic composition; but, independently of this influence, a poet of real musical taste and feeling is necessarily, and, indeed, insensibly led by the particular cadences and expressive passages in an air to apply corresponding words and sentiments. If there be any truth in this remark, the impropriety of composing airs to words instead of words to airs, must be obvious."

While his songs were thus delighting every social circle, Macneill himself had fallen into so ill a state of health, that, for a long time, he could neither read nor write without distress. The muse, however, remained still his steadfast friend, and afforded him sources of consolation which no other friend could have supplied.

Kind leil companion! without thee,  
 Ah, well-a-day! what should I be  
 When jeer'd by fools wha canna see  
 My inward pain;

Aneath thy sheltering wing I flee,  
 And mak my mane.

There seated, smiling by my side,  
 For hours together wilt thou bide,  
 Chanting auld tales o' martial pride,  
 And Love's sweet smart ;  
 Till, glowing warm, thy numbers glide  
 Straight to the heart.

'Tis then wi' powerfu' plastic hand  
 Thou wav'st thy magic working wand,  
 And, stirring up ideas grand  
 That fire the brain,  
 Aft whirlst me swift to fairy land,  
 'Mang Fancy's train.

Scar'd by disease, when balmy rest  
 Flees trembling frae her downy nest ;  
 Starting frae horror's dreams opprest,  
 I see thee come  
 Wi' radiance mild, that cheers the breast  
 And lights the gloom.

Being deprived of the use of the pen, his practice was to compose by the help of memory alone ; but, so great was the power which he acquired in this respect, that he was able to compose longer poems than any which he had yet written, without committing a single line to paper. " Scotland's Scaith, or the History of Will and Jean ;" the " Waes o' War ;" the " Links o' Forth ;" and the " Scottish Muse ;" which now followed in quick succession, were all composed in this manner.

The popularity of the tale of "Will and Jean" exceeded that of any thing which Macneill had yet produced. In less than seven weeks after its first publication, it went through five editions of fifteen hundred copies each; and, before the expiration of the year, it reached a fourteenth edition. The particular motives by which he was led to the composition of this tale do equal honor to his head and heart. They are thus avowed in a Dedication of the poem to his old friend, Dr. Doig, without whose "kind interference and friendly assistance," he acknowledges, that it would "in all likelihood never have been published."

"Impressed with the baneful consequences inseparable from an inordinate use of ardent spirits among the lower orders of society, and anxious to contribute something that might, at least, tend to retard the contagion of so dangerous an evil; it was conceived, in the ardour of philanthropy, that a natural, pathetic story in verse, calculated to enforce moral truths in the language of simplicity and passion, might probably interest the uncorrupted; and that a striking picture of the calamities incident to idle debauchery, contrasted with the blessings of industrious prosperity, might (although insufficient to reclaim abandoned vice) do something to strengthen and encourage endangered virtue."

A mind, actuated by such benevolent views, must have derived a gratification from the extraordinary success of the work, far nobler and purer than any which can ever belong to mere literary ambition. To have been so much read, it must have struck and pleased; and it could not have done so without leav-

ing many serious impressions of the excellent precepts which it inculcated.

In the story of "Will and Jean," as it stands in "Scotland's Scaith," they are left overwhelmed with ills, the consequence of their debauched habits.

In the cauld month o' November,  
 (Claise, and cash, and credit out;)  
 Couring o'er a dying ember,  
 Wi' ilk face as white's a clout.

Bond and bill, and debts a' stopped,  
 Ilka sheaf selt on the bent;  
 Cattle, beds, and blankets roup'd,  
 Now to pay the laird his rent.

No another night to lodge here!  
 No a friend, their cause to plead!  
 Hæ ta'en on to be a sodger,  
 She wi' weans to-beg her bread.

It having been suggested to the author, that a reformation from habits of vice to the paths of virtue, through the chastening influence of hardships and calamities, would be more gratifying to the benevolent mind, than to leave matters in the state thus described, he was induced to write "the Waes of War, or the upshot of the History of Will and Jean." In executing this task, it naturally occurred to him, that the fittest way to depict the distresses which the guilty pair had brought on themselves, would be to introduce the disastrous events incident to the profession of a soldier during a severe winter campaign in a foreign coun-

try, and the struggles and miseries of a woman reduced to beg her bread from door to door, with three helpless infants. For the first object, the author made choice of the unfortunate events, connected with our then recent expedition to Holland, in preference to imaginary scenes and descriptions, which were unlikely to leave such lively impressions on the mind of the reader; but, from the general ferment which that volume of disasters had excited, numbers were led to conceive, that the "Waes of War" was meant as a satire on our Dutch Campaign; and such sticklers were the majority of the people of Edinburgh at that period, for even the worst measures of government, that the prejudice actually affected the sale of the poem considerably. It is scarcely necessary to say, that nothing of the kind occurred any where else. Mr. Macneill was induced, however, by a desire of conciliating these fierce loyalists of the north, to expunge some stanzas, which, he was informed, were particularly offensive: although, for his own part, he confessed that he could "discover nothing in them the least objectionable." The expunged stanzas were restored in a subsequent edition, and on perusing them, every reader will be disposed to agree with their author, that they shew not only "the harmlessness of his views in composing them, but are a striking instance of party zeal on some occasions." They were as follow :

Battle, fast, on battle raging,  
 Wed our stalwart youths awa';  
 Day by day, fresh faes engaging,  
 Forc'd the weary, back to fa'!



Driven at last frae post to pillar,  
 Left by friends wha ne'er prov'd true ;  
 Trick'd by knaves wha pouch'd our siller,\*  
 What could worn-out valour do ?

Myriads' dark, like gathering thunder,  
 Bursting spread ovr land and sea ;  
 Left alane, alas ! nae wonder  
 Britain's sons were forc'd to flee.

Cross the Waal and Yssel frozen,  
 Deep through bogs and driven snaw ;  
 Wounded, weak, and spent ! our chosen  
 Gallant men now faint and fa !

Such were the verses, which only about twenty years ago could not be tolerated by the loyal zeal of our northern metropolis !

In 1796, Mr. Macneill, with the view of trying the effects of a tropical climate on his malady, was induced to pay a second visit to Jamaica. When on the eve of his departure, he wrote the " Links o' Forth," and under the impression that he should never see them more, thus closed his strain :

Ye classic fields, where valour bled !  
 Whar patriots fell, but never fled !  
 Ye plains, wi' smiling plenty clad,  
   A lang adieu !  
 A dark'ning cloud, wi' ills ow'spread,  
   Obscures the view.

\* Prussian fidelity.

A warning voice, sad owre the main,  
 Cries, 'Haste ye!—haste!—break aff the strain:  
 STREVLINA'S towers and peerless pláin,  
   Ye'll ne'er review!  
 Dear haunts o' youth, and love's saft pain,  
   *A last adieu!*

Although written before his departure, this poem did not make its public appearance till some years after (1799); and when he was still absent from his native country.

While in Jamaica, Mr. Macneill resided with Mr. John Graham, of Three-Mile River, and received from him every kindness and attention which the most zealous friendship could devise, to alleviate his sufferings. In "the Scottish Muse," which he composed under the hospitable roof of this gentleman, he takes a poetical retrospect of the events of his chequered life; and, towards the conclusion, thus records the kindness which he experienced on "the Carib Shore."

Ane, too 's at hand, to wham ye fled  
 Frae Britain's cauld, frae misery's bed,  
 Owre seas tempestuous, shivering sped,  
   To Friendship's flame,  
 Whar kindling warm, in sun-beams clad,  
   She hails her GRAHAM.

In 1800, Mr. Macneill returned to Scotland, far from convalescent, yet considerably improved in health by his residence. He found that all his works were still in general request, but that several of his most popular and important pieces had been for some time out

of print, while surreptitious editions of most of his songs, set to music, were commonly exposed to sale in the music shops. The booksellers urged him by repeated solicitations to supply what was greatly wanted, a complete collection of his works, printed under his own superintendence; and this he was at length, though not without reluctance, induced to undertake. The collection made its appearance in 1801, in two volumes. On the subject of selection, he thus modestly expresses himself in a brief preface to the work. "I am apprehensive I have been influenced more by a gratification of my own taste, than an anxiety to gratify that of others. There are certain events in the early stages of life, which, on a retrospect, interest and charm, perhaps, beyond any other. Among these, scenes and circumstances annexed to youth and passion cannot fail to be remembered with peculiar pleasure; while the occasional and unpremeditated effusions which commemorate the joys that are past, and the friends that are no more, become, even with their faults, the children of our affection. These, however, have been examined with some care, and, I would fain hope, with some impartiality. Many, with a sigh, have been consigned to oblivion; but, on a general review of my poetical offspring, I cannot deny, that while I fancied some puny and unpromising, I was incapable of excluding them from the last and only protection I had to offer. If in this parental weakness I have been in fault, it is hoped that the error will be attributed to no other cause. The *cacoëthes carpendi* cannot surely attach to one who has so long resisted solicitations to collect, far less the silly vanity of exhibiting

to the world, what diffidence has so long taught him to conceal." Notwithstanding the doubting opinion which the author here expresses of some of the pieces admitted into the collection, it would be difficult to name one which readers of taste could wish to see suppressed. To a third edition, indeed, which came out in 1812, Mr. Macneill added a war song, entitled "the Battle of Barrosa," which might, with advantage to his reputation, have been left out; but the collection, as originally published, appears to have been made with considerable severity of judgement, and is far from betraying any marks of "parental weakness."

In 1811-12, Mr. Macneill again attracted the notice of the public, as the author of a series of works, of a somewhat different character from any which he had yet published. Two of these, entitled "Bygane Times, and late-come Changes," and "Town Fashions," were poetical; and the third, and last, was a historical tale or novel, entitled "the Scottish Adventurers, or the Way to Rise." All these volumes appear to have been directed to one object; to shew that, with "bygane times," much good sense and morality had departed the land, and that with "late-come changes," nothing but folly and corruption had been introduced. Such sweeping censures of the past have always ranked among the privileges of age; and when, as in the present case, there is reason to suspect that the canker of disease has helped to give an amiable mind a distempered view of things, we are naturally disposed to extend to its errors a more than usual portion of tender respect. It seems to have been with something of this feeling, that the appear-

ance of these volumes of Mr. Macneill, was regarded by the Edinburgh public, to whom they were more particularly addressed. That they contained much good sense, and a still greater portion of good feeling, no one could deny ; but it was obvious to all who had not lost the gift of correct vision, that most of the pictures were caricatures, and some of them mere daubs. What should we think of a person who would try to persuade us, that in education and habits of life, the working classes of the capital of the best informed country in the world, are every way inferior to those of Little Britain or Spitalfields ? And yet this is what Mr. Macneill, in his " Scottish Adventurers," wants to establish. The preference which he gives to London artists, he extends to London wives, London houses, and every thing London. It is evident that he must have founded his comparison on a very superficial view of the state of society in this country, or rather on no view at all of the reality. An ingenious Essayist\* has lately favoured the world with a " Vindication of Scottish Character," to which those who have the least doubt on any of the points of comparison, would do well to refer ; and with one brief quotation from this essay, we may dismiss the subject.

" The middling classes in Scotland," says the writer, " evince, at this moment, as much taste in their houses, as persons of the same class in England ; and everywhere, in proportion as their circumstances are improved, the people are fast assimilating to the manners of their wealthier neighbours. If they are

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\* Mr. M'Diarmid.

still a little behind them in epicurism and the refinements of cookery, we regard this as a fortunate circumstance, and trust they will long continue in the same happy ignorance. For certainly, to adopt an expression from Burns, nothing sooner “sinks the man and elevates the beast,” than too great an attachment to such pleasures; and in this view of the subject, we would deem it an insult to compare the Scottish peasant or mechanic, who regards knowledge as one chief good, and willingly foregoes many comforts to obtain for his children the blessings of education, to the Englishman of the same degree, whose principal pleasure is derived from an anticipation of the qualities of his Sunday’s-pudding, and who mispends the day, sacred to devotion and rest, in the unmanly employment of superintending the cookery of his wife.”

Mr. Macneill terminated a life of much vicissitude and suffering, at Edinburgh, in July, 1818.

Had the poetical career of this lamented writer closed with his collected works, we should have been able to speak of it with nearly unqualified praise. The purpose of every one of them is unexceptionable; the pictures are from life; the sentiments, though slightly tinged with an aristocratic affection for passive habits in the lower orders, are, upon the whole, sound and wholesome; and the poetry has a thousand charms in its prevailing simplicity and tenderness. In his knowledge of the way to the heart, he appears to have been as learned as Burns himself; and was only inferior to him in the power of exemplifying it. Of the magic effect of few

words, quick transitions, and a natural unaffected style, he shews himself to have been fully sensible ; and could he have only brought into play the same depth of feeling and burning ardour of fancy which distinguish Burns, he would have contested the laurel with him.

Although, by his later works, Mr. Macneill acquired no accession of fame, there were episodes in them where a reader might trace, with delight, the same hand which painted so well the fate of "Will and Jean." The story of "Myzie Linkit" in "By-gone Times," and of the Upstart Writer in "Late-come Changes," are entitled to rank with the best effusions of his muse.

B. T.

## JOHN WILSON.

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JOHN Wilson, the author of "Clyde," a poem, was born in the parish of Lesmahago, in Lanarkshire, on the 30th June, 1720. He was the son of an industrious, but humble individual, who, to gain an honest livelihood, was obliged to divide his labours between the anvil and the plough; a practice not uncommon in Scotland, before the present system of husbandry put almost entirely an end to the class of small farmers. Being of a feeble and delicate constitution, his parents were desirous of giving him an education which might enable him to earn his bread by some occupation for which bodily vigour is not required; and with this view, they sent him to the grammar school of the neighbouring town of Lanark, a seminary at that time of considerable celebrity. But, when only in his fourteenth year, his father died, and the poverty in which his mother was left, obliged her to take her son from school. Wilson, however, had made such rapid progress in learning, during the short time he was under a master, that he was, even at this early age, able to begin instructing others; and from this period, till he arrived at manhood, maintained himself by the emoluments derived from private tuition. In the year 1746, he was appointed parochial schoolmaster to his native parish, and in this situation he continued for many years.



Mr. Wilson's first appearance as an author was by the publication of a "Dramatic Essay," which he afterwards expanded into the "Earl Douglas," a tragedy. It was dedicated to Archibald Duke of Douglas, and procured him an interview with that nobleman, which was attended with the following whimsical incident. His grace desired Mr. Wilson to sit down with him and drink a glass of wine. After the second glass, the duke rose abruptly, rushed into a closet, and returning with a brace of pistols, paced the room with a wild and disordered air. Observing that Mr. Wilson kept his seat, without betraying any symptoms of fear, his grace laid the pistols down upon the table, and, assuming a pleasant countenance, drank Mr. Wilson's health, and informed him, that this singular conduct had been assumed to try the firmness of his mind; and to discover whether he had imbibed an opinion, then generally entertained in the country, that his grace was deranged. At parting, his grace, in the warmest manner offered Mr. Wilson his interest in any view in which he could promote his views. The duke's death, however, shortly after, disappointed whatever hopes Mr. W. might have been led to entertain from his powerful patronage.

In 1764, Wilson published, at Glasgow, his "Earl Douglas" and "Clyde," inscribed to Margaret Duchess of Douglas.

In the course of the same year he removed to Rutherglen, on an invitation from some gentlemen who had heard a favorable account of his classical attainments, and who wished their sons to enjoy a better education than that borough afforded.

A vacancy occurring, in 1767, in the mastership of

the grammar-school of Greenock, the situation was offered to Mr. Wilson, but accompanied with a condition, which opens to us a very curious piece of literary history. Greenock was at this period a thriving sea port, rapidly emerging into notice. Its inhabitants had however always been more remarkable for opulence and commercial spirit, than for their attention to literature and science. During the struggle between Prelacy and Presbytery in Scotland, they had, like most of the people of the west of Scotland, imbibed a most intolerant spirit of presbyterianism—a spirit which had been at no period favorable to the exertions of poetical fancy,\* and which spent one of the last efforts of its virulence on the Douglas of Home. With this prejudice yet unabated, the magistrates and minister of Greenock thought fit, before they would admit Mr. Wilson to the superintendance of the grammar-school, to stipulate that he should abandon “the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making.” The first impulse of an ardent mind must have been to reject with disdain so humiliating a proposition; but Mr. Wilson had a wife and numerous family; the situation, for which he was a candidate, promised them a comfortable subsistence, and the illusions of fancy vanished before the mild light of affection. He was in a situation not dissimilar to that of the bard of “Bara’s Isle,” who, to save his Mora (false Mora!) from death, made a fire of his harp.

Dark grows the night! and cold and sharp  
Beat wind and hail, and drenching rain;

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\* See Life of Hume of Logie. Part iv.

Nought else remains.—“ I'll burn my Harp !”

He cries, and breaks his Harp in twain.

*The Harp, Canto 1.*

To avoid the temptation of violating his promise, which he esteemed sacred, Mr. Wilson took an early opportunity of committing to the flames the greater part of his unfinished manuscripts. After this, he never ventured to replace the forbidden lyre, though the memory of its departed sounds often filled him with sadness. Sometimes, indeed, when the conversation of former friends restored the vivacity of these recollections, he would carelessly pour out some extemporaneous rhymes, but the fit passed away, and its fleeting nature palliated the momentary transgression.

Wilson appears to have, through life, considered this event as that crisis of his fate which condemned him to obscurity ; and, sometimes, alluded to it with a repenting sorrow. In a letter to his son George, dated January 21, 1779, he says, “ I once thought to live by the breath of fame ; but how miserably was I disappointed. \* \* \* \* I was condemned to bawl myself to hoarseness among wayward brats, to cultivate sand, and wash Ethiopians, for all the days of an obscure life, the contempt of shopkeepers and brutish skippers.”

He still, however, devoted himself exclusively to the duties of his function, and, consoled by the attentions of an affectionate domestic circle, as well as of many valued friends, passed the remainder of his days in a state of not unhappy tranquillity.

Mr. Wilson died on the 2d of June, 1789, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

His personal character appears to have been, in the highest degree, virtuous and engaging. Excluded, by a hard fate, from courting public notice in the path to which his genius was adapted, he shone with the ardour of a compressed flame, in private life. No man had a higher relish for social intercourse, and few persons were qualified for supporting a more conspicuous part in it. His disposition was gay and good humoured; his manner animated and jocular; and his observations had a cast of originality, which gave them a peculiar zest. He possessed an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and stories, characteristic of life and manners. These he would introduce as they were naturally suggested by the course of conversation, and relate with a high degree of humour and comic effect. Wilson was a Scotsman of that genuine old class which seems now to be nearly extinct; who blended with plainness of speech and manners, the taste of the scholar, and the information of the man of the world; a combination rendered only more interesting by the air of rusticity under which it is concealed.

The poetical fragments found among his papers, seem chiefly to have been rapid effusions on temporary subjects, or juvenile paraphrases of passages of scripture, with which he had been struck. Among the latter may be enumerated Translations of Buchanan's 104th Psalm, of the Song of Moses, Exodus XV., the Song of Habbakuk, Habbakuk III., and a Poetical Version of the Apologue of the Prodigal Son.

The destruction of his manuscripts, and his forced

abandonment of poetry, are much to be regretted, as his mind seems to have been of that improving kind, which, by repeatedly retracing its steps, corrects, polishes, and refines. His "Earl Douglas," as has been mentioned, was only an expansion of his "Dramatic Essay; and the "Clyde" was but an enlargement of a descriptive sketch, which he had originally written of the rivulet Nethan.

The "Earl Douglas" is rather a heavy composition, surcharged with moral reflection, and abounding too much in the descriptive for a genuine drama.

The poem of "Clyde," which appears to have been the author's favorite, was his best production. He had prepared for the press an improved edition of it, and had even circulated proposals for its publication, at the time when he came under the Gothic obligation of renouncing the poetic art. The MS., however, was spared from the conflagration to which his other papers were doomed; and from this, the late Dr. Leyden published that edition of "the Clyde," which forms part of the volume of "Scottish Descriptive Poems," published by Dr. L. previous to his departure for India. Dr. L. prefixed to it a Biographical Sketch of Mr. Wilson, from which the present memoir has been principally drawn.\*

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\* This memoir, though published by Dr. Leyden as from his own pen, was not, it is believed, his production, but furnished by some of Mr. Wilson's friends. In the hurry of his departure for India, he was probably glad to adopt what he may not have had time to revise. It is in a style of juvenile wri-

The "Clyde" is stated by Dr. L. to be the first Scottish loco-descriptive poem of any merit, and still (1803) the "only national one of the species." The accuracy of the first assertion is doubtful; the second is most certainly erroneous. Macneill's "Links o' Forth," a poem of unquestioned merit, was not published in the shape in which we now have it till 1799; but the author, in his collection of his works, says, that "at an early period of life, he had written and incautiously published a poetical performance on the same subject;" and Wilson, in the opening of the second part of his poem, makes an obvious allusion to having seen something of the kind.

*Boast not, great FORTH, thy broad majestic tide  
Beyond the graceful modesty of Clyde;  
Though fam'd Mæander, in the poet's dream,  
Ne'er led through fairer fields his wandering stream,  
Bright wind thy masy LINKS on Stirling plain,  
Which, oft departing, still return again;  
And wheeling round and round in sportive mood,  
The nether stream turns back to meet the upper flood.*

However the fact may be as to Wilson's own knowledge of the "Links o' Forth," it ought at least to have been known to his editor in the year 1803; but had it been so, he could surely not have continued

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ting, not to be imputed to Dr. L. at that period; and on the other hand, presents the promise of a skill in describing and unfolding character, to which Dr. L. never approached.

to regard "the Clyde," as "the only national poem of the species."\*

In "the Clyde," the author describes the course of that noble stream, the various scenes which it presents; and diversifies his narrative by historical allusions, suggested by the particular scenes which he describes. The episodes are often interesting, and arise naturally; and although, in one or two instances, they are extended to considerable length, they cannot be said to "attract our attention too much from the principal subject," in a poem, which consists of a succession of subjects, varying little in importance.

One of the author's briefest references, is to the fate of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots; but it is perhaps among his happiest passages.

By Crookstone Castle waves the still green yew,  
The first that met the royal Mary's view,  
When, bright in charms, the youthful princess led  
The graceful Darnley to her throne and bed:  
Emboss'd in silver, now its branches green  
Transcend the myrtle of the Paphian green.

But dark Langside, from Crookstone view'd afar,  
Still seems to range in pomp the rebel war;  
Here, when the moon rides dimly through the sky,  
The peasant sees broad dancing standards fly,  
And one bright female form, with sword and crown,  
Still grieves to view her banners beaten down.

When describing Glasgow and its university, the

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\* The preceding note may suggest an explanation of this point. Leyden was too versant in literature to have himself fallen into such an error. A. S.

author makes the following interesting allusion to his own want of academic education :

Ye sacred Muses! who my soul inspire  
 With true devotion, and with fame's desire ;  
 From earliest youth, though stern and adverse fate  
 Has chain'd me distant from your sacred seat ;  
 Yet on that seat may every power divine  
 Propitious smile, and bid your glory shine  
 O'er all the earth, and, as from Athens, rise  
 Till your immortal splendors fill the skies.

His descriptions of rural scenes and occupations are faithfully drawn, and often diversified by striking and picturesque touches. He never appears as a servile imitator, though several of his topics had been anticipated by Somerville and Thomson; as fox-hunting, stag-hunting, hay-making, reaping, and bird-singing.

The description of stag-hunting will afford a favorable specimen of his powers.

Not so the stately stag, of harmless force ;  
 In motion graceful, rapid in his course.  
 Nature in vain his lofty head adorns  
 With formidable groves of pointed horns.  
 Soon as the hound's fierce clamour strikes his ear,  
 He throws his arms behind, and owns his fear ;  
 Sweeps o'er the unprinted grass, the wind outflies ;—  
 Hounds, horses, hunters, horns, still sound along the  
     skies ;  
 Fierce as a storm they pour along the plain ;  
 Their lively chief, still foremost of the train,  
 With unremitting ardour leads the chace ;—  
 He, trembling, safety seeks in every place ;  
 Drives through the thicket, scales the lofty steep ;  
 Bounds o'er the hills, or darts through valleys deep ;



176. LIVES OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

Plunges amid the river's cooling tides,  
 While strong and quick he heaves his panting sides.  
 He from afar his lov'd companions sees,  
 Whom the loud hoop that hurtles on the breeze  
 Into a crowded phalanx firm had cast;  
 Their armed heads all outward round them plac'd :  
 Some desperate band, surrounded, thus appears,  
 Hedg'd with protended bayonets and spears :  
 To these he flies, and begs to be allow'd  
 To share the danger with the kindred crowd ;  
 But must, by general voice excluded, know  
 How loath'd the sad society of woe.  
 The cruel hounds pour round on every hand ;  
 Desperate, he turns to make a feeble stand :  
 Big tears on tears roll down his harmless face ;  
 He falls, and sues in vain, alas ! for grace :  
 Pitied and prized, he dies. The ponderous prey  
 The jolly troop in triumph bear away.

The versification is generally correct, and flows with ease, though the asperity of the proper names sometimes approximates it to harshness, and even in a few instances to the burlesque ; as when we are told ; that the

— Campbells, sprung of old O'Dubin's race,  
 Old as their hills, still rule their native place.  
 No ancient chief could like O'Dubin wield  
 The weighty war, or range the embattled field.

Towards the conclusion of the poem, we have a personification of the Clyde, congratulating all her tributary streams, on the unpopular peace of 1763. It presents so amusing a contrast to the sentiments

of Old Father Thames, with respect to the character of a late noble lord, of unenvied notoriety, as irresistibly to tempt quotation. Dryden's dedication of his *Juvenal*, where he tells the Earl of Dorset, that the English nation could almost as well subsist without God's Providence, as without—his lordship's verses! is nothing to this burst of sincerity.

To whom the parent flood—"My children dear,  
The festive sounds of peace salute mine ear.  
Henceforth our peaceful ports, from insult free,  
Anchor'd secure, their loaded fleets shall see;  
And, to my honour, happy world shall know,  
They to a son of mine their safety owe.

GREAT BUTE! who, warm with patriot zeal, arose  
To still wild war, and give the world repose;  
And having done the good his heart desir'd,  
Scorning reward, to shades obscure retir'd.

For all he valued was already given,  
Approven of his soul, his prince, and heaven!  
He calmly smil'd. Eclips'd ambition rav'd,  
*To see a world, by worth superior sav'd!!!*

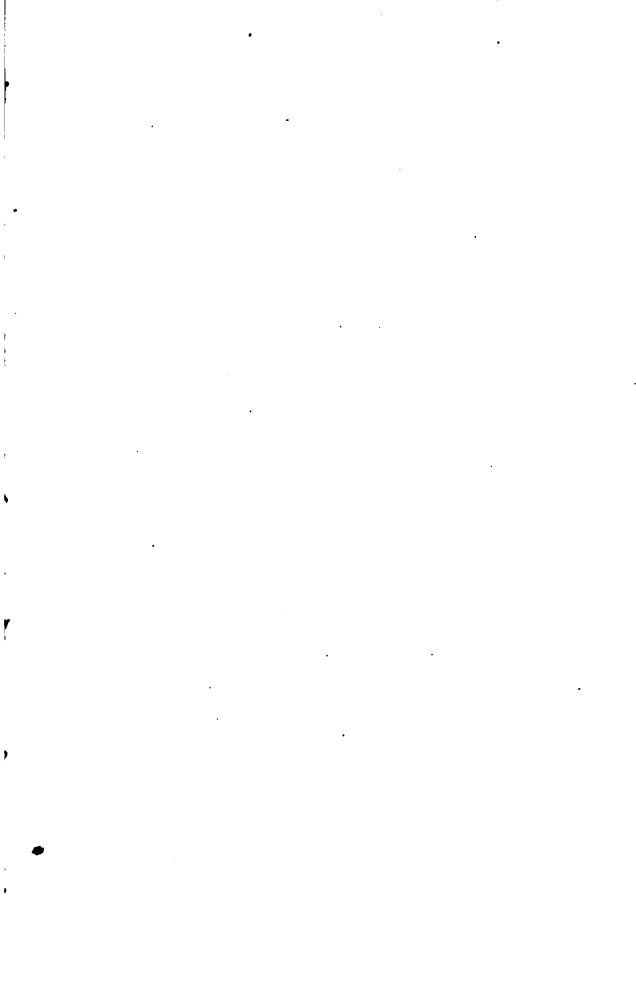
Mr. Wilson had a brother, by occupation a blacksmith, who, as well as himself, possessed a poetical turn, and published some *Elegies*. He had also two sons, both of whom gave great promise of poetical talents. "James, the eldest," says Dr. Leyden's memoir, was "a young man of more than ordinary abilities, displayed a fine taste for both poetry and drawing, and, like his father, possessed an uncommon share of humour. He went to sea; and, after distinguishing himself in several naval engagements, was

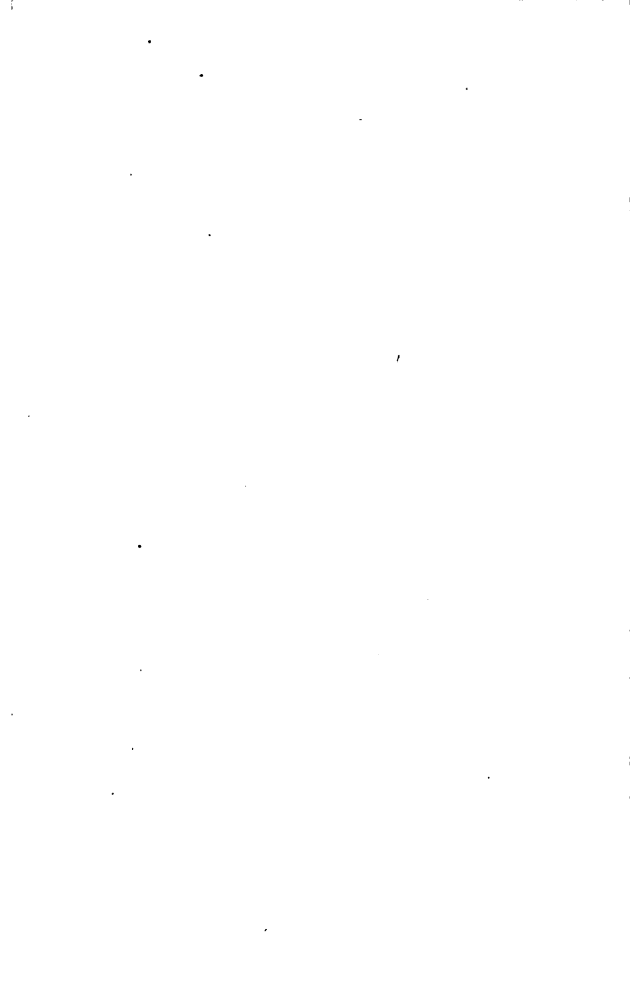
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killed, October 11, 1776, in an action on Lake Champlaine, in which his conduct received such approbation from his commanding officer, that a small pension was granted by Government to his father. George, who died at the age of 21 years, was distinguished for his taste and classical erudition, as well as his poetical talents."

E. W.











DESIGNED APRIL 1, 1822 BY T. BOYD & LEONARD BELL

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LIVES  
OF  
EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

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**Poets.**

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EARL OF ANCRAM.

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SIR Robert Kerr, afterwards Earl of Ancram, was descended from Sir Andrew Kerr, of Fernyhirst, in Roxburghshire, and was the direct male lineal ancestor of the present Lothian family. He was one of the ordinary gentlemen of the chamber, who attended James the First into England on his accession to the English throne; but must not be confounded with another Sir Robert Kerr, also follower of the same prince, who afterwards gave such infamous celebrity to the title of Somerset. In 1611, he appears to have been employed to transact some affairs for his majesty in Scotland. Dr. Birch has printed, from the Harleian MSS., a letter written by Sir Robert Kerr, while on this mission, to Prince Henry's secretary, Mr.



Newton, in which he thus bespeaks that gentleman's good offices with the young prince :—" If it please his highness to keep an ear to me, at my upcoming, I shall render an account of every point that can be laid to my charge : and in the mean time, that out of his gracious favour he will be pleased to secure me against any that shall hinder my good about the king's majesty, and allow any favour the king will bestow upon me ; since I am one of the first of his highness's servants that his majesty has employed in this kingdom, as I shall press to be worthy of his princely favour, and of the place I have about him, which I reckon more nor any thing in this world." In 1619 he became involved, either through family connection or friendship, in a violent quarrel, which arose between the Maxwells and Johnstons, respecting the wardenship of the Western Marches, and received a challenge from Charles Maxwell to meet him in single combat. Although, at the time, he had scarcely recovered from a long illness, yet, consulting his honour rather than his safety, he agreed to the meeting. It required all the strength and dexterity he could muster to sustain the onset of his antagonist, a bold and impetuous man ; but, at length, preparing his arm already fatigued, for a more effective attack, when Maxwell, rushing upon him with redoubled fury, aimed a blow at his breast, he run him through the body. Having now closed, they both fell ; Maxwell was uppermost, but in a few moments he breathed his last, leaving Kerr covered with his blood. The relations of Maxwell accused Kerr of murder, and he was brought to trial for the offence at Cambridge, but acquitted. The king, however, thought proper to

shew his displeasure at the affray, by banishing Kerr from court. He now passed over to the Continent, where he amused himself for some time in visiting the different schools of art, and making a collection of the works of the first masters. Through the intercession of some of the nobility, he was at length recalled from exile, and restored to the situation of a gentleman of the bed-chamber. With Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I., he became a great favourite; and when we recollect what Lord Clarendon says of that prince, "that he saw and observed men long before he received them about his person," and that whatever may have been his public failings, he was eminent for every quality which adorns the sphere of private life, his esteem may be safely regarded as a proof of no ordinary merit in its object. From Vertue, we learn that Sir Robert made a present to the prince of the paintings which he had collected abroad; and this circumstance might have fortified, though it could scarcely supply, the place of more sterling claims to regard. On the accession of Charles to the throne, Sir Robert was promoted to be a lord of the bed-chamber, and, in 1637, raised to the peerage, by the titles of Earl of Ancram, Lord Kerr of Nisbet, Long Newton, and Dolphinton.

Lord Ancram continued stedfastly attached to Charles through every vicissitude of fortune, during his disastrous reign, and rendered himself, on this account, so obnoxious to the revolutionary party, that, on the beheading of that unfortunate prince, he was under the necessity of taking refuge in Holland, where he passed the remainder of his life in indigence and distress. He left a wife and family in England, whose

situation appears to have been for a time equally destitute. In a letter extant of Lady Ancram's to their eldest son, William, afterwards Earl of Lothian, she gives the following affecting picture of the straits to which the family were reduced. "I think I need not tell you of my affliction, your father being banished, and all our means taken from us ever since the king's death, that I have not been able to afford him the least relief; that if it had not bin for some that were meere strangers to us, and did compassionate my sad condition, by sometimes furnishing us with *meats and fyer*, I and my children had starved; and that which forceth me to make you so much a sharer in our calamities, as to acquaint you with them, is by reason of many sad letters which I get weekly from my lord your father, of his great wants, and the disagreeing of the place where he is with his health and age." And towards the end of her letter, she adds. "I must deal plainly with you, I and my children have bin several days that we have had neither bread, meete, nor drink, or knowledge or credit where to help ourselves."

Lord Ancram's death happened shortly before the restoration, when he was at a very advanced age. The interesting portrait of him, given with this work, is from a painting at Newbattle Abbey, done in Holland, when he was in his eightieth year, but by what master is not known. He had been twice married; first to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Murray, of Blackbarony, by whom he had William, afterwards Earl of Lothian; secondly, to Lady Anne Stanley, daughter of William sixth Earl of Derby, by whom he left a son, Charles, who succeeded him in the title of Earl of Ancram, and four daughters.

By all who have ever made mention of Lord Ancram, he is represented to have been a man of great worth and accomplishments; of a moderate and upright spirit in prosperity, and mild and resigned in adversity. The honours conferred on him by his sovereign were gained by no servile compliances, but flowed spontaneously from the high regard in which he was held for his virtues. Beside a taste for painting, he had a turn for poetry, and from a beautiful little sonnet, addressed to the celebrated Drummond of Hawthornden, which is unfortunately the only specimen of his powers extant, he appears to have cultivated it with no ordinary degree of success. The sonnet, as well as an interesting letter which accompanied it, are highly characteristic of the writer; they prove not only his habitual devotion to the muses, but that the sentiments of his mind strictly corresponded with the opinion so generally entertained of his character. They are both subjoined:

*To my worthy friend, Mr. William Drummond of Hawthornden.*

“Sir,

Every wretched creature knows the way to that place where it is most made of, and so do my verses to you, that was so kind to the last, that every thought I think that way hastes to be with you. It is true, I get leisure to think few, not that they are *cara* because *rara*, but, indeed, to declare that my employment and ingine concur to make them, like Jacob's days, few and evil. Withal, I can think of no subject which doth not so resolve in a vein so op-

posite to this world's taste, that my verses are twice lost; to be known like Indians among Spaniards for their cross disposition; and as coming from me, that can make none without an hammer and the fire, so as justly they cannot be *auribus hujus seculi accommodata*. The best is, I care as little for them as their fame; yet if you do not dislike them, it is warrant enough for me to let them live till they get your doom.

“ In this sonnet I have sent you an approbation of your own life, whose character, howsoever I have mist, I have let you see how I love it, and would fain praise it; and indeed would fainer practise it. It may be, the all-wise God keeps us from that kind of life we would chuse in this world, lest we should be the unwilling to part with it when HE calls us from it. I thank God that hath given me a great goodwill to be gone whensoever he calleth; only I pray, with Ezekias, that he will give me leave to set my poor house in such a moderate order, that the wicked world have not occasion altogether to say of me, ‘ There was a foolish courtier that was in a fair way to make a great fortune, but that he would seek it, forsooth, by the desolate steps of vertue and fair dealing, and loving only such feckless\* company,’ as God knoweth I can neither love nor sooth any other, be they never so powerful, at least their good must exceed their ill, or they must appear so to me. Yet do not think that I will repine if I get no part of this desire, but my utmost thought, when I have done all I

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\* Thriftless.

should, is ever *fiat voluntas Domini!* And thus I commend my sonnet to you, and myself as

Your constantly loving friend

to command,

Cambridge.

RO. KERR."

*Where the Court was the week past about the making of the French match, 16th Dec. 1624.*

SONNET IN PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE.

"Sweet solitary life, lovely dumb joy,  
That need'st no warnings how to grow more wise  
By other men's mishaps, nor thee annoy,  
Which from sore wrongs done to one's self doth rise.  
The morning's second\* mansion, Truth's first friend,  
Never acquainted with the world's vain broils,  
Where the whole day to our own use we spend,  
And our dear time no fierce ambition spoils.  
Most happy state, that never tak'st revenge  
For injuries received, nor dost fear  
The court's great earthquake, the griev'd truth of  
change,  
Nor none of falsehood's savoury lies dost hear;  
Nor know'st Hope's sweet disease, that charms our  
sense,  
Nor its sad cure—dear bought Experience!"

R. K.

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\* "Because the next way the morning (Aurora) goeth from the lap of Thetis, is to those that dwell in the country; for at court and the great palaces of the world, they lye a-bed and miss it; and Truth getteth first welcome among those that be at leisure to consider of her excellency."

## RICHARD LORD MAITLAND.

RICHARD Lord Maitland was the eldest son of Charles, third Earl of Lauderdale, who succeeded his brother, John, the second Earl and first Duke of Lauderdale, in 1682. The dukedom having been restricted to the heirs male of John, became extinct at his death. Richard stood high in the favour of his uncle the duke, and through his interest was admitted, when very young, to a seat in the Privy Council of Scotland, and afterwards raised to the dignified situation of Lord Justice Clerk (1681.) In 1691 he succeeded his father, Charles, in the title of Earl of Lauderdale. Partaking of the hereditary attachment of his family to the House of Stuart, he afterwards followed James II. to France, and died in exile.

While Lord Maitland, he wrote a translation of Virgil, which was a long time handed about in manuscript, and not published till after Dryden, as Pope thinks, had left no room for competition. Speaking of Dryden's translation of some parts of Homer, Pope says, "Had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil; his version of whom, notwithstanding some human errors, is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language." Dryden had, besides, seen Lord Maitland's version in its manuscript state, and had stripped it of not a few of its beauties, for the

embellishment of his own translation. Many whole lines in Dryden's *Virgil* have been literally borrowed from Lord Maitland. Dr. Trapp says of Lord Maitland's version, that "it is pretty near the original, though not so close as its brevity would make one imagine."

T. M.



## EARL OF HADDINGTON.

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THOMAS Hamilton, the sixth Earl of Haddington, was the second son of Charles, the fifth Earl. We learn from Douglas's Peerage, that he was a stedfast adherent of the Hanoverian family, a great promoter of the Union between Scotland and England, and one of the sixteen Scots peers in three British parliaments. According to another authority, however, (Memoirs concerning the affairs of Scotland: anonymous. Published, 1714,) he was originally of the Cavalier party, who, though friendly to the Revolution, were opposed to the measures of the Court of Queen Anne; but, in 1704, was, along with the Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Seafield, and many others, gained over to English interests, as the Hanoverian succession and the Union were then erroneously termed. In the same work we meet with a character of the Earl, which, though from a hostile pen, that has strangely misrepresented many other eminent persons of that period, is very like the idea of him which one would form from a knowledge of his works and a glance at an authority almost as good—his physiognomy. "Thomas, Earl of Haddington," says the writer, "was entirely abandoned to whiggish and common-

wealth principles, and one of Cockburn of Ormiston's\* beloved pupils; he much affected, and his talent lay in, a buffoon sort of wit and raillery; was hot, proud, vain, and ambitious."

On the rebellion of 1715 breaking out, the earl took arms in support of the government, and is mentioned, in the ballad of Sheriff Muir, as one of those who were present at that engagement, and who

Advanced on the right man,  
While others took to flight, being raw man, &c.

When the administration of Sir Robert Walpole became odious for its venality, the Earl of Haddington was one of a few who had the reputation of being above a bribe. It is certain that he withdrew from court, and lived thenceforth entirely in the country. In an ode entitled "The Faithful Few," by an anonymous hand, published at Edinburgh in 1734, he is thus apostrophized for his independence.

Mild Haddington, whose breast's with learning  
fraught,

Receive the tribute of unpurchas'd praise;  
Thine is the honor to retire unbought,

And persevere in virtue's sacred ways!  
Nor less becomes the man the Muses love,  
And all the friends of liberty approve.

From the epitaph of "*mild* Haddington," it would seem that age had effected some improvement in his original character.

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\* LORD Justice Clerk.

His lordship died at Newhalles, near Edinburgh, in October, 1735.

The works by which his lordship is chiefly known as a writer, cannot be said to redound greatly to his honour. Their titles are :

“Forty Select Poems, on several occasions. By the Right Hon. the Earl of H———n.”

“Tales in Verse, for the Amusement of leisure hours, written by the ingenious Earl of H———n.”

These works were at first published surreptitiously at Edinburgh, but have since passed through several editions, both there and in London. They are not destitute either of wit or fancy, but all the topics are of a licentious description. To those whom they are unknown it may be sufficient to mention, that Mr. Pinkerton has consented to give them the character of “immodesty.”\*

A more praiseworthy memorial of his lordship's talents is a treatise, which appeared many years after his death, “On Forest Trees,” which he had addressed in the form of letters to his grandson and successor, the seventh Earl. It exhibits him in the light of an active and successful improver of his patrimonial estates. The subject of the Treatise is introduced by some amusing traits of his personal and domestic character. “When I came,” he says, “to live here, (Tynningham,) there were not above fourteen acres set with trees. I believe that it was a received notion, that no tree would grow here on account of the sea air and the north-east wind ; so that the rest

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\* List of Scottish poets.

of our family, who had lived here, either believed the common opinion or did not delight in planting." "I had no pleasure," he continues, "in planting, but delighted in horses and dogs, and the sports of the field; but my wife did what she could to engage me to it, but in vain. At last she asked leave to go about it herself, which she did, and I was much pleased with some little things which were well laid out and executed. These attracted my notice; and the Earl of Mar, the Marquis of Tweedale, and others, admired the beauty of the work and the enterprize of the lady." After her ladyship had succeeded in rearing several ornamental clumps, she proposed to enclose and plant the moor of Tynningham, a waste common of about three hundred Scotch acres. The Earl agreed to her making the experiment, and, to the surprise of every one, the moor was speedily covered with a thriving plantation, which received the name of Binningwood. His lordship was tempted, by the success of these trials, to enter himself, with great eagerness, into the plan of sheltering and enriching the family estate by plantations. He planted several other pieces of waste land, enclosed and divided his cultivated fields with stripes of wood, and even made a tract along the sea-shore, called the East Links, which had been always regarded as a barren sand, productive of the finest firs. And thus, says Mr. M<sup>c</sup>William, in his ingenious and useful Essay on the Dry Rot and Cultivation of Forest Trees, did "her ladyship, to the honour of her sex and benefit of her lord and her country, overcome the prejudices of the sea and the barren moor being pernicious; and of horses and dogs being the best amusement for a nobleman; converting a dashing son

of Nimrod into an industrious planter ; a thoughtless spendthrift into a frugal patriot.

“ Thus can good wives, when wise, in ev’ry station,  
 On man work miracles of reformation :  
 And were such wives more common, their husbands  
     would endure it ;  
 However great the malady, a loving wife can cure it :  
 And much their aid is wanted ; we hope they’ll use  
     it fairish,  
 While barren ground, where wood should be, appears  
     in every parish.”

The “ Essay” is a production which may be read with advantage by all improvers of land. It establishes one fact of great general importance, that the oak, while it is one of the most valuable, is, at the same time, one of the most easily raised of all trees. Lord Haddington says, that the oak being his favourite, he had planted it in every soil, and it grew to very good trees, in all. On poor land or middling, on heathy or gravelly, on clayey or mossy, on spouty or rocky ground ; nay, even on dead sand, he asserts that the oak grows faster than any other species of tree, aquatics excepted.

C. H.

## LORD BINNING.

CHARLES Hamilton, Lord Binning, was the eldest son and heir apparent of Thomas, the sixth Earl of Haddington. He gave early promise of being an ornament to his country, but, being of a tender constitution, fell into a lingering decay. With the hope of deriving benefit from a change of climate, he went to Naples, where he died in 1732, during the life-time of his father. To a fine understanding and cultivated taste, his lordship joined a frankness and generosity of disposition, which made him as beloved as he was admired. He possessed, like his father, a turn for poetry, but of a purer sort; and was the author of a pastoral effusion, not unknown to the lovers of ballad poetry, called "Ungrateful Nanny." It appeared originally in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1741, and has been re-published by Ritson. It is but a string of conceits, yet they are such conceits as please; for example:

My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she  
Has never shed a tear for me.

•        •        •        •        •

I always thought on her, but she  
Would ne'er bestow one thought on me;

If no relief to me she'll bring,  
I'll hang me in her apron string.

His lordship is also the reputed author of another ballad of a colloquial kind, and of no great merit, entitled "The Duke of Argyle's Levee," published in the Gentleman's Magazine for February, 1740; but the ballad itself seems rather to negative his lordship's pretensions. The narrative is in the first person :

I waited on Argyle,  
Than whom no better patriot breathes, &c.

And the relater thus afterwards introduces his own name :

His grace then turn'd to me  
Ah, CHARTERS!————

It is not impossible, indeed, that Lord Binning may have palmed the thing upon Charters, who appears, from a note appended to the ballad, to have been a "Colonel Charters."

R. C.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

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MICHAEL Bruce, whose name stands associated with so many tender recollections, was born at Kinesswood, in the parish of Portmoak, in Kinross-shire, in the month of March, 1746. His parents were of humble condition, but, by an industrious and frugal course of life, they found the means to give their son an excellent education. After passing through the usual course of school learning at Portmoak, and the neighbouring town of Kinross, he was sent, in 1762, to the University of Edinburgh. Here he is said to have made great progress in almost every branch of knowledge, but to have displayed a preference, bordering on enthusiasm, to poetry and the belles lettres. At the end of his third session at college, in order to relieve his parents from the burden of his support, he engaged to teach, during the summer months, a school at Gairney Bridge, near Kinross, established for the education of the children of some farmers in the neighbourhood, who agreed to allow him his board and a small salary. On returning to Edinburgh in the winter of 1765, he entered himself of the Divinity Hall, with a view to the clerical profession. When summer again came round, he resumed the teaching of the school at Gairney Bridge ; but, after a short time,



quitted it for one which promised greater advantages, at a place called Forest Mill, on the banks of the Devon, near Alloa, in Clackmannanshire. He wrote on this occasion a song, called *Lochleven no more*, in imitation of *Lochaber no more*, in which he thus tenderly records an attachment he had formed to the daughter of the person with whom he resided, while at Gairney Bridge.

Farewell to Lochleven and Gairney's fair stream,  
How sweet on its banks of *my Peggy* to dream !  
But now I must go to a far distant shore,  
And I'll, may be, return to *Lochleven no more*.

No more in the spring shall I walk with my dear,  
Where gowans bloom bonny, and Gairney runs clear ;  
Far hence I must wander, my pleasure is o'er,  
Since I'll see my dear maid and *Lochleven no more*.

Bruce's absence from the objects of his affection was not fated to be long ; but he returned to them, alas ! only to part from them for ever. His constitution, which had always been delicate, began rapidly to sink under the pressure of daily labour ; its decay was retarded by none of those comforts or tenderesses which it is in the power of affluence and friendship to supply ; while the melancholy of despairing love appears to have been in league with the canker of disease to hasten his dissolution.

No more do I sing, since far from my delight,  
But in sighs spend the days, in tears the long night ;  
By Devon's dull current, mourning I lye,  
While the hills and the woods to my mourning reply.

Ere the time arrived for making another annual appearance at the University, he became so weak, that he was obliged to give up his employment at Forest Mill and return to his parents. His sickness was alleviated by no dream of hope. He felt that the hand of death was upon him, and prepared for the final conflict with calmness and resignation. At intervals he amused himself by composing verses, and corresponding with some esteemed friends he had acquired while at the University. Although from the first moment of his return home he was so reduced as to be seldom able to walk abroad, he lingered through the winter of 1766-67, and lived to see the woods and fields, which frosts and tempests had laid bare, blooming again in all the freshness of new life. His mind was of too sensitive a cast not to enter deeply into the contrast which is so apt to suggest itself between such scenes of reviving, and the different destiny of man, for whom nature has reserved "no second spring below;" but he has shewn, by an affecting *Elegy* on the subject, which was the last thing he ever wrote, that it was a contrast which he viewed with the philosophy of a Christian.

Now spring returns, but not to me returns

The vernal joy my better years have known ;  
 Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
 And all the joys of life with health are flown :

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,

Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,  
 Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,  
 And count the silent moments as they pass.

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed  
 No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;  
 Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,  
 And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate,  
 And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true :  
 Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,  
 And bid the realms of light and life adieu !

Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains !  
 Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,  
 Where Melancholy with still silence reigns,  
 And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground ;

There let me wander at the close of eve,  
 When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes,  
 The world and all its busy follies leave,  
 And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,  
 When death shall shut these weary aching eyes,  
 Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,  
 Till the long night is gone and the last morn arise.

His death took place on the 6th of July, 1767,  
 being then only in the twenty-first year of his age.

The attention of the public was first called to the merit of this hapless son of the muses, by an interesting paper in one of the Mirrors for 1779, written by the late Lord Craig. "Nothing," says the writer, "has more the power of awakening benevolence than the consideration of genius thus depressed by situation, suffered to pine in obscurity, and sometimes, as

in the case of this unfortunate young man, to perish, it may be, for want of those comforts and conveniences, which might have fostered a delicacy of frame or of mind ill calculated to bear the hardships which poverty lays on both. For my own part, I never pass the place—a little hamlet, skirted with a circle of old oak trees, about three miles on this side of Kinross, where Michael Bruce resided—I never look on his dwelling, a small thatched house, distinguished from the cottages of the other inhabitants only by a *sashed window* at the end, instead of a *lattice*, fringed with a honeysuckle plant, which the poor youth had trained around it; I never find myself in that spot, but I stop my horse involuntarily, and looking on the window, which the honeysuckle has now almost covered, in the dream of the moment I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the mansion; I wish, and my heart swells while I do so, that he were alive and that I were a great man, to have the luxury of visiting him there and bidding him be happy.”

“A young man of genius,” adds Lord C., “in a deep consumption, and feeling himself every moment going faster to decline, is an object sufficiently interesting; but how much must every feeling, on the occasion, be heightened, when we know, that this person possessed so much dignity and composure of mind, as not only to contemplate his approaching fate, but even to write a poem on the subject. In the French language, there is a much admired poem of the Abbé de Chaulieu, written in expectation of his own death to the Marquis de la Fare, lamenting his approaching separation from his friend. Michael .

Bruce, who, it is probable, never heard of the Abbé de Chaulieu, has also written a poem on his own approaching death, which cannot fail of touching the heart of every one who reads it."

Although it was this favourable notice which first effectually drew attention to the poetical genius of Bruce, justice had been done to it much earlier by a fellow student, and friend of Bruce, the Rev. John Logan, who has since become equally well known for his misfortunes and his poetry. In 1770, he collected the poetical remains of Bruce—and published them in one volume duodecimo. The terms in which he speaks of his departed friend, do honour to the goodness of his heart. "Michael Bruce," he says, "now lives no more, but in the remembrance of his friends. No less amiable as a man, than valuable as a writer; endowed with good nature and good sense; humane, friendly, benevolent; he loved his friends, and was beloved by them with a degree of ardour that is only experienced in the eye of youth and innocence." Had Mr. Logan been only as scrupulously just to the literary fame, as he has been liberal of praise to the personal character, of Bruce, their names could never have been mentioned in conjunction, but with undivided applause. As editor of Bruce's works, however, he has been guilty of an infidelity, which, as it is of a sort which poisons the very well-springs of literary history, cannot be too severely condemned. It is a fact, of which Mr. Logan made latterly no secret among his friends, that, among the pieces which he published as the production of Bruce, there were several minor ones of his own composition. Had he, after the example of Mr. Pinkerton, with respect to

his modern additions to "Ancient Scottish Poems," taken some subsequent opportunity of making an ingenuous confession of the extent of his imposture, it might have been overlooked as the excusable device of a young writer, to obtain the judgement of the public on his powers, without being known as a solicitor for their applause; but he has not done this; neither has he left the least clue by which his own pieces can, with any certainty, be separated from those of Bruce.

"The Cuckoo," one of the poems, whose parentage is thus left in doubt, deserves to rank among the finest productions in the English language. As Logan lived to establish a far higher literary and poetical character than Bruce, the world have seemed willing to regard him as the author; but it is worthy of remark, that when Logan published "the Cuckoo" as the production of his friend, he had little more than reached the age, at which that friend died; and certainly there is no such disparity in poetical rank between them, as to make it less probable that Bruce, who, like the swan, might sing sweetest when dying, should have been the author of the poem, than that Logan should have written it while as yet only in the infancy of his powers.

Of the productions to which Bruce's claims are undisputed, the principal are, "Alexis," a pastoral, in which he celebrates, under the name of Eumelia, the same "Peggy," who is the subject of "his song of Lochleven no more," and "Lochleven," a poem descriptive of the scenery around the place of his birth.

A new edition of Bruce's poems was in 1791 undertaken by the Rev. Principal Baird, between whom

and Robert Burns, the following interesting letters passed on the subject.

PRINCIPAL BAIRD TO ROBERT BURNS.

“ London, 8th February, 1791.

“ SIR,

“ I trouble you with this letter, to inform you that I am in hopes of being able very soon to bring to press a new edition (long since talked of,) of *Michael Bruce's poems*. The profits of the edition are to go to his mother, a woman of eighty years of age, poor and helpless. The poems are to be published by subscription, and it may be possible to make out a 2 sh. 6d. or 3sh. volume, with the assistance of a few hitherto unpublished verses which I have got from the mother of the Poet.

But the design I have in view in writing to you, is not merely to inform you of these facts ; it is to solicit the aid of your name and pen in behalf of this scheme. The reputation of Bruce is already high with every reader of classical taste ; and I shall be anxious against tarnishing his character by allowing any new poems to appear, that may lower it. For this purpose the MSS. I am in possession of, have been submitted to the revision of some whose critical talents I can trust to, and I mean still to submit them to others.

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“ May I just add, that Michael Bruce is one in whose company, from his past appearance, you would not, I am convinced, blush to be found ; and as I would sub-

mit every line of his that should now be published to your own criticisms, you would be assured, that nothing derogatory either to him or you would be admitted in that appearance he may make in future.

“ You have already paid an honourable tribute to kindred genius in Fergusson.—I fondly hope that the mother of Bruce will experience your patronage,

“ I wish to have the subscription papers circulated by the 14th of March, Bruce’s birth-day ; which I understand some friends in Scotland talk this year of observing.—At that time it will be resolved, I imagine, to place a humble stone over his grave. This at least I trust you will agree to do—to furnish, in a few couplets, an inscription for it.”

## BURNS, IN ANSWER.

“ Why did you, my dear sir, write to me in such a hesitating style on the business of poor Bruce ? Don’t I know, and have I not felt, the many ills that poetic flesh is heir to ? You shall have your choice of all the unpublished poems I have ; and had your letter had my direction, so as to have reached me sooner, (it only came to my hand this moment,) I should have directly put you out of suspense upon the subject. I only ask that some prefatory advertisement in the books, as well as the subscription bills, may bear, that the publication is solely for the benefit of the mother. I would not put it in the power of ignorance to surmise, or malice to insinuate, that I clubbed a share of the merit from mercenary motives. Nor need you give me credit for any remarkable generosity in my part of the business. I have such a host of peccadilloes, failings, follies, and backslidings, (any



body but myself would perhaps give them a worse appellation,) that by way of some balance, however trifling, in the account, I am fain to do any good that occurs in my very limited power to a fellow creature, just from the selfish purpose of clearing a little the vista of retrospection.

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Of the degree of success which attended this generous effort to render the memorials of the son's genius productive of some relief to the necessities of an aged parent, no account has been met with. Mrs. Bruce died on the 3rd of August, 1798. Neither am I able to state whether the intention of erecting some "humble stone over his grave" has ever been fulfilled; it may be concluded at least, that Burns furnished no inscription for it, since nothing of the kind is contained in the latest collection of his works.

Although neither the talent shewn in "Alexis" or "Lochleven," nor in any of Bruce's minor pieces, (if we except, as at present we must, "the Cuckoo") is such as to entitle him to a high rank among poets; yet it is very rare that we see in works written at so early an age, and under so many disadvantages, such a dawn of excellence as in those of Michael Bruce. If we compare, as in fairness we ought, what Bruce did before he was twenty, with what other poets who have lived to mature their powers and acquire a great name, were able to produce at the same period of life—with the juvenile effusions, for example, of Thomson or Macpherson, who were both as favourably circumstanced in respect of education as Bruce; we shall be forced to allow that as in promise he far excelled them, there is every probability that he would not have yielded to them in performance, had he been happily spared to make the

trial. We cannot perhaps say, with Logan, since we know not, besides, how much of the praise he meant to apply to himself, that “if images of nature that are beautiful and new; if sentiments warm from the heart, interesting and pathetic; if a style chaste with ornament, and elegant with simplicity; if these and many other beauties of nature and art are allowed to constitute true poetic merit, the poems of Michael Bruce will stand high in the judgement of men of taste;” yet we may safely assert, that to all of these qualities, no poetry ever more strongly inclined.

Bruce does not present us with many, absolutely, “new” images, but he shews a taste in the selection of them, which never exists in an equal degree, without leading in the end to great originality. Like all young authors, he was considerably beholden to his reading; and from the Poems of Ossian, which came into vogue while he was at college, and had attracted his particular attention, he appears to have drawn the most largely. In his description of the ruins of Lochleven Castle, so frequently quoted by tourists, the most striking of all the images by which he endeavours to convey an idea of the desolation that now obtains in a place, once the abode of mirth and festivity, is one which Macpherson had before employed to paint the desolation of “Balclutha’s towers,” and which Blair had pointed out in his dissertation, as among the matchless beauties of this author.

Perhaps in some lone, dreary, desert tower  
That time has spar’d, *forth from the window looks,*  
*Half hid in grass, the solitary fox.*

We have here a striking example of the error, into which even a writer of judgement may be led by painting from books instead of nature itself; for though the image is admirable, and may not strike many readers as unfitly applied to the ruins of Lochleven Castle, yet nothing could, after all, be more out of place. These ruins are on 'a small islet, not altogether two English acres in extent, in the midst of a large expanse of water; and before Bruce tenanted it with foxes, he ought to have asked himself how they could come there? Finding the image praised, he never stopped to consider how diversity of circumstances might possibly affect it, and has placed a fox, where certainly a fox never was, and never will, (of its own accord) be seen.

When Logan praises the sentiments of Bruce as "warm from the heart, interesting and pathetic," he directs us to what were, perhaps, his strongest points. Had he lived, it would have been in tenderness that he would probably have excelled. He appears to have felt strongly, and was fast initiating himself into those graces of expression, which add so much force to all appeals in which the heart is concerned.

J. B.



## THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

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THOMAS BLACKLOCK was the son of a poor tradesman in the town of Annan, and born there in the year 1721. Like the celebrated Dr. Sanderson, the mathematician, he lost his sight by the small-pox, while an infant ; but the misfortune was much alleviated by the increased tenderness with which it induced his father to watch over his infant years, and the greater pains he was at to develop and improve those powers of mind from which alone he foresaw any prospect of the boy's being able to provide for himself in life. Fortunately, the father's daily avocations prevented this tenderness from running into excess ; and the boy was not nursed to imbecility by any of that officious humanity, which, in the case of blind children, we often see anticipating and supplying all their wants, preventing all their motions, and doing and procuring every thing for them without their own interposition. Young Blacklock was left a good deal to himself ; taught to depend on his own exertions ; and allowed to walk, run, and play at large, without any one to guide or superintend him. The only inconvenience attending these free habits arose from the promiscuous character of the company into which they necessarily led him. In after life, he used to complain of what he had suffered when a boy, from the wanton malignity which constantly impels the herd of mankind to impose upon

the blind by all manner of tricks, and to enjoy the painful sensations in which such impositions place them. "In serious and important negociations," he would feelingly observe, "pride and compassion suspend the efforts of knavery and spleen: and that very infirmity which so frequently renders the blind defenceless to the arts of the insidious, or to the attempts of malice, is a powerful incentive to pity, which is capable of disarming fury itself. Villainy, which frequently piques itself more upon the arts by which it prevails, than upon the advantages which it obtains, may often, with contempt, reject the blind as subjects beneath the dignity of its operation; but the ill-natured buffoon considers the most malicious effects of his merriment as a mere jest, without reflecting on the shame or indignation which they inspire when inflicted on a sensible temper."

He shewed early a great fondness for reading, or, more properly speaking, to hear others read to him, as well as much quickness in comprehending what he heard; and through the kind attentions of his father and a few other friends, this taste was amply gratified. It was not long before he became, by memory, well versant in the signs and rules of the English language. He afterwards applied to the Latin; but for want of a proper instructor, which his father was too poor to procure for him, he made but little progress in it, till, at a later period, this help was supplied.

The works to which he listened with the greatest pleasure were those of the poets, and from loving and admiring, he soon made attempts to imitate them. Among his collected poems, there is one which he composed when only twelve years old; and for a

blind boy of so tender an age, it is certainly a remarkable production.

In the year 1740, his father died, leaving him in a very friendless condition ; but the report of his talents having reached Edinburgh, Dr. Stevenson, one of the physicians of that city, a gentleman of much taste and benevolence, sent for him, and generously agreed to defray the expense of qualifying him for some of the learned professions, by a regular course of study at the university.

Blacklock proved a diligent and successful student, and, before four years had elapsed, had made himself master of the Latin, Greek, and French languages, to which he afterwards added the Italian. Metaphysics and natural philosophy also occupied a share of his attention ; but it was to the belles lettres, as assimilating with his taste for poetry, that his preference inclined.

On the breaking out of the rebellion in 1745, and the approach of the rebels to Edinburgh, Blacklock retired into the country, and was prevailed on by some of his friends, to publish a small collection of his poems at Glasgow. Its success is not spoken of ; and it is probable, that, at a period of so much public confusion, it had but little.

When tranquillity was restored, he returned to the university, where he continued to pursue his studies six years longer.

In 1754, he published a second edition, or rather a new collection, of his poems, containing only part of those in the first edition, and these much improved, and many new pieces. The talent shewn in this volume induced the Rev. Joseph Spence, so well known

for his critical works, to open a correspondence with the author, which ripened into the warmest friendship. Mr. Spence had already made the fortune of a poet of far less genius, Stephen Duck the thresher, by writing an account of his life and writings, and he now proposed to do the same service for Blacklock. He wrote, accordingly, a pamphlet, entitled, "An Account of the Life, Character, and Poems of Mr. Blacklock, Student of Philosophy at Edinburgh." Praise from so<sup>r</sup>respected a quarter attracted the attention of many, who might not otherwise have heard of the student or his works, and there was speedily a demand for a new edition of the latter. It appeared in 1756, in quarto, with Mr. Spence's account prefixed. The profits derived from these publications are stated to have been considerable.

Mr. Blacklock now resolved to enter into the clerical profession, as the least incompatible with the deprivation under which he laboured; and after the usual period of study at the Divinity Hall, he was licensed as a preacher, by the Presbytery of Dumfries, in 1759. Three years afterwards, the Earl of Selkirk presented him to the living of Kirkcudbright; and Blacklock, having now the prospect of a permanent settlement in life, married the daughter of a Mr. Johnston, surgeon, in Dumfries.

The people of Kirkcudbright, however, could not be persuaded to receive with cordiality a blind person for their pastor. It may be true, as Dr. Blacklock has remarked, in a Treatise on the Blind, which he afterwards wrote for the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, that, "no liberal and cultivated mind can entertain the least hesitation in concluding, that there is nothing

either in the nature of things, or even in the positive institutions of genuine religion, repugnant to the idea of a blind clergyman." But it was not Dr. Blacklock's good fortune to have his lot cast among "liberal and cultivated" minds. The people of Kirkcudbright were, in point of religious liberality, much the same as nearly a century before, when, by a kirk-settlement riot, they brought ruin upon the once opulent and powerful house of Kirkcudbright.\* As Dr.

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\* "John, third Lord Kirkcudbright, possessed property of vast extent in this quarter. He was a zealous presbyterian, and a violent opponent of Cromwell and the independents. He took up arms in favour of the crown, and raised, at his own expense, a regiment of foot from among his tenants and vassals, which he carried over into Ireland, from whence few of them returned. He had the misfortune always to be in opposition to the ruling party. After the restoration, he found his Presbyterian principles more obnoxious than formerly. Some women having made a disturbance at the introduction of an episcopal minister into the Kirk of Kirkcudbright, the privy-council granted a commission to the Earls of Linlithgow, Galloway, Annandale, and Drumlanrig, with Sir John Wauchope, to enquire into the matter. These four earls came to Kirkcudbright Castle, and found that Lord Kirkcudbright had countenanced what these women had done; they, therefore, sent him prisoner to Edinburgh, 23d May, 1663, where he shortly after died, and his neighbours by degrees acquired all his estates."

FORSYTH.



B. adds, in the same Treatise, with an obvious allusion to his own case, "the novelty of the phenomenon (of a blind clergyman) while it astonishes *vulgar and contracted understandings*, inflames their zeal to rage and madness." Even so it was with his Kirkcudbright flock. After two years' bitter contention with their prejudices against him, he found his situation so disagreeable, that he consented to resign his charge on a small annuity.

With this scanty provision he took up his residence at Edinburgh, where he made some little addition to his income by taking into his house a few students at the university, as boarders, and assisting them in their studies.

In 1766, the Marischal College of Aberdeen conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

In the year following he published his principal prose work, entitled "Paraclesis, or Consolations deduced from Natural and Revealed Religion," in one vol. 8vo.

Shortly after, Lord Monboddo published his celebrated "Treatise on the Origin and Progress of Language," and, by a reference which he made in it, to some opinions expressed in conversation by Dr. Blacklock, involved the Doctor in an unpleasant controversy with an anonymous assailant. It appears to have been a source of pain to himself, and not less so to his friends; who were sorry to discover from it how much misfortunes had soured him against the world. The theatre of controversy was the Edinburgh Weekly Magazine.

Lord Monboddo had introduced Dr. Blacklock as one "bestowing a good deal of thought upon the sub-

ject of the origin of languages, and conjecturing that the first language among men was music." The author of a series of strictures on the work, who appears to have been of the clerical profession, after paying Dr. Blacklock the compliment of being "a prodigy of learning," thus comments on the opinion ascribed to him. "It gives me pain to animadvert upon this gentleman, who has a place not only in my regard but likewise in my admiration, though I am none of his acquaintance, as indeed, I never was once in company with him; but I have heard much of him, particularly that he was formerly a parochial preacher. If so, then he must, among other parts of useful knowledge, be well acquainted with the *oracles of Truth*, as to which his memory must have given him the slip greatly on this particular. A little recollection would have reminded him, that 'Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ; and, that Tubal-Cain was an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron.' It is hoped, the learned doctor will allow these particulars to have been after *the gift*, not *the invention* of language, and that he is none of those who reckon such accounts to be understood allegorically or parabolically."

Dr. Blacklock immediately wrote an answer to this attack,\* in which he first admitted explicitly the fact, that our "original progenitor was endued with the power of speaking by his omnipotent and bountiful Creator;" though he held it to be equally clear that

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\* It begins with a striking propriety. "In revolving the last number of your Magazine."

“ all his descendants have obtained that talent by repeated trials, faithful imitation, and confirmed habit ;” and then proceeded to give the following explanation of the opinion he had expressed to Lord Monboddo. “ I had no scruple in affirming, that the only language natural to man, consisted of those expressive and unpremeditated effusions of voice which were instantaneously prompted by any violent sensation, whether of pain or pleasure ; but as the circle of our ideas enlarged, as our notions of their relations became more extensive, distinct, and accurate, and as our propensities to communicate were more sensibly felt, the signs by which this reciprocal communication was transacted, must become more definitive in their nature, and more multiplied in their number. Hence it would be found necessary to invent a more precise and diversified expression ; but, as the signs inspired by instinct were only distinguished one from another by variety of accent and modulation, it might be natural for our initiates in language to carry this diversity farther in proportion as objects and relations were multiplied. However easy and natural, articulation may appear to us, and with whatever promptitude children, at a very early period, may exert their lips and tongues from imitation or accident ; yet, if we consider that uninterrupted sounds are the first and most native expressions of sentiment, we shall inevitably be led to imagine that these original expressions must have been considerably advanced both in number and precision, before they employed the aid of articulation. Thus, according to the present supposition, the primitive conversation of those who had never been originally inspired with language, nor

learned by imitation and intercourse might have been resolved into a kind of *musical recitative*."

Dr. B. having thus explained his opinion on the subject, concludes with a paragraph of himself, which, though not to be read without pain, is too characteristic to be omitted.

"Such were the observations to which the author of the above mentioned Enquiry alludes, and whether this hypothesis can ever be put in competition with facts plainly and explicitly related by the spirit of God himself, let the impartial public determine. If your correspondent, whose animadversions occasioned this letter, will do me the justice to take the most cursory review of my 'Paraclesis, or Consolations of Human Life,' I cannot but hope, that it will inspire him with more charitable ideas of my fidelity. Tossed as I have been from wave to wave, through the long and cruel tempest of life, had I not been a Christian, I should have ceased to be a man."

'For who would bear the whips and scorns of fortune,  
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurs  
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his *quietus* make  
With a bare bodkin?'

"It is the sincere and permanent conviction of my soul, that the testimony of an approving conscience, the sense of a favouring God, the persuasion of an atoning and interceding Redeemer, the hopes of a blissful eternity, are the only comforts which can

either reconcile us to our present existence or support us in it. I am extremely obliged to the author of the letter for the favourable opinion he entertains of me ; yet had I vanity and arrogance enough to think myself the *prodigy of learning*, which he calls me, I should exhibit the strongest proof, that in fact I was a prodigy of ignorance and stupidity. A man, however, born in obscurity, afflicted with blindness, and depressed by fortune, will find the greatest reason to bless his Creator if he has been preserved from neglecting or perverting the talents with which he is entrusted."

The author of the 'Strictures' returned to the charge in a carping reply, in which, half confessing and half doubting the sufficiency of the doctor's avowal of his belief in the scriptural account of the origin of language, he dwelt much on the false spirit of philosophy that was abroad, with the view, apparently, of insinuating that Dr. B. had some tincture of it as well as his friend Lord Monboddo.

Dr. Blacklock, thus again assailed, was forced to resume his pen. In a rejoinder, he confesses that though the game of *quart* and *tierce* is much less dangerous when played with the pen than the sword, he had no relish for it even in its most innocent form. He declares his submission to the authority of Scripture as above all human philosophy ; but justly observes, " it is not submission to the authority of Scripture alone which we often find required from philosophy, but submission, implicit submission, to the tenets which every individual pretends to deduce from Scripture. Thus philosophy, though inspired and authorised by the same God who promulgated the

Evangelical dispensation, instead of being the handmaid of Christianity, might become the wretched dupe, the contemptible auxiliary, of every heresiarch and every sectary." Thus far the Doctor fenced well; but out of compassion, as it would seem, for the treatment which false philosophy had received at the hands of his antagonist, he was tempted to volunteer a thrust in return at a certain false Christianity which was nearly equally in vogue, and in doing this (to follow out the Doctor's figure) he got the sun in his face. "But besides," says the doctor, "the malignant influence of false wisdom, there are (with regret I speak it) other causes of infidelity deducible from the profession and conduct of Christians themselves.—The glaring inconsistency between our principles and practice which daily observation discovers, must prove an effectual stumbling block to superficial and fluctuating minds; the illiberal sentiments, the bigotry, intolerance, and fanaticism of some who arrogate the Christian name, are unspeakingly injurious to the interests of their faith; because, from them, the young and thoughtless mind forms the idea of a gloomy institution, *characterized by injunctions of penance and maceration, and invested with the terrors of hell.*" After a few words more in the same strain, he concludes with the following additional remarks on his own personal character and fortunes: "I am not, however," he says, "so passive with respect to my antagonist's high notions of my learning. I would ardently wish to undeceive him and every one else who entertains the same charitable opinion. Heaven grant, that none of my friends may ever regard me in any other light than as a common individual of the human species,

who earnestly desires, within his little sphere, to glorify his God, and to assist his neighbour according to the powers and opportunities indulged him. Wonders and rare shows are generally contemplated with dispositions which I should never choose to inspire. To me, indeed, it seems equally eligible to be esteemed a portent as a prodigy ; and, thanks to my panegyrists, both these compliments have in so many words been paid me. I have now, as may be hoped, served more than two-thirds of my quarantine in this world, without strenuously endeavouring either to provoke its censure or conciliate its applause ; yet enough ; in all conscience, enough, have I experienced of both, to feel the injustice of the former and the insignificance of the latter. It has already been said, that my relish even for the effusion of ink in such literary skirmishes is not high ; if therefore, Philanthropos [the assumed name of his opponent] chuses to renew the war, I promise from henceforth to leave him absolutely master of the field ; and am," &c.

After this proclamation by the doctor of a cessation to the contest, it became, of course, a point of dignity with his antagonist, not to renew it in his own person ; but the ground was no sooner ostensibly deserted by the principals, than it was occupied by two pretended knights errant in their behalf, so like to them in size, agility, and ardour, as to make it suspected that they were no other than the original combatants themselves, with their vizors down. It might now be said *fervet opus* ; but not *redolentque thyma fragrantia mella*. Dr. Blacklock, as we have seen, had, in his animadversions on false Christianity, said some equivocal things about "the terrors" with which the Christian

institution is invested. It is the orthodoxy of these expressions which forms the business of this additional act to the controversy ; but which, it is no longer fraught either with instruction or pleasure to trace. It may suffice to observe, that Dr. Blacklock, again driven to a more explicit declaration of his faith, referred to his work "on Christian Consolation" as one, among many, proofs of his maintaining "future punishments to be both exquisite in their degree, and eternal in their continuance."

In all this controversy there is, perhaps, nothing more deserving of animadversion than a sentiment dropped by Dr. Blacklock, which was allowed to pass without any. He tells us, that "had he not been a Christian he would have ceased to be a man ;" and he quotes Shakespeare to shew the way in which he might have

— *his quietus made*

*With a bare bodkin.*

He goes on to state, more explicitly, the "sincere and permanent conviction of his soul," that without the consolations supplied by the Christian religion, nothing could "reconcile us to our present state of existence, or support us in it." It is very far from being intended to dispute the influence which the Christian religion, when properly comprehended, has in fortifying us against the weaknesses of our mortal condition ; but, is there nothing false in a doctrine which goes to affirm, that, without the Christian religion, the natural tendency of human nature is to self-murder ? Is there nothing calumnious of all the other religions in the world, in the implied assertion, that where Christianity



most abounds, suicides the least prevail? Is there nothing dangerous in contending, that unless a man believes in the Christian dispensation, he may, without any sense of guilt, "cease to be a man?"

It is remarkable, that this idea of suicide seems to have long haunted the mind of Blacklock; and it ought to induce us to reverence the enthusiasm with which he seems to have hugged the terrors by which, in his case, it was counteracted. In a "Treatise on the Blind," which, ten years after, he wrote for the Encyclopædia Britannica, he observes, "The blind are peculiarly subjected to that disorder which may be called *tædium vitæ*, or low spirits. This indisposition may be said to comprehend in it all the other diseases and evils of human life; because, by its immediate influence on the mind, it aggravates the weight and bitterness of every calamity to which we are obnoxious. In a private letter, we have heard it described as a formidable precipice in the regions of misery, between the gulphs of suicide, on the one hand, and frenzy on the other; into either of which a gentle breeze, according to the force of its impulse, and the line of its direction, may irrecoverably plunge the unhappy victim; yet from both of which he may providentially escape."

In this, as well as in many other passages in the article in the Encyclopædia, it is observable, that Dr. Blacklock has rather generalized his own experience than stated what is common to blind persons. That the *tædium vitæ*, and a consequent tendency to suicide or frenzy, are characteristic accompaniments of blindness, is certainly not consistent with general observation; nothing, in fact, is of rarer occurrence than

to meet with a blind maniac, or to read of a verdict of *felo de se* against a blind person. Dr. Blacklock would probably have had the same tendency, and in as strong a degree, had he never lost his sight; for fatal experience tells those who do enjoy the blessing, that to see the outward showings of "the proud man's contumely," or the frown that causes "the pang of despis'd love," is by no means calculated to lessen their maddening influence on susceptible minds. The Doctor's Treatise is pregnant with useful hints and curious speculation; but the prevalence of this habit of converting his own particular into general experience, and of referring to his blindness, peculiarities which might with equal or greater reason have been ascribed to other causes, forms a serious deduction from its value.

In 1774, Dr. Blacklock published "the Graham," an heroic ballad, in four cantos; but it added nothing to his poetical reputation.

At the breaking out of the American war, the Doctor was tempted to take a part in the political controversy which then agitated the public mind, on the right of taxing the colonies. He wrote "Remarks on the Nature and Extent of Liberty, as compatible with the genius of civil Societies; on the principles of Government, and the proper limits of its powers in free States; and, on the Justice and Policy of the American war, occasioned by perusing the observations of Dr. Price, on the same subjects." This work attracted little notice, and has been long heaped with the many forgotten pamphlets on the same subject.

Some years after, Dr. Blacklock did a far more important service to his country, by the share which

he had in preserving Burns to his native country, when he had resolved on emigrating to America. "I had composed," says Burns, "the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, '*The gloomy night is gathering fast,*' when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition." The letter was addressed to the Rev. G. Lowrie, and contained the following early tribute to the genius of the immortal bard.

"Many instances have I seen of Nature's force and beneficence exerted under numerous and formidable disadvantages; but none equal to that with which you have been kind enough to present me. There is a pathos and delicacy in his serious poems, a vein of wit and humour in those of a more festive turn, which cannot be too much admired or too warmly approved; and I think I shall never open the book without feeling my astonishment renewed and increased. It was my wish to have expressed my approbation in verse; but whether from declining life, or a temporary depression of spirits, it is at present out of my power to accomplish that agreeable attention."

When the Dr. became afterwards acquainted with Burns, his muse started from her lethargy; and, catching new life from the kindred grasp, thus poured forth her friendly greetings.

*Edinburgh, 24th August, 1789.*

"Dear Burns, thou brother of my heart,  
Both for thy virtues and thy art;  
If art it may be called in thee,  
Which Nature's bounty, large and free,

With pleasure on thy breast diffuses,  
 And warms thy soul with all the Muses.  
 Whether to laugh with easy grace,  
 Thy numbers move the sage's face ;  
 Or bid the softer passions rise,  
 And ruthless souls with grief surprise ;  
 'Tis Nature's voice distinctly felt,  
 Through thee, her organ, thus to melt.

Most anxiously I wish to know,  
 With thee, of late, how matters go ?  
 How keeps thy much-lov'd Jean her health ?  
 What promises thy farm, of wealth ?  
 Whether the Muse persist to smile  
 And all thy anxious cares beguile ?  
 Whether bright fancy keeps alive ?  
 And how thy darling infants thrive ?

For me, with grief and sickness spent ;  
 Since I my journey homeward bent,  
 Spirits depress'd, no more I mourn,  
 But vigour, life, and health, return.  
 No more to gloomy thoughts a prey,  
 I sleep all night and live all day ;  
 By turns my book and friend enjoy,  
 And thus my circling hours employ.  
 Happy, while yet these hours remain,  
 If Burns could join the cheerful train ;  
 With wonted zeal, sincere and fervent,  
 Salutes once more his humble servant,

THOMAS BLACKLOCK."

Burns, in a longer rhyming answer, expressed his satisfaction at the happy improvement which had taken place in the Doctor's temperament, in propor-

tion as he approached the verge of life ; but it is worthy of remark, that it is singularly free from any thing which can be construed into a reciprocal admiration of the Doctor's muse.

In the autumn, before his death, (Sept. 1790), Dr. B. wrote another poetical epistle to Burns, soliciting his assistance to Dr. Anderson's "*Bee*," the proposals for which were then in circulation ; and, in the concluding lines, thus resignedly speaks of his approaching dissolution :

" You then, more at leisure,\* and free from controul,  
May indulge the strong passion that reigns in your soul,  
But I, feeble I, must to nature give way ;  
Devoted, cold death's and longevity's prey."

Dr. B. died at Edinburgh in the month of July, 1791, in the seventieth year of his age.

Besides the works which have been incidentally mentioned, he wrote "a Discourse on the right improvement of Time," 1760 ; some pieces in Donaldson's Collection of Original Poems ; Two Discourses on the Spirit and Evidences of Christianity, translated from the French of Armand, 1768 ; and a Panegyric (satirical) on Great Britain, 1773.

The merits of Dr. Blacklock have been treated with abundance of partiality by nearly all who have ever written of him. Mr. Hume, who was intimately acquainted with him, assures us, that " his modesty was equal to the goodness of his disposition,

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\* Alluding to an erroneous report of Burns's promotion to be a Supervisor.

and the beauty of his genius ;” and, that “ every thing considered, he might be regarded as a prodigy.” His biographer, in the Annual Register, says, that “ he displayed a wonderful degree of contentment, under the distressing circumstances which attended his early progress in life;” that “ his poetry is easy, elegant, and harmonious;” that “ he composed with great readiness, and throughout the general course of his poems, shews such a justness of thinking, in regard to the things of this world, and such an easy and contented form of mind, as were worthy of a good Christian and a sound philosopher.” Such are the opinions of Blacklock’s own countrymen ; but they are even surpassed by the encomiums heaped upon him from abroad. Carlo Denina, in his *Discorso de la Literatura*, says, “ Blacklock will appear to posterity a fabulous character ; even now he is a prodigy. It will be thought a fiction and a paradox, that a man quite blind since he was three years old,\* besides having made himself so good a master of various languages, of Greek, Latin, Italian, and French, should also be a great poet in his own ; and without, hardly, having ever seen the light, should be so remarkably happy in description.”

While noticing what others have said of Blacklock, it may not be foreign to the purpose to advert to what he has said of himself. With an obvious allusion to his own case, for, with the exception of Henry the Minstrel, he is the only poet we read of, who was blind from his infancy, he says, in his ‘ Treatise

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\* A mistake ; Blacklock was blind from the age of five months.

on the Blind,' "however unaccountable it may appear to the abstract philosopher; yet nothing is more certain, in fact, than that a blind man, by the inspiration of the muses, or to strip the figure of its mythological dress, may, by the efforts of a cultivated genius, exhibit in poetry, *the most natural images and animated description even of visible objects, without either incurring or deserving the imputation of plagiarism.*" And in another part of the same essay, he observes: "Homer, Milton, and Ossian, had been long acquainted with the visible world before they were surrounded with clouds, and ever-during darkness;—they might, therefore, still retain the warm and pleasing impressions of what they had seen. Their descriptions might be animated with the rapture and enthusiasm which originally fired their bosoms when the grand or dreadful objects which they delineated, were immediately beheld. Nay, that enthusiasm might still be heightened by a bitter sense of their loss, and by that regret which a situation so dismal might naturally inspire. *But how shall we account for the same energy, the same transport of description, exhibited by those on whose minds visible objects were never impressed, or have been entirely obliterated? Yet, however unaccountable this fact may appear, it is no less certain than extraordinary.* But delicacy and other particular circumstances forbid us to enter into this disquisition with that minuteness and precision which it requires," &c.

Where our sympathy for the misfortunes of an individual disposes us so strongly, as in the present case, to lend a willing ear to all that can be said in his favour, it is painful to be obliged, even by a sense of truth, to quarrel with the meed of renown which

others are inclined to bestow upon him. But after the narrative which has been given of Dr. Blacklock's life, and the several distinct manifestations of his character which have been gathered from his own lips, it would be laying aside all candour to pretend to re-echo such praises as those which have just been quoted. That Dr. Blacklock was, from the effect of moral discipline, amiable and engaging in his personal intercourse with society, is proved by many concurring accounts; but to speak of his contentment "under misfortunes," as being "wonderful," is, in fact, to pronounce the severest satire on his real character. We have seen, that when, in the solitude of his closet, he could give free utterance to his actual sentiments, that he was much the reverse of being contented with the degree of notice he had received from the world; that he felt, what he conceived to be the injustice of its neglect, with bitterness, and resented it with acrimony; that he was almost habitually afflicted with low spirits, and sometimes suffered them to carry him even to the verge of despair. Nor is it to be concealed, that his melancholy is to be traced as much to offended vanity, as to a genuine sense of neglected merit. For, however he may have, in one case, disclaimed all pretensions to the character of "a prodigy," it is clear enough, from what he says elsewhere of the fact, "no less certain than extraordinary," of a man on whose mind visible objects were never impressed, rivalling Homer, Milton and Ossian, in "energy and transport of description," that he fully thought himself one. Now, with due deference to his panegyrists, there is



nothing in the productions of Dr. Blacklock which can at all entitle him to be looked upon in this light. His poetry is by no means of the first order; neither does it partake so much of the enthusiasm inspired by visual perceptions, as the partiality of his friends had led him to believe. Curiosity, to see what a blind man could do, attracted attention to his poems when published; but if we except the beautiful song of the *Braes of Ballenden*, none of them have kept their hold of popular recollection. His prose productions have done still less for his fame. His "Paraclesis" is a pious and sensible production; but more cannot justly be said of it. We may be told, that even such poetry and such prose are extraordinary productions for a blind man, and so they probably are; although, from the want of parallel cases, with which to institute a comparison, it is impossible to assert as much in positive terms. The question is not, however, whether, as a blind man, Blacklock was an extraordinary writer? but, whether as a writer, his merit was so extraordinary as to make it a reproach to the world, that more was not done for him? Now, looking at his works in this view, and reflecting on what public and individual sympathy actually did for Dr. Blacklock, it is really difficult to discover any just ground for the strong discontent which he seems to have felt with the share of good fortune which fell to his lot. To the generous interposition of one stranger he was indebted for that completion of his education, without which he must, in all probability, have dragged out his life in obscurity, ignorance, and misery; by the active philanthropy of another stranger, and of a different country, no sooner had he

made his appearance as an author, than the public attention was drawn in the most favourable manner to his works, and he gained, not only reputation, but money : and at length, solely through the esteem his genius excited, he was placed in a situation of independence and ease. At this point, indeed, fortune became adverse to him ; through the prejudices of the vulgar, he lost that preferment which an enlightened sympathy had bestowed upon him ; and the rest of his days may be said to have been passed in gloom and neglect. Yet, unfortunate as the close of his life was, when we reflect how much worse it might, and would most probably, have been, but for the share of friendship he experienced from the world, nothing could be less uncalled for than the manner with which we have seen Dr. Blacklock affecting to contemn the world's "applause" and "censure," as alike indifferent to him.

"In his person," says Mr. Alexander Campbell, Dr. Blacklock "exceeded not the middle size, but his erect posture gave an air of dignity mingled with perfect simplicity ; and a peculiar involuntary motion, the effect of habit, added not a little to interest the beholder, as it usually accompanied the glow of his feelings in conversation."

"To his accomplishments," continues the same writer, "he added that of a taste for music, and he excelled in singing the melodies of his country. I have heard him often bear a part in a chorus with much judgement and precision. His knowledge in the scientific part of music was by no means inconsiderable."

J. R.

JOHN LOGAN.

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JOHN LOGAN was a native of Soutra, in the parish of Fala, and county of Edinburgh. He was born about the year 1748. His father, who was a small farmer, and of the religious sect called Burghers, educated him to fill a place in the ministry of that persuasion; but, while going through the preparatory course of studies at the University of Edinburgh, his notions about conformity changed, and he prepared to take orders in the establishment.

While prosecuting his own studies, he was in 1768, through the recommendation of Dr. Blair, employed to superintend those of Mr. Sinclair of Ulbster's eldest son, the present Sir John Sinclair, Baronet, so well-known for his patriotic efforts to promote the agricultural prosperity of his country; and such honour as belongs to one who has contributed by his precepts to the formation of a character, in no ordinary degree useful to the state, belongs to John Logan.

In 1770, the melancholy duty devolved on Mr. Logan of editing the poetical remains of a fellow student and friend, who had fallen a victim to early decay—the lamented Michael Bruce. Logan had, as well as Bruce, been distinguished among their companions for his poetical taste; and it was naturally supposed, that the present task could not have fallen into better hands. It has since appeared, however,

that Mr. Logan, in his editorial capacity, deviated widely from the line of honest executorship, and introduced into notice, among the poems of Michael Bruce, several pieces which were in reality written by himself, or were, at least, afterwards claimed by him as his own.

Having completed the usual term of study, Mr. Logan was about this period admitted into orders; and soon acquired popularity as a preacher. In 1773, he received a call to the pastoral charge of South Leith, a living not only of superior value, but peculiarly desirable from its close vicinity to the metropolis.

Shortly after Mr. Logan's introduction into this cure, the General Assembly engaged in a plan of revising the Psalmody of the Church, and Mr. Logan was appointed one of a Committee for that purpose. In 1781, the collection of "Translations and Paraphrases," which is now generally bound up with the Psalms, was published; and those which Mr. Logan contributed to it, though below the standard of his other poetry, have come into very general use in the established church.

Mr. Logan's official duties were happily not so extensive as to prevent him from devoting considerable attention to literary pursuits. The Scottish metropolis abounded at that time in active and able writers; Robertson, Blair, Ferguson, Hume, Smith, Stuart, were all then in the field, and Mr. Logan, who was on terms of friendship with most of them, partook in a large degree of their ambition for literary distinction. In the winter of 1779—80, he commenced reading a public course of Lectures, on the Philoso-

phy of History, and acquired so much reputation by them, that on a vacancy occurring in the Professorship of History in the University of Edinburgh, he started as a candidate for it, with great hopes of success. The magistrates and council of Edinburgh, with whom the patronage of the situation lay, gave the preference, however, to Mr. Frazer Tytler, (the late Lord Woodhouselee.) Chagrined at this disappointment, Mr. Logan no longer persevered in his course of private lecturing; but he committed to the press an analysis of such portion of his lectures as related to Ancient History, and published it under the title of "Elements of the Philosophy of History," which was shortly after followed by one of the lectures entire, "On the Manners and Governments of Asia."

In 1782 he published a collection of his poems in one vol. 8vo. The reputation which he had acquired for the possession of poetical talents, secured for it a very favourable reception, and a second edition was almost immediately called for. This encouragement stimulated his muse to greater exertions, and, in 1783, he offered a tragedy called "Runnamede" to Mr. Harris, the manager of Covent Garden theatre, who thought so well of it, that he put it in rehearsal. When the necessary licence, however, was applied for to the Lord Chamberlain, it was refused. The play was founded on the history of Magna Charta, and contained some appeals, the influence of which, on public opinion, the ministers of the day had probably occasion to dread. It was printed, however, the same year, and afterwards acted at Edinburgh, though with no great success. An Edinburgh audience was not at that period, nor for a long time

after, exactly that sort of public body, on which sound political sentiments, clothed even in the most glowing language, were likely to make much impression; and, notwithstanding their verdict, the tragedy of *Runnemed* may still be pronounced one which, if slightly amended, would be worthy of revival.

The ancient prejudice which the Scottish people entertained against theatrical representations, and which had already driven a *Home* from the country, had not at this period greatly subsided; and though it assumed not the same outrageous form against Logan, it generated in the minds of his parishioners a suspicion of his religious sincerity and zeal, which proved equally prejudicial to his temporal fortunes. From suspicion they proceeded to scrutiny, and, with minds biassed to view every thing in the worst light, it was not long before they discovered that Logan had in reality more of the habits of the poet than the preacher. He was fond of social intercourse, and had neither the prudence nor resolution to avoid the occasional excesses to which it almost invariably leads. A proposition to vacate his charge was made; and partly in disgust, and partly from a fear of worse consequences, he acceded to it, on condition of receiving a moderate annuity out of the stipend.

Mr. Logan now repaired to London, consoled and animated with the confidence that his talents would there have full scope, and command rewards with which neither local nor general prejudices could interfere. His first literary occupation in the metropolis, was as a contributor to the periodical journals, but more particularly the *English Review*. In 1788 he was employed to write a pamphlet, entitled, "A

Review of the principal Charges against Mr. Warren Hastings," which had the good fortune to give great offence to the leaders of the impeachment against that gentleman, who construed it into an infringement of their privileges, and went so far as to institute a prosecution against the publisher, Mr. Stockdale. The jury, however, who sat on the cause, found nothing libellous in it, and unanimously acquitted the defendant. In truth, party fury alone could have discovered in this production any thing worthy of so much notice; for of all the political pamphlets which have made a noise in the world, Logan's Review of the Charges against Mr. Hastings, is one of the least calculated to gratify the curiosity of a reader who is free from the angry passions in which it had its rise. It is certainly the weakest of all Logan's productions.

The triumph which the verdict of the jury gave to the publisher of the pamphlet, its ingenious author did not live to witness. His health had been for some time much impaired, and he fell into a lingering illness, of which he died, on the 28th Dec. 1788, in the fortieth year of his age.

The end of Logan, we are told, was truly Christian. When he became too weak to hold a book, he employed his time in hearing such young persons as visited him, read the scriptures. His conversation turned chiefly on serious subjects, and was affecting and instructive. He foresaw and prepared for the approach of death; gave directions about his funeral with the utmost composure, and dictated a will, by which he appointed his old friend Dr. Robertson, and Dr. Donald Grant, his executors; and bequeathed to them his property, books, and MSS., to be converted

into money for the payment of legacies to such relations and friends, as had the strongest claims on his affectionate remembrance.

Two volumes of sermons, selected from his manuscripts, were accordingly published at Edinburgh, under the superintendance of Dr. Robertson, in 1790 and 1791. Few works of the kind have been more successful. They have (1808) reached a fifth edition, and are still in request. More ardent and imaginative than Blair, Logan is less read only because his eloquence is of a kind more suited to the pulpit than the closet.

Mr. Logan left several other works in MS., among which were the unpublished part of his Lectures on History;\* *Electra*, a tragedy; *The Wedding-Day*, a tragedy, being a translation of the *Deserteur* of Mercier; and the first act of a tragedy, called *The Carthaginian Hero*.

His chief ambition appears to have been to shine in the drama; but in this he can be scarcely said to have followed the natural bent of his genius. For though "*Runnamede*" is a respectable production, it is not altogether a happy one; the sentiments are often strained, and the action artificial, leaving an impression that the author has been trying something to which his powers are not quite equal. The muse of Logan was naturally of a pensive and contemplative

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\* It is said, I know not with what truth, that these were deposited, by Mr. Logan, with a gentleman who kept an academy near London, as security for a loan of money; and that they have been since published in that person's own name. A. S.



cast; disposed to shun those busy haunts which furnish materials for dramatic delineation, and delighting to pour forth her simple wail in the most sequestered spots. His "Visit to the Country in Autumn," "The Lovers," and "The Braes of Yarrow," are master-pieces of sentimental tenderness, and, of themselves, justly entitle Logan to a high station among the poets of his country. Had he cultivated ballad or narrative poetry more, he would doubtless have attained to a still greater eminence; for within this range of composition, there was no quality which he did not possess in the amplest degree. The prevailing style of his language is chaste and simple; he is choice in his selection of points, and has a felicitous brevity in enforcing them, which is only to be acquired by much judgement and sensibility united.

E. L.

ANDREW MACDONALD.

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ANDREW DONALD (for the *Mac* was an addition not originally prefixed to his name) was the son of George Donald, a gardener near Leith, and born about the year 1755. He received the rudiments of his education at the grammar-school of Leith, and afterwards studied at the University of Edinburgh, with a view to taking orders in the Episcopal Church, to which his father and family belonged. In 1775, he was admitted into deacon's orders, and it was on this occasion that, with the approbation of the bishop who ordained him, he changed his name to *Macdonald*.

About two years after, Mr. Macdonald was appointed to be pastor of the episcopal congregation at Glasgow. The emoluments of his living were not great; but, being a man of simple habits and cheerful disposition, they were for some time sufficient to enable him to live in a state of considerable ease. If the income was small, the duties were equally so; and he had ample leisure left to bestow on other agreeable if not profitable pursuits. Of music and poetry he was passionately fond; and to both he devoted a large share of attention. A musical club, of which he became one of the directors, was established in Glasgow; and at its meetings he spent many of his happiest hours. He not only played well on the violin, but was intimately conversant with the theory of musical composition. As a poet he was not pub-

licly known till 1782, when he presented the world with "Velina," a poetical fragment, in imitation of Spenser, which at once established his claims to be regarded as a favourite of the muses.

Ere long, a marriage of affection brought Mr. Macdonald the additional burden of a wife and family to provide for; but, instead of increasing means, he found the little he had, every day less and less. The Episcopalians in Glasgow, never at any time, since the reformation, a numerous body, so dwindled away in the course of a few years, that his stipend, which arose entirely out of the seat-rents, became at last wholly inadequate to his support. He endeavoured to improve his income by the exercise of his pen; and produced, while at Glasgow, a novel, called "The Independent:" but partly from a want of interest in the work, and partly from the disadvantages incidental to provincial publication, it yielded him little or no profit. Conceiving, perhaps justly, that great success as an author was not to be expected while he remained at Glasgow, he resigned his charge there, and chose, at the same time, to relinquish his ecclesiastical functions altogether. He now resumed the dress of a layman, and, with no other hopes than those of a literary adventurer, removed to Edinburgh.

In the Scottish capital, however, he met not with the encouragement he had fondly anticipated. He wrote "Vimonda, a Tragedy," which was acted for the benefit of one of the players, and honoured with considerable applause; but to be talked of as a young man of promising genius was all the benefit which it brought to the author.

Mr. Macdonald now resolved to try his fortune in

London ; and walked hither “ with no other fortune,” says Mr. D’Israeli,\* “ than the novel of the Independent in one pocket, and the tragedy of Vimonda in the other.” On his arrival here he met many friends, who received him with open arms, and for some time “ he lived in all the bloom and flush of poetical confidence.”

“ Vimonda” was almost immediately brought out at the Haymarket Theatre, and performed several nights with applause. It made him favourably known to the English public, and his future productions were looked forward to with considerable interest. His taste for music induced him to make the composition of an opera his next dramatic attempt. In a letter to a friend in Scotland, dated Oct. 18, 1787, he says, “ I shall soon be acquainted with the great musicians here. Shield has already undertaken to set an opera for me, of which you may perhaps hear before the winter campaign is finished.” The winter campaign passed away, however, without any opera making its appearance, and Macdonald was, in the meanwhile, subjected to the greatest pecuniary straits. But summer returned, and brought with it new hopes. “ Thank heaven,” he says, in another letter, dated May 12, 1788, “ my greatest difficulties are now over, and the approaching opening of the summer theatre will soon render me independent and perfectly at ease. In three weeks, as you will see by the public prints, I shall be flourishing at the Haymarket in splendour superior to last season.” “ Do visit,” he adds, “ Mrs. — this season. If she afford you a

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\* Calamities of Authors.

city lodging, make your country seat with me. I am fixed for the summer in a sweet retirement at Brompton, where I can give you a share of a poet's supper—sallads and delicious fruits (even Corri eats no better) from my own garden."

While these dramatic projects were in dependence, Macdonald contrived to earn something for present subsistence, by writing for the newspapers. To his principal contributions, which were mostly of a satirical cast, he affixed the signature of "Mathew Bramble;" and under this assumed name was so successful, as for a time to divide with Peter Pindar the applause of the town. The receipts from this source were however scanty and precarious; and the writer, who was daily furnishing amusement to thousands, was at length, through the miscarriage of his theatrical schemes, frequently without the means of providing for the wants of the passing hour. Even the "poet's supper, of sallads and fruits," was no longer the portion of poor Macdonald. He was forced to leave his comfortable retirement at Brompton, and to take shelter in a mean residence at Kentish Town. It was about this period that he came under the notice of Mr. D'Israeli, and furnished an affecting page to his "Calamities of Authors." "One evening," he says, "I saw a tall, famished, melancholy man enter a bookseller's shop, his hat flapped over his eyes, and his whole frame evidently feeble from exhaustion and utter misery. The bookseller inquired, How he proceeded in his new tragedy? 'Do not talk to me about my tragedy! Do not talk to me about my tragedy! I have, indeed, more tragedy than I can bear at home!' was the reply, and the voice faltered as he

spoke. His tragedy was, indeed, a domestic one, in which he himself was the greatest actor, amongst a wife and seven children."

Macdonald's spirits, though naturally most buoyant, sunk at last under the pressure of accumulated hardships; and a deep melancholy, co-operating with the infirmities of a weak constitution, speedily brought him to an untimely grave. He died in August, 1790, aged thirty-three.

The personal character of Macdonald was in the highest degree amiable and engaging. His demeanour had an air of independence, bordering on haughtiness; but, in his familiar conversation, it relaxed into the utmost affability and even playfulness. He possessed a warm and generous heart; and it was among his worst faults to think too well of others.

A collection of his "Miscellaneous works" was published shortly after his death. Besides "Vimonda," it included "The Fair Apostate, a tragedy;" "Love and Loyalty, an opera;" "The Princess of Tarento, a comedy;" "Probationary odes for the Laureateship," &c. The range of his genius was comprehensive; embracing equally the simple and the grand, the ludicrous and the pathetic. His tragedies are deficient in plot and incident; but they contain many noble passages, and are uniformly remarkable for great elegance and force of diction. His comic humour is best displayed in "The Probationary Odes," and in the various effusions of Mathew Bramble; and these, though liable to the deductions always attendant on subjects of temporary interest, may still be read with pleasure. Of all his performances, however, there is probably none which will give more delight to a

poetical reader, than the fragment of "Velina." It displays a gaiety of fancy and delicacy of sentiment, which place it on a level with some of Spenser's happiest effusions. No person of taste can read such stanzas as the following, without recognizing in them the fire of genuine poetry.

## XVIII.

"If e'er thy heart has felt Love's subtle flame,  
 Thou mayest imagine, for I cannot tell,  
 How, o'er my soul, the mingled rapture came,  
 Of sweet sensation, which I could not quell;  
 How, through my trembling veins, a powerful swell  
 Of life rush'd forth, and bore me quite away.  
 Down on my knees, before the nymph, I fell,  
 Ask'd in what star of heav'n her mansion lay,  
 That, in fit terms, I might my adoration pay.

## XIX.

Rise, simple youth, the blushing virgin said,  
 No goddess I, of planet or of star,  
 A weak, poor, friendless, persecuted maid,  
 Whose hateful prison lies not distant far:  
 Where chiefs, whose sole delight is barb'rous war,  
 Bray'd from the clashing shield and rattling car;  
 But sounds before I never heard so clear,  
 So soft, as those which drew me wand'ring, heed-  
 less, here."

A. C.

## JAMES MERCER, ESQ.

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JAMES MERCER, the friend and companion of Beattie, was born on the 27th February, 1734. He was the eldest of two sons of Thomas Mercer, Esq., a gentleman of private fortune in Aberdeenshire. He received, at the Grammar School, and Marischal College of Aberdeen, an education of the most liberal description; but evinced no inclination for any of those professions to which letters are most essential. On the breaking out of the Rebellion of 1745, his father took arms in behalf of the Pretender, and with other adherents of that unfortunate Prince, was afterwards forced to fly for refuge to France. James joined his father at Paris, and resided with him there for several years, following no particular pursuit, but improving his mind by literary studies, and by intercourse with the best society which the French metropolis afforded.

At the commencement of the Seven Years' War, Mr. Mercer crossed over to Britain with the hope of being able to avail himself of this opportunity of embracing the profession of arms, for which he had always evinced a strong predilection. Whatever share he might have inherited of his father's prejudices against the House of Hanover, it was not such as to tempt him to enlist under any other banner than that of his country. On his arrival in England, he found preparations making for the expedition against Cherbourg, and he immediately joined it as a volunteer.



After the failure of that ill-concerted attack, Mr. Mercer proceeded to Germany, and placed himself under the command of Lord George Sackville, still as a volunteer. In a short time he was promoted to an Ensigncy in one of the English regiments serving with the allied army; and afterwards obtained what was more gratifying to his national pride, a Lieutenancy, in a battalion of Highlanders which had been newly raised by Lieut. Col. Campbell.

Mr. Mercer pursued his military career with more than ordinary enthusiasm. He was unceasing in his application to the study of the most celebrated authors on the Art of War; and during several years' arduous service in the field, distinguished himself by his bravery and skill. At the battle of Minden, his regiment was one of the six British corps, whose gallantry saved on that occasion the reputation of the allied arms.

Shortly before the peace of 1763, General Græme, a relation of Mr. Mercer, having undertaken to raise a regiment, (afterwards called the Queen's,) presented his young friend with a company in it. Mr. M. accordingly returned to Great Britain, and while the regiment was organizing, took up his residence at Aberdeen, the place of his birth and education. Here he enjoyed the society of several persons of understandings more cultivated, and of a better style and taste in conversation than are often to be met with in places at a distance from the metropolis. Among those, whose friendship he prized most, were Dr. Beattie, Dr. Reid, Dr. Campbell, all illustrious names, and Mr. Douglas of Fechil, the father of his future wife, a gentleman little known to the republic of let-

ters, but commemorated by his son, Lord Glenbervie, as "remarkable for a strong understanding, a genuine flow of humour, a great memory, and a familiar acquaintance with Roman and almost all modern literature."

The peace of 1763 arrived without Mr. M. being again called into active service. The "Queen's," with other new corps, was reduced, and Mr. M. returned once more to Aberdeen.

His friend, Mr. Douglas, was by this time no more; and the loss of one whom he so highly esteemed made him renew, with the greater fondness, his intimacy with the surviving branches of that gentleman's family. He now openly avowed an attachment for Miss Douglas, which had been gaining ground ever since their first acquaintance, and which proved to be reciprocal. In the summer of 1763, they were married by Dr. Reid, who had not yet removed to Glasgow.

Mr. Mercer now purchased a Company in the 49th regiment, and removed with it to Ireland, where he passed the chief part of nine or ten years. The Majority of the regiment becoming vacant, he succeeded to it by purchase; and having held that commission for some time, he concluded, in 1772, a treaty with Sir Henry Calder, the Lieut. Colonel, for becoming his successor, and the treaty was confirmed in the usual manner by Lord Townshend, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In consequence, however, of some more powerful influence at Court, the recommendation of the Lord Lieutenant was disregarded, notwithstanding repeated and angry remonstrances from his lordship, and the commission, belonging by every principle of equity to Mr. Mercer, was given to another.

Major Mercer, justly incensed at this treatment, took the sudden resolution of selling out of the army ; and on quitting it retired with his family, consisting of Mrs. M. and two daughters, to a small cottage in the vicinity of Aberdeen.

In the spring of 1774, the air of the south of France having been recommended to Mrs. Mercer, who had been almost constantly an invalid since the first year of their marriage, they repaired to that country and took up their residence in the province of Saintonge, at or near the town of Pons. After remaining here nearly two years, during which Mrs. M.'s health was somewhat improved, they returned to Scotland.

In 1776-77, the Duke of Gordon raised, on his estates, a regiment of Fencibles for government, and on the invitation of his Grace, Mr. Mercer accepted of a Majority in the corps, which he retained during the American war. On the return of peace, the Major again settled with his family in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen ; first in a very retired cottage, which he rented, and afterwards at a pleasant villa, which by an accession of fortune, on the death of his brother, he was enabled to build and surround with shrubberies and plantations in a very tasteful manner ; to this villa, from its warm southern aspect, he gave the name of Sunny Bank.

The closing days of Major Mercer's life were far, however, from being days of sunshine or repose. His own health was now much impaired, and Mrs. Mercer was a perpetual invalid. He was, from these circumstances, compelled to lead nearly the life of a recluse ; and ere long, the irreparable losses to which those who approach the verge of old age are by the

laws of our existence necessarily exposed, took away from seclusion all cause of regret. One revered friend after another sunk into the tomb; and at last he was doomed to suffer the worst blow which death could inflict, in the sudden and unexpected dissolution of Mrs. Mercer, who expired on the 3rd of January, 1802. The shock of her death so deeply affected her husband, that not only his health became worse, but his mind sunk into a fixed melancholy, which no efforts of his own, no affectionate attention of those who still remained with him, could remove. His mind, constantly preyed upon by thoughts of former and irrecoverable happiness, became at length totally alienated and gone; and on the 18th of November, in the year after Mrs. Mercer's death, he followed her to the grave.

The character of Major Mercer has been thus briefly but strikingly pourtrayed by Dr. Beattie, in a letter to the Duchess of Gordon, dated 10th January, 1779: "Major Mercer, with more learning than any other man of my acquaintance, has all the playfulness of a school-boy, and unites the wit and wisdom of Montesquieu with the sensibility of Rousseau and the generosity of Tom Jones." His acquaintance with books, especially of poetry and belles lettres, was not only very extensive, but he himself possessed a rich and genuine poetical vein. He was unwilling, however, that even his most intimate friends should know that he was guilty of the sin of rhyming; even Dr. Beattie had for a long time no suspicion of the fact. His brother-in-law, Lord Glenbervie, was almost the only male friend whom he entrusted with the secret, and it was with the greatest difficulty that amiable and

accomplished scholar could prevail on him to permit a small collection of his pieces to be published, anonymously, in 1797. A second edition, including seven new pieces, appeared early in 1804, with the title of "Lyric Poems, by James Mercer, Esq.;"—"yet still," says Lord Glenberrie, "almost against his will." After his death, a third edition was called for, to which his Lordship prefixed "An Account of the Life of the Author," from which most of the particulars of the present Sketch have been derived.

The whole of Mercer's poetical pieces appear to have been effusions of the moment, prompted by circumstances of real occurrence, which operated strongly on the sensibility of the writer; and though they may therefore want that completeness of design which belongs to well meditated compositions, they possess a degree of spirit and vivacity which but too often eludes the grasp of study. His style is of a classical correctness and purity; and if his sentiments have sometimes the fault of triteness, they show, at least, a mind laudably bent on just and benevolent views of human life.

## Appendix

TO THE LIVES OF THE POETS.

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### LIFE OF JAMES THE FIRST.—PART I. p. 3.

“ In 1407 he was removed to Nottingham Castle. In 1413, he was brought back to the Tower, &c.” Since this was written, we have been favoured with the following communication. “ Among the title deeds of the estate of Drumlanrig, there is a charter of confirmation by James the First, written with his own hand, from the subscribing clause of which it appears that in 1412, he had been residing at Croydon. The following is a literal copy: “ James through the Grace of God, Kynge of Scottis, till all that this lettre heris or seis, Sendis gretynge : Wit ye, that we have grauntit, and be this presentis lettres grauntis, a special confirmation in the maist forme, till our trusty and wele belovit cousyng Sir William Douglas, of Drumlanrig, of all the lands that he is possessit and chartrit of within the kyngdome of Scotlande, that is for to say, the lands of Drumlanrig, of Hawyke, and of Selkirke, the whilks charts, and possessions, be this lettre we conferme, and wil for the mare sekerness this our confirmatione be formabilli efter fourme of our chaunselur and the tenor of his chartris selit with our grete sele, in tyme to come : in witness of the whilks, this presentis lettres, we write with our propre hand under the signet usit in selying of our lettres as now, at Croidoun the last day of November, the zere of our Lord I—cccc. xii.”

## ALLAN RAMSAY.—PART I. p. 85.

A theory exactly similar to that here stated, with respect to the probable origin of many of our Scottish airs, has been since met with in an obscure work, called "The Saint's Recreation;" or "Spiritual hymns and songs, suited to grave, sweet, melodious tunes," &c. By William Geddes, Minister of Wick. Edinburgh, 1683. The author, in his preface, says, "I cannot omit here to obviate an objection which may be raised by some inconsiderate persons, which is this; 'O, say they, we remember some of these ayres or tunes were sung heretofore with amorous sonnets.' To this I answer, first, that in this practice I have the precedent of some of the most pious, grave, and zealous divines of the kingdom, who to very good purpose have composed godly songs to the tunes of such old songs as these, *The Bonny broom, I'll never leave thee, We'll all go pull the hadder*, and such like, and yet without any challenge or disparagement. Secondly, it is alledged by some, and that not without some colour of reason, that many of our ayres or tunes are made by good angels, but the letter or lines of our songs by devils. We choose the part angelical, and leave the diabolical. Thirdly, it is as possible and probable, *that those vain profane men who composed these amorous naughty sonnets have surreptitiously borrowed those grave sweet tunes from former spiritual hymns and songs, and why may we not again challenge our own, plead for restitution, and bring back to the right owner; applying those grave airs again to a divine and spiritual subject.*"

But see the whole theory very ably controverted by Mr. Tytler in his *Essay on Ancient Scottish Music*, in the *Transactions of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries*, vol. I. The writer of the *Life of Ramsay* has, indeed, only contended that it might be partially correct. "It was not intended," it was said, "to account by this theory for the origin of our native airs universally," &c.

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LIFE OF HOME.—PART I. p. 123.

We have been obliged by the following notice from Mr. Andrew Brown, bookseller, Edinburgh:—  
 "I have seen a copy of Mr. Home's works in 2 vols. 12mo. with a Biographical Sketch at the beginning, in which is related a long conversation he is said to have had with Garrick. At the bottom was a note in Mr. Home's own hand writing, for it was his own copy, saying—"Every word of the above conversation is false."

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LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.—PART I. p. 182.

The observations made on the conduct of Mr. Thomson towards Burns, in regard to his contributions to that gentleman's collection of *National Melodies*, have given occasion to the following letter. The writer of those observations is unwilling to impair the effect of the sensible and temperate defence, which this letter



contains of the part Mr. Thomson acted in the transaction; yet, in justification of the impressions under which he was led to censure it as illiberal, he must say a few words.

“Edinensis” does the writer of Burns’s life no more than justice, in supposing that that censure had its source in a “generous sympathy for the misfortunes of the illustrious bard alone.” Mr. Thomson is entirely unknown to him, except as the editor of the *Melodies* and the correspondent of Burns; and there could exist no feeling beyond the honest opinion excited by an attentive review of his conduct in these capacities. What that opinion was, he has freely expressed; and he will say this much, that had he no other facts than such as were then before him, it is the opinion by which on reflection he would abide. He was not however then aware, and he is convinced that the public in general are as little aware, that Mr. Thomson’s admirable and esteemed collection—that “the whole concern, though it includes the labours of Haydn, has scarcely afforded a compensation for the various expenses, and for the time employed on the work.” Had he known this fact—had he at all suspected that Burns, so far from “contributing by the noblest efforts of genius, to establish a *valuable* property for another,” had been contributing to a work which has proved of scarcely any pecuniary value, and which has at all events afforded no profits, out of which Burns could have an equitable claim to remuneration, he would never have so far dishonoured the memory of the bard, as to lament that he did not obtain from Mr. Thomson’s charity what he had no claim to from his justice. Perhaps a scrupulous ba-



lancer of accounts might desire to know all that is comprehended in the phrase, that the work has “scarcely afforded a compensation for the various expenses, and for the time employed on the work?” Whose time is included? How has that time been valued? and whether is it right and usual, that the mere time employed on a work should be compensated before the genius to which it owes all its excellence, and all its chance of rewarding those concerned in it?—But whatever exception to the alleged unproductiveness of the work may lurk under these queries, the writer of Burns’ life would never for himself have deemed it worth while to make it the foundation of a single reflection on the subject. He blamed Mr. Thomson for illiberality, solely because he conceived that he had been a great gainer by the contributions of Burns.

A good deal is said of the embarrassing situation, in which Mr. Thompson was placed by the absurd repugnance which Burns entertained to any thing in the shape of pecuniary recompense, for the effusions of his genius; but on this point there is an observation which must occur to every one:—Had profit really been derived from Burns’ contributions, the ways were innumerable, in which justice might have been done to the poet *in spite of himself*. Nor can it be denied, that *the manner* in which Mr. Thomson got at last over the embarrassment, and all about *the ruminating over the five pounds*, was such as (without the explanation which has been given) fully to justify the opinion, which many more than the present writer have been led to entertain on the subject.

*To the Editor of the Lives of Eminent Scotsmen.*

*“ Argyle Square, Edinburgh, 29th Dec. 1821.*

“ In your account of our immortal national bard, Robert Burns, you have thrown out some severe reflections upon a gentleman of this city, which I am conscious you would not have hazarded, had you been acquainted with all the true circumstances of the case. I am disposed to believe that a generous sympathy in the misfortunes of the illustrious bard, alone dictated those harsh reflexions,—and I feel confident that you would be happy to have it in your power to do ample justice to the character of a gentleman, whose numerous amiable qualities, generosity of heart, and liberality of sentiment, have gained the enthusiastic attachment of all who ever had the happiness of knowing him. I have had the honour of this gentleman’s acquaintance for nearly thirty years—and I have never known a more ardent admirer of the genius of Burns, nor any one more anxious to promote the interests of his family, when deprived of their illustrious protector. In a word, I have never known a man of a more truly generous and benevolent heart.

About twelve years ago, a similar charge was made upon Mr. Thomson, in a Novel, called *Nubilia*, written by an anonymous author. This charge was completely refuted at the time, in a *Life of Burns*, prefixed to an edition of his Works, in 2 vols. royal and demy 8vo. by a distinguished scholar, now professor in one of our Scottish Universities. As you may never have seen this life of Burns, I have here copied the article as far as regards the matter in question,—and I hope you will have the goodness to give the extract a place

in one of your future numbers, and thus atone for the injury am you have, I sure unintentionally, done, to the character of a man who is not only an ornament to the city in which he lives, but who merits the gratitude of his countrymen for having, by the most indefatigable industry and perseverance, directed by the finest taste, completed the noblest monument to the National music and Lyric poetry of the British Isles, that has ever been reared by a private individual.\*

I am, respectfully,

Your very obedient servant,

EDINENSIS."

*Extract from the Life of Burns, referred to in the preceding Letter.*

"In 1792, Mr. Thomson solicited Burns to supply him with twenty or thirty songs, for the great musical work in which he was then engaged, with an understanding distinctly specified, that the bard should receive a regular pecuniary remuneration for his contributions. With the first part of the proposal Burns instantly complied, but pre-emptorily rejected the last. His motive for this rejection, and for his subsequent refusal of an offer from the editor of the Morning Chronicle, to allow him £50 per annum for a periodical copy of verses, must have been some perplexed and ill regulated sentiments of pride. It was

\* I allude to Mr. Thomson's superb collection of Scottish, Irish, and Welsh National Melodies, published in ten volumes, with introductory and concluding Symphonies by the greatest masters in Europe.

equally creditable to receive a compensation for his mental, as for his manual, labour; nor was the work of his pen less entitled to reward, than the work of his plough, on which he was fond of resting his claim to independence. But whatever were his motives, he entered on his gratuitous task with an eagerness and delight, which shewed, that though he might perhaps not have prescribed it for himself, yet, when turned to it by the gentle compulsion of a friend's entreaty, he found it still possessed of its original attractions. Through the whole of his remaining years, he continued supplying Mr. Thomson with songs, of which many are singularly excellent; and even the most careless, like the shortest letters of Dr. Johnson, contain some turn of thought or expression, which is characteristic of their author, and which serves to stamp them as productions of Burns.

“This employment led him into a close correspondence with Mr. Thomson; and that gentleman, a few months after its commencement, ventured, notwithstanding the original prohibition, to acknowledge his services by a pecuniary present, which the poet with some difficulty restrained himself from returning, but intimated very explicitly, that a repetition of the measure should be a rupture of their connexion. Mr. Thomson had therefore no alternative, but that of losing entirely the valuable aid of Burns, or of putting a force on his just and anxious desire to reward it; and all that he could do after what had passed, was to send occasionally some presents, of a nature at which he thought the punctilious jealousy of the poet would be least disposed to take offence. A few days before Burns expired, he applied to Mr. Thomson for a loan

of £5., in a note which shewed the irritable and distracted situation of his mind ; and his friend, with commendable judgement, instantly remitted the precise sum, foreseeing that had he, at that moment, presumed to exceed the request, he would have exasperated the irritation and resentment of the haughty invalid, and done him more injury, by agitating his passions, than could be repaired by administering more largely to his wants.

“These particulars are stated chiefly to create occasion for noting a harsh and calumnious attack which has lately been made against Mr. Thomson, for his selfish and illiberal treatment of Burns. This attack is introduced into a Novel, with the title, *Nubilia*, and is indeed almost the only novelty which it contains. When the author charges Mr. Thomson with “having enriched himself by the labours of Burns,” without a disposition to reward it, he betrays a gross inattention to their correspondence, every line of which he ought to have considered before venturing on his invective ; and discovers an incapacity to penetrate the sinuosities of the poet’s character, which ought to have deterred him from the attempt. Burns had all the unmanageable pride of Samuel Johnson ; and if the latter threw away, with indignation, the new shoes which had been placed at his chamber door, secretly and collectively by his companions, the former would have been still more ready to resent any pecuniary donation, with which a single individual, after his peremptory prohibition, should avowedly have dared to insult him. He would instantly have construed such conduct into a virtual assertion, that his prohibition was insincere, and his independence affected ; and the more

artfully the transaction had been disguised, the more rage it would have excited, as implying the same assertion, with the additional charge, that if secretly made, it would not be denied. But on this subject the public may have an opportunity of hearing Mr. Thomson himself, who, in a letter to the author of the present memoir, expresses himself thus :

“ ‘ In a late anonymous Novel, I have been attacked with much bitterness, and accused of not endeavouring to remunerate Burns for the songs which he wrote for my collection, although there is the clearest evidence of the contrary, both in the printed correspondence between the poet and me, and in the public testimony of Dr. Currie. My assailant, too, without knowing any thing of the matter, states, that I had enriched myself by the labours of Burns ;— and of course that my want of generosity was inexorable.

“ ‘ Now, the fact is, that notwithstanding the united labours of all the men of genius, who have enriched my collection, I am not even yet compensated for the precious time consumed by me in poring over musty volumes, and in corresponding with every amateur and poet, by whose means I expected to make any valuable additions to our national music and song,—for the exertion and money it cost me to obtain accompaniments from the greatest masters of harmony in Vienna, —and for the sums paid to engravers, printers, and others. On this subject, the testimony of Mr. Preston in London, a man of unquestionable and well known character, who has printed the music for every copy of my work, may be more satisfactory than any thing I can say :. In August, 1809, he wrote me as follows :



‘ I am concerned at the very unwarrantable attack which has been made upon you by the author of *Nubilia* ; nothing could be more unjust, than to say you had enriched yourself by Burns’s labours ; for the whole concern, though it includes the labours of Haydn, has scarcely afforded a compensation for the various expenses, and for the time employed on the work. When a work obtains any celebrity, publishers are generally supposed to derive a profit ten times beyond the reality ; the sale is greatly magnified, and the expenses are not in the least taken into consideration. It is truly vexatious to be so grossly and scandalously abused for conduct, the very reverse of which has been manifest through the whole transaction.’

“ ‘ Were I the sordid man, that the anonymous author calls me, I had a most inviting opportunity to profit much more than I did, by the lyrics of our great bard. He had written above fifty songs expressly for my work ; they were in my possession unpublished at his death ; I had the right and the power of retaining them till I should be ready to publish them : but when I was informed that an edition of the Poet’s works was projected for the benefit of his family, I put them in immediate possession of the whole of his songs, as well as letters, and thus enabled Dr. Currie to complete the four volumes which were sold for the family’s behoof to Messrs. Cadell and Davis. And I have the satisfaction of knowing, that the most zealous friends of the family, Mr. Cunninghame, Mr. Syme, Dr. Currie, and the poet’s own brother, considered my sacrifice of the prior right of publishing the songs, as no ungrateful return for the disinterested and liberal conduct of the poet. Accordingly, Mr. Gilbert Burns,



in a letter to me, which alone might suffice for an answer to all the Novelist's abuse, thus expresses himself: ' If ever I come to Edinburgh, I will certainly call on a person, whose handsome conduct to my brother's family has secured my esteem, and confirmed me in the opinion, that musical taste and talents have a close connexion with the harmony of the moral feelings.'

" ' Nothing is farther from my thoughts, than to claim any merit for what I did ; I never would have uttered a word on the subject, but for the harsh and groundless accusation, which has been brought forward, either by ignorance or animosity, and which I have long suffered to remain unnoticed, from my great dislike to any public appearance.'

" This statement supersedes the necessity of any additional remark. When the public is satisfied,—when the relations of Burns are grateful—and above all, when the delicate mind of Mr. Thomson is at peace with itself, in contemplating his conduct, there can be no necessity for a nameless novelist to contradict them all, and to work himself into a fever of malignant benevolence to relieve the general tameness of his performance."

The following is the letter by Burns, " the recollection" of which checked Mr. Thomson's resolution of making him a pecuniary offer, when he heard of the sufferings under which he laboured.

*Burns to Mr. Thomson.*

*July, 1793.*

" I ASSURE you, my dear Sir, that you truly hurt me with your pecuniary parcel. It

degrades me in my own eyes. However, to return it, would savour of affectation ; but, as to any more traffic of that debtor and creditor kind, I swear by that HONOUR which crowns the upright statue of ROBERT BURNS'S INTEGRITY, on the least mention of it, I will indignantly spurn the by-past transaction, and from that moment commence entire stranger to you ! Burns's character for generosity of sentiment and independence of mind, will, I trust, long outlive any of his wants, which the cold unfeeling ore can supply ; at least, I will take care that such a character he shall deserve."

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#### LIFE OF DRUMMOND.—PART II. p. 129.

When the writer of this life ventured on the internal evidence afforded by the "Spectacle and Entertainment" exhibited at Edinburgh, on the visit of Charles the First, to ascribe it to the pen of Drummond, he was, as he has stated, wholly unaware that any claim to this piece, on Drummond's part, had hitherto been offered. His attention, however, has been since directed to an extract, from a manuscript said to be preserved in the Library of the University of Edinburgh, inserted in the Edinburgh Magazine for 1774, which states expressly, that "all the speeches, with the pageants, were devised and composed by Mr. John Adamson, Primar of the College, Mr. *William Drummond of Hawthornden*, and the Master of the High School, joined to a committee of the gravest and most understanding citizens and

clerks." He is glad to find his conjecture thus converted into certainty, nor is he afraid of suffering in the judgement of the candid, for being uninformed of a fact which lay hid in so multifarious and unfrequented a repository as a provincial magazine.

While removing doubt from one claim, he must take the opportunity of bringing forward another; his oversight of which is perhaps less to be excused. He omitted to state, that Drummond is said to have been not more skilled in literature and poetry, than in the more profound studies of mathematics and mechanics. Mr. A. Campbell mentions a patent for several mechanical inventions, which was granted to him, under the great seal, by Charles I. but does not specify where it is to be met with.

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### LIFE OF ROBERT FERGUSSON.

PART IV. p. 83.

Extract from the Records of the managers of the Kirk and Kirk Yard funds of Canongate, relative to the erection, by Robert Burns, of a Headstone in memory of Robert Fergusson.

"Session House within the Kirk of Canongate, the 22nd of February, 1787.

"Sederunt of the Managers of the Kirk and Kirk Yard Funds of Canongate.

"Which day, the treasurer to the said funds produced a letter from Mr. Robert Burns, of date the sixth current, which was read and appointed to be engrossed in their sederunt book, and of which letter the tenor follows :

*To the honorable Baillies of Cañongate, Edinburgh.*

“ Gentlemen,

“ I AM sorry to be told, that the remains of Robert Fergusson, the so justly celebrated poet, a man whose talents for ages to come will do honor to our Caledonian name, lie in your church-yard among the ignoble dead, unnoticed and unknown.

“ Some memorial to direct the steps of the lovers of Scottish song, when they shed a tear over the “ narrow house” of the bard who is no more, is surely a tribute due to Fergusson’s memory ; a tribute I wish to have the honor of paying.

“ I petition you then, gentlemen, to permit me to lay a simple stone over his revered ashes, to remain an unalienable property to his deathless fame. I have the honor to be,

Gentlemen,

Your very humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.”

“ Thereafter the said managers, in consideration of the laudable and disinterested motion of Mr. Burns, and the propriety of his request, did and hereby do unanimously grant power and liberty to the said Robert Burns, to erect a headstone at the grave of the said Robert Fergusson, and to keep up and preserve the same to his memory in all time coming.

“ Extracted forth of the records of the managers, by

William Sprott, *Clerk.*”

Extract from the *Elogia Sepulchralia Edinburgensia*.

“ From inattention in the mason employed to erect this monument, the foundation soon gave way, and it was in danger of falling. When this was observed, Burns, as well as Fergusson, was then also numbered with the dead. Some members of the Esculapian club, animated by that pious zeal for departed merit, which had before led them to prevent some other sepulchral monuments from going to ruin, applied for liberty to repair this tribute from one poet to the memory of another; and permission being granted, they took that opportunity of affixing to it an additional inscription, commemorating the genius of Burns. The poetical part of it is taken, almost verbatim, from the Elegy written by Burns himself on Captain Matthew Henderson.

“ *Dignum laude verum muss vetat mori.*

“ Lo! Genius, proudly, while to Fame she turns,  
Twice CURRIE'S laurels with the wreath of BURNS.

*Roscoe.*

“ TO THE MEMORY OF  
ROBERT BURNS, THE Ayrshire Bard;  
WHO WAS BORN AT DOONSIDE  
ON THE 25TH OF JANUARY, 1759;  
AND DIED AT DUMFRIES  
ON THE 22ND OF JULY, 1796.

“ O ROBERT BURNS! the man! the brother!  
And art thou gone,—and gone for ever!  
And hast thou cross'd that unknown river,  
Life's dreary bound!  
Like thee where shall we find another  
The world around!



“ Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,  
 In a’ the tinsel trash o’ state !  
 But by the honest turf I’ll wait,  
                                   Thou man of worth !  
 And weep the sweetest poet’s fate  
                                   E’er liv’d on earth.”

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Of the affection which Fergusson’s friends entertained for him, Mr. A. Campbell gives the following pleasing proof :

“ I have often witnessed the tribute of a tear when his name has been mentioned by those who knew him. I remember in the year 1780, six years after his decease, Tenducci, with whom I was then a pupil, talking of poor Fergusson, burst into a flood of tears, and repeated his name with the tenderest emotion ; indeed, he never mentioned him but with the liveliest regret.”

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#### LIFE OF ALEXANDER SCOT.—PART V. p. 14.

Mr. Boswell, in the original edition of his *Life of Johnson*, says, that Mr. William Guthrie told him, “ that he (Guthrie) was the author of the beautiful little piece, *The Eagle and the Robin Redbreast*, in the collection, entitled *the Union*, though it is there said to be written by *Ar. Scott*, before the year 1600.” But in the third edition this assertion is *suppressed*, and it may therefore be regarded as founded in error.

## LIFE OF JOHN WILSON.—PART V. p. 169.

The minister and magistrates of Greenock, with all their piety, appear to have acted in opposition to the canons of the church itself, in interdicting their schoolmaster from cultivating poetry. From Dundas's Abridgment of the Acts of the General Assemblies, p. 45, we learn, that in 1645 it was enacted, that "*for remedy of the great decay of poesy, no schoolmaster be admitted to teach a grammar-school in burghs, or in other considerable parishes, but such as after examination shall be found skilful in the Latin tongue, not only for prose but also for verse.*"



## Supplement

TO THE LIVES OF THE POETS.

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ADAMSON, DR. PATRICK, Archbishop of St. Andrews, was among the most eminent of the Latin poets who flourished during the reign of James the Sixth. His works were edited by Cant, and many of them are to be found in the *Deliciae Poetarum Scotorum* and in the *Poetarum Scotorum Musæ Sacræ*. King James wrote a sonnet in praise of his paraphrase of the Book of Job; but afterwards suffered the object of his praise to languish out his latter days in extreme poverty.

ADAMSON, HENRY, "student of divine and human learning," wrote, "The Muses Threnodie, or mirthful mournings on the death of Mr. Gall. Printed at Edinburgh, in King James's College, by George Anderson, 1638." His father, James Adamson, was Dean of Guild of Perth, at the time of the Gowry conspiracy, in 1600, and promoted to be provost in 1610 and 1611. Henry, the poet, died about a year after the publication of the "Threnodie." He was known to, and esteemed by, Drummond of Hawthornden, through whose importunity, as appears from the following address to the reader, he was induced to make his public appearance as an author.



“ Courteous reader,

“ It is not amisse thou be a little informed concerning the persons of the defunct (Mr. Gall), and the mourner (Mr. Ruthven.) The poet wrote this for his own exercise, and the recreation of his friends ; and this piece, though accomplished to the great contentment of many that read and heard it, yet could not the author be induced to let it thole the press, till the importunity of many learned men urged him to it ; and the last brash (effort) was made by a letter of the prime poet of our kingdom, whereof this is the just copy.

“ ‘ To my worthy friend, Mr. Henry Adamson.

“ ‘ Sir,

“ ‘ These papers of your mournings on Mr. Gall appear unto me as *Alcibiades Sileni*, which ridiculously look with the faces of sphinxes, chimeras, centaurs, on their outsides, but inwardlie containe rare artifice and rich jewels of all sorts for the delight and weal of man. They may deservedly bear the word *non intus ut extra*. Your two champions, noble sanyas, discover to us many of the antiquities of this country, more of your ancient town of Perth, setting downe her situation, founders, her huge colosse or bridge, walls, fosses, aqueducts, fortifications, temples, and other singularities. Happy hath Perth been in such a citizen ; not so other towns of this kingdom, by want of so diligent a searcher and preserver of their fame from oblivion. Some muses neither to themselves nor to others do good, nor delighting nor instructing. Yours inform

both, and longer to conceal them, will be to wrong your Perth of her due honours, who deserveth no less of you than that she should be thus blazoned and registrate to posterity, and to defraud yourself of a monument, which, after you have left this transitory world, shall keep your name and memory to after times. This shall be preserved by the towne of Perth, for her own sake first, and after for yours; for to her it hath been no little glory, that she hath brought forth such a citizen, so eminent in love to her, so dear to the muses.

W. D.' "

" ' *Edinburgh, 12th July, 1637.* ' "

Mr. Cant, in his Topographical History of Perth, has republished the "Threnodie" of Adamson, and illustrated it with many valuable notes; but Mr. C.'s work is itself extremely rare.

**AFFLECK, JAMES**, one of the poets mentioned in Dunbar's *Lament for the Deth of the Makkaris*, and whose name only survives.

**ALVES, ROBERT**, was born at Elgin in 1745. He was educated at Aberdeen, and, in 1766, took the degree of M.A. He was designed for the church, but, from want of patronage or of talents sufficiently popular, sunk into the situation of a parochial teacher, first at Deskford, and afterwards at Banff. In 1779, he removed to Edinburgh, where he subsisted for several years by teaching the Greek, Latin, French, and Italian languages. In 1782, he sent to the London Press a volume of *Miscellaneous Poems*, which met with such success as encouraged him to produce a second in 1789,

entitled, "Edinburgh, a poem, in two parts; also, the Weeping Bard, in sixteen cantos." In these works much genius is not to be discovered; but they bear the impression of a cultivated mind, and much poetical susceptibility. The author complains of a "wayward fate;" and it is not to be estimated how far that may have cramped his efforts to excel. In 1784, he began a work, entitled, "Sketches of a History of Literature," and it was in the press when he died, on the 1st of January, 1794. It was afterwards published by his friend, the late Dr. Alexander Chapman. The plan of this work is excellent, but it is extremely inaccurate in its details.

ANDERSON, Henry, the second name in the list of contributors to the *Deliciae Poetarum Sctorum*, was a merchant in Perth. He appears to have been not the only learned citizen of whom that city could boast, at the beginning of the sixteenth century; for, we are told, that when King James visited Perth, in the year 1617, several copies of Latin verses were produced by merchants, or rather tradesmen. *Cant's Edition of Adamson's Poems*, vol. ii. p. 98,

ANSTRUTHER, SIR WILLIAM, of Anstruther, one of the senators of the College of Justice, published, in 1701, "Essays, Moral and Divine, interspersed with poetry." His family thought the work did no honour to the name, and, after his lordship's death, did every thing in their power to call in the copies of it which had got abroad, employing persons for the express purpose, and giving a handsome price for every copy that could be picked up. How much would it lighten the shelves of our libraries



were friends and relatives oftener troubled with the like good sense and impartiality. The contents of the work are:—I. against Atheism. II. of Providence. III. of Learning and Religion. IV. of Trifling Studies, Stage-Plays, and Romances. V. upon the Incarnation of Jesus Christ and Redemption of Mankind. Had there been many such passages as the following, *on the power of beauty*, the friends of the author would have had no cause to tremble for his reputation.

“I do acknowledge beauty hath its own empire, and carries always along with it an air of sovereignty; it commands with authority, and men generally obey it with pleasure. It often surprizes our reason and prepossesses our judgements, without our being sensible of it. I have known the most austere and rigid temper yield to the solicitations of a fair lady, who hath stood inflexible to the importunities of all his friends: there is an harmony in the symmetry of beauty, more charming and persuasive than in all the soft cadences of the most pathetic eloquence. It was asked by a philosopher, why people always desired to be in company of the beautiful? He told him, ‘none should ask that question but he that is blind:’ which expresseth more than any reason could be given. I shall acknowledge beauty has allurements so agreeable to the generality of mankind, that no temporal thing surpasses its charms, but the pleasure and glory in resisting it.”

Who would believe, after so handsome a tribute, that a great part of this worthy senator’s book is a libel on the sex? It is thus he goes on:

Man all at oncè by woman first was d——d,  
 And one by one we're still by them trepann'd ;  
 Contagion to the root, Eve first did bring,  
 Her daughters blast us branches, as we spring, &c.

ARBUTHNOT, ALEXANDER, principal of King's College, Aberdeen, and an active promoter of the reformation, was, according to Bishop Spottiswood, "a good poet." In Mr. Pinkerton's collection, there are three poems by an "Alexander Arbuthnot," which Dr. Irving is inclined to ascribe to the principal. Their titles are, "The praises of Women," "On Luvè," and "The Miseries of a Pure Scholar." The first two do credit to his gallantry, but the last is by far the best, and as Mr. Pinkerton remarks, does indeed "great honour to the heart and head of its author." The lines "On Luvè," though not so favourable a specimen, tempt quotation by their brevity.

He that luvès lichtlièst  
 Sall not happen on the best ;  
 He that luvès langest  
 Sall have rest surest ;  
 He that luvès all his best  
 Sall chance upon the gudlièst ;  
 Quha sa in luvè is true an plaine,  
 He sall be luvit weel agane ;  
 Men may say quhatever they pleis  
 In mutual love is mickle eis.

Mr. Pinkerton, in his "Account of the Contents of the two Maitland Manuscripts," has the following notices of some other pieces by Arbuthnot, in that



collection, which have not been thought worthy of publication.

“ 31. A religious poem of six pages long, by the same; very dull. Begins ‘Religion now is rakinit ane fabil,’ and is in the same stanza with ‘The Miseries of a Pure Scholar.’

“ 174. ‘Cese hairt,’ a pious piece by Arbuthnot.

“ 44. (Quarto MS.) A piece of no value by Arbuthnot, beginning,

‘Gif it be true that storeis dois rebers.’”

**ARBUTHNOT, Dr. John.** This celebrated wit and satirist has been generally supposed to be the author of a ludicrous macaronic poem, entitled, *Gulielmi Sutherlandi Diploma*; but the editor of the Edinburgh edition of William Meston’s Poetical Works has reclaimed it as the production of that writer, to whose works it has indeed a greater affinity than to those of the historian of John Bull. Arbuthnot has established a better claim to notice, as a poet, by a tale called, “Aye and No,” which is preserved in the Lansdown MSS. in the British Museum, but has been overlooked by the collectors of his works. It is here transcribed from that repository.

#### AYE AND NO.

In fable all things hold discourse,  
Then words, no doubt, must talk of course.  
Once on a time, near Channel Row,  
Two hostile adverbs, AYE and NO,  
Were hast’ning to the field of fight,  
Where front to front stood opposite :

Before each general join'd the van,  
 AYE (the more courteous knight) began.  
 Stop, peevish particle ! beware ;  
 I'm told you are not such a bear,  
 But sometimes yield when offer'd fair. .  
 Suffer your folks awhile to prattle,  
 'Tis we that must decide the battle ;  
 Whene'er we war on yonder stage,  
 With various fate and equal rage,  
 The nation trembles at each blow,  
 That No gives AYE, and AYE gives No ;  
 But in th' expensive long contention,  
 We gain nor office, grant, nor pension ;  
 Why then should kinsfolk quarrel thus ?  
 (For two of you make one of us) :  
 To some wise Statesman let us go,  
 Where each his proper use may know ;  
 He may admit two such commanders,  
 And let those wait who serv'd in Flanders !  
 Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,  
 A Treasury Lord,—not master Young.  
 Obsequious at his high command,  
 AYE, shall march forth to tax the land.  
 Impeachments, No can best resist,  
 And AYE support the Civil List ;  
 Aye, quick as Cæsar, win the day,  
 And No, like Fabius, by delay.  
 Sometimes in mutual sly disguise,  
 Let AYES seem NOES, and NOES seem AYES ;  
 AYES, be in Court, denials meant,  
 And NOES, in Bishops, give consent.  
 Thus AYE proposed, and for reply,  
 No, for the first time, answered AYE ;



They parted with a thousand kisses,  
 And fight, e'er since, for pay, like Swisses.

*Lansdown MSS. No. 852.*

**ARMSTRONG, JOHN**, a native of Leith, and licentiate of the Scottish church; who came up to London about 1790, and died there a few years after; was the author of some juvenile effusions of considerable promise. While at the University of Edinburgh, (1789) and only in his eighteenth year, he published a volume of "Juvenile Poems, with Remarks on Poetry, and a Dissertation on Punishing and Preventing Crimes." The Dissertation, last mentioned, had been honoured by a gold prize medal from the Edinburgh Pantheon (Debating) Society. The poetical part of the volume, though inferior to the prose, gained him so much reputation, that on the foundation of the New College being laid, he was selected to compose the Songs, which were introduced into the ceremonial observed on the occasion. After coming to London, Mr. Armstrong published (1791) "A Collection of Sonnets from Shakespeare:" the taste and judgment displayed in which have been admired. The work introduced him to some employment from the booksellers; but he found both a steadier and more productive source of revenue, in reporting for the newspaper press. In this capacity he distinguished himself, by the unrivalled ability with which he gave to the public the speeches of Mr. Pitt; and, for these alone, one establishment from which he had parted, because they would not allow him a guinea per week, were glad afterwards



to give him five times that sum. When thus in a fair way to affluence and comfort, he fell into an ill state of health, which terminated fatally on the 21st of June, 1797, when he was but in the 26th year of his age. The following character of him is given in the Obituary of the Monthly Magazine for that period. "In the discharge of the relative duties which a man owes to himself, to his neighbour, and to his God, if Mr. Armstrong was at any time deficient, it was chiefly in paying too little attention to his own health and comfort. He was scrupulous, even to a fault, in the fulfilment of every engagement he entered into; he was an accomplished scholar, constant and ardent in his friendships, honourable and independent in his general principles of conduct, of a liberal and benevolent disposition, the firm friend of rational freedom, the enemy of faction and violence, a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a good citizen, and a sincere Christian."

AYTON, SIR ROBERT; Private Secretary to the Queen of Denmark, wife of James VI. wrote some Latin Poems, to be found in the *Deliciae Poetarum Scotorum*, and also cultivated English poetry with considerable success. Some specimens of the latter are preserved in the Collections of Watson and Pinkerton. A panegyrical Sonnet, by Ayton, occurs among "the Poetical Essayes of Alexander Craige." The following specimen must induce a regret, that he had not written more; it rivals even the Sonnets of Drummond, in elegance of fancy, and harmony of versification.



*On a Woman's inconstancy.*

I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,  
 Thine be the grief, as is the blame ;  
 Thou art not what thou wast before,  
 What reason I should be the same.  
 He that can love unlov'd again  
 Hath better store of love than brain.  
 God send me love my debts to pay,  
 While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown  
 If thou hadst still continued mine ;  
 Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own,  
 I might, perchance, have yet been thine ;  
 But thou thy freedom did recal,  
 That it thou might elsewhere enthal,  
 And then, how could I but disdain  
 A captive's captive to remain.

When new desires had conquer'd thee,  
 And chang'd the object of thy will,  
 It had been lethargy in me,  
 No constancy, to love thee still :  
 Yea, it hath been a sin to go  
 And prostitute affection so,  
 Since we are taught no prayers to say  
 To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice ;  
 Thy choice, of his good fortune boast ;  
 I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,  
 To see him gain what I have lost :

The height of my disdain shall be,  
 To laugh at him, to blush for thee ;  
 To love thee still, but go no more  
 A begging at a beggar's door.

**BALFOUR, SIR JAMES**, Lyon King of Arms, had some reputation for poetry during his life time, but none of his productions are known to the world. Sir Robert Sibbald informs us, that he had inspected a manuscript volume of his Latin and Scottish verses (*Sibbaldi Memoria Balfouriana*, Edin. 1669.) Balfour lived in habits of intimacy with Drummond, Ayton, and other men of letters.

**BALNAVES, HENRY**, of Halhill, one of the most distinguished Reformers, and senator of the College of Justice, was the author of a poor rhapsody in Ramsay's *Evergreen*, beginning "O gallandis all, I cry and call."

**BANNATYNE GEORGE**, the writer of, what has been so often mentioned, *the Bannatyne MS.*, was himself a poet, though of humble pretensions. Several of his own pieces are included in the MS. The collection has the following title, "Ane most godlie, mirrie, and lustie rapsodie, maide be sundrie learned Scots poets, and written be George Bannatyne in the tyme of his youth." Prefixed to it there is a poetical address of "the Wryttar to the Reidaris;" and at the conclusion another address, from which we learn, that a similar occasion led to the formation of this collection, as that which Boccacio feigns to have given birth to the Decameron :

Heir endis this buik, *written in tyme of pest,*  
 Quhen we fra labor was compeld to rest,  
 Into the thre last monethis of this zeir  
 From oure Redimaris birth, to know it heir  
 Ane thousandth fyve hundreth threscore aucht,  
 Of this purpois na mair it neiddis be taucht :  
 Sua till conclude, God grant us all gude end,  
 And eftir deth eternal lyffe us send.

The MS. is in folio, and extends to above 700 pages. In 1623, it appears, from an inscription on one of the pages, to have been in the possession of a "Jacobus Foulis," by whom, or some relation of his, it was presented to the Hon. William Carmichael; from him it descended to the Earl of Hyndford; and by that nobleman, it was in 1772 deposited in the Advocate's Library. Dr. Irving, who now so worthily fills the situation which Rudiman and Hume occupied before him, of keeper of that library, corrects a mistake into which Mr. Pinkerton has been led in his account of this MS. While in some of the hands through which it passed, it had been bound up with two other manuscripts; one entitled "Ane Ballat Buik, written in the year of God 1558;" and the other, the well-known *Song of the Redsquare*. Mr. P. has described the whole of the three transcripts as forming the collection of Bannatyne; but his information, as he had the caution to state, and Dr. I. has the candour to repeat, "was furnished by a friend not versed in such matters."

BARCLAY, JOHN, minister at Craden, wrote in 1679, and published in 1689, "A Description (in verse)

of the Roman Catholic Church ; wherein the pretensions of its head, the manners of his court, the principles and doctrines, the worship and service, the religious houses, and the divers designs and practices of that church, are represented in a vision." It is a smart satire on the practices of the Romish church ; and, though it seldom approximates to poetry, the good sense and vigorous expression displayed in many passages, almost compensate for its absence. What, for example, can be more just than the following reflection on the affectation so common to men of recluse habits, of despising the vanities of the world ?

'Tis easy when a man's in solitude  
 To slight the gawdy world, and to conclude  
 That all its pomp and riches are but lies,  
 A heap of gilden worthless vanities ;  
 And to contemn the flatt'ring breath of fame,  
 The foolish whistlings of an honour'd name ;  
 And hate that wild ambition, which, with force,  
 Doth ride and spur us like unruly horse ;  
 And those imperious lusts, which often cause  
 Men break all bonds, and trample on all laws ;  
 But things we at a distance can despise,  
 When they approach us, do bewitch our eyes  
 And charm our hearts ; so strong's the snare,  
 So weak our mind, so faint our care,  
 So soon our resolutions do impair,  
 That we're entangled ere we are aware.

Among many merry conceits which the work contains, there is one about the use of extreme unction, which would have done honour to the pen of



Butler. After a glowing description of the torments of purgatory, the author proceeds :

He then began the poor man to anoint,  
Besmear'd his head, and oiled every joint ;  
He oil'd his ears, he oil'd his eyes,  
He oil'd his hands, he oil'd his thighs ;  
*I thought it would be far from my desire  
First to be flam'd,\* and then set to the fire.*

BARCLAY, WILLIAM, M. D. was the author of some Latin pieces in the *Del. Poet. Scot.*

BARBY, THOMAS, Provost of Bothwell, wrote in 1338 a Latin poem on the battle of Otterburn Bower, in his *Scotichronicon*, is pleased to pronounce it excellent ; but Mair, with more truth, says, it is devoid of merit. It is made up of such rare couplets as these :

O Rex ! cunctorum qui præmia das meritorum  
Prælia regnorum fac pacificare duorum  
Et mala comprime, bellaque distrue, jurgia  
dirime, pax dominetur  
Divina potentia regna per omnia tempora  
singula sanctificetur.

Should ever the Americans be in want of a specimen of *lengthy* measure, they need seek no farther.

BEATTIE, JAMES HAY, eldest son of the celebrated author of the *Minstrel*, inherited a large portion of his father's poetical genius, and had he not been so early lost to the world, might have done equal honour to the name. In the collection of his *Literary Remains*, published after his death by his

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\* The Scotch expression for *basted*.

father, there are several pieces and fragments, which are even superior to those produced by Dr. Beattie himself, at the same age. Dr. Irving takes notice of his Latin poems, as among the few respectable productions of that class, of which modern Scottish literature can boast.

**BLACKWOOD, ADAM**, the learned antagonist of Buchannan's Treatise *De Jure Regni*, wrote some indifferent pieces of Latin verse, which are included in Sebastian Cramoisy's Collection of his works, published 1644.

**BLAIR, JOHN**, the chaplain of the renowned Sir William Wallace, was a monk of the order of St. Benedict. From a history of Wallace, written jointly by him and one Thomas Gray, in Latin verse, Henry the Minstrel professed to have chiefly derived the materials of his vernacular version; but it is not certain, that any part of that history is now extant. In 1707, Sir Robert Sibbald published a fragment, which his friend, Sir James Balfour, had found in the Cottonian library, entitled "*Relationes quædam Arnaldi Blair Monachi de Dunfermlen et Capellani D. Willielmi Wallas Militis;*" and this he conjectures to have been part of the work referred to by Henry the Minstrel. Sir Robert accounts for the difference in the Christian name, given to the writer of these Memoirs, by supposing, that, after the death of Wallace, John Blair found it prudent to change his name to *Arnald*. John must have been a simple monk truly, to expect to escape detection by so slight a disguise; more especially, if what other writers relate be true, that he had the courage to shew

himself on the scaffold with Wallace, and to assist him in his dying moments.—But both accounts are equally improbable. Either the addition “*et Capellani D. Willielmi Wallas Militis*” is spurious, or we must conclude that *Arnald*, and not *John*, was, from the first, the real name of Wallace’s chaplain. And if *Arnald Blair* was the name, his merit, as an historian of the achievements of the champion of Scottish freedom, vanishes at once; for, according to Dr. Irving, the “relations ascribed to *Arnald Blair* merely consist of indigested transcripts from the *Scotichronicon*.”

Dempster says, that *John Blair* was also the author of a work *De Liberata Tyrannide Scotia*; but as no such production is extant or mentioned by any second author, it may be safely ranked with the many other imaginary works with which that biographical romancer was pleased to enrich the literature of his native country.

**BOSWELL, JAMES, Esq.** the ingenious biographer of Dr. Johnson, says of himself, that “he resembled sometimes the best good man, with the worst natured muse.” In 1760, he contributed some poems to Donaldson’s Collection. A few years after, there was published, at London, “*Letters between the Honorable Andrew Erskine and James Boswell, Esq.*” which are interspersed with pieces of poetry by both these gentlemen. On the opening of the theatre royal at Edinburgh in 1769, Mr. Boswell wrote the prologue which was delivered on the occasion. It is the best of his poetical productions; and is said to have made an impression on the minds of the Edinburgh public, which



· contributed materially to remove their ancient prejudices against the stage.

BOYD, ROBERT, of Trochrig, who was successively Principal of the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, was the author of a Latin poem, entitled *Ad Christum Servatorem Hecatombe*, one of the best in the Collection *Poetarum Scotorum Muse Sacre*; and also of some minor pieces in the same language.

BOYD, ZACHARIAH, of facetious memory, was the author of a translation of the Bible, in verse, the MS. of which is preserved in the library of the university of Glasgow, to which it was bequeathed, but not as is generally supposed on the condition that it should be printed. The few specimens of it which have seen the light are ridiculous enough. "What hypochondriac," to use the words of Samuel Colvil, "would not presently be cured at the reading of such lines as these?"

There was a man, called Job,  
Dwelt in the land of Uz;  
He had a good gift of the gob;  
The same case happen us!

Or the following soliloquy of Jonah, while in the whale's belly:

What house is this? here's neither coal nor candle,  
Where I nothing but guts of fishes handle,  
I and my table are both here within,  
Where day ne'er dawn'd, where sun did never  
shine;



The like of this on earth man never saw,  
 A living man within a monster's maw,  
 Buried under mountains, which are high and steep,  
 Plunged under waters hundred fathoms deep !  
 Not so was Noah in his house of tree,  
 For through a window he the light did see ;  
 He sail'd above the highest waves ; a wonder,  
 He and his ark might go and also come,  
 But I sit still in such a straitned room  
 As is most uncouth ; head and feet together  
 Among such grease as would a thousand smother,  
 &c.

Boyd lived in the reign of Charles I. and was minister of the Barony Church, Glasgow. Besides his version of the Bible, he bequeathed to the university the whole of his library, and 20,000*l.* Scots, in money (about 1,600*l.* sterling.) He was a zealous supporter of the Reformed Religion, and published, in his life time (1643) a book, which he meant should promote its interests, entitled "Crosses, Comforts, Counsels, needful to be considered." He here contends stoutly for cutting off the enemies of the true religion, quoting the great examples of "General Moses and Captain Joab."

**BUCHANAN, DUGALD**, schoolmaster at Rannoch, in Perthshire, published in 1770 a small volume of Gaelic poems on sacred subjects. "They seem to breathe," says Mr. A. Campbell, a competent judge of Gaelic poetry, "a spirit of piety in an easy flow of harmonious versification."

**BUCHANAN, GEORGE**. The Latin poetry of George Buchanan has been the subject of much extraordi-

nary eulogium, from some of the ablest judges both at home and abroad, in past as well as in present times ; but for myself, I confess, that I never read one of these encomiums without a deep feeling of regret, that the genius of Buchanan should ever have been so employed. When we are told, that in poetry " he did imitate Virgil in heroics, Ovid in elegiacs, Lucretius in philosophy, Seneca in tragedies, Martial in epigrams, Horace and Juvenal in satires ;" and that " he copied after these great masters so perfectly, that nothing ever approached nearer the original ;"\* what more, after all, do we learn, than that Buchanan was among poets what the Mocking Bird is among the tenants of the forest ? Had he, we ask ourselves, no " wood-note wild" of his own ? Was he ashamed of his parent tongue ? Did he disdain to touch the same reed from which a Barbour, a Dunbar, and a Lindsay, had drawn sounds so sweet to their admiring countrymen ? What else than a learned vanity could have induced him so to desert the path of nature, and, we may add, of true patriotism ? Let Buchanan's motive have been what it may, for preferring the Latin to his native language, the choice is not less to be condemned, than its consequences are to be deplored. The genius with which Buchanan was gifted beyond most men, enabled him to attain a degree of excellence in Latin composition, which no other man of that day could probably have reached ; the praises of

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\* Crawford's Hist. of the House of Este.

all the learned in all parts of the world followed him; he had a weak pedant for his sovereign, (James VI.) who not only delighted to boast of having been taught Latin by that Buchanan whom the world applauded, but who encouraged all around him to compose in Latin, as alone worthy the pens of the learned; cloister and court thus united their influence to cast discredit on the cultivation of our native language; and the ultimate consequence was, that for nearly a century after, men of education and genius in Scotland did nothing but *waste* their powers in barbarous and vain attempts to rival the excellence of Buchanan in Latin poetry; for among many hundreds of imitators, not more than two or three—Johnson, Pitcairn, and perhaps, Boyd,—deserve to be named along with him. Can one then be blamed for not looking with complacency on that error in a great man's life, which has been the cause of so vast a blank in the literary history of our country, at the very period when that of England was attaining to even Augustan perfection? Can it be wrong to wish, that there should be an end of re-echoing praise which has done so much harm, and which is, even at this distant period, every now and then seducing some favourite son of the Muses from his native haunts? It is only the other day, that that ingenious and accomplished scholar, Mr. Isaac Hawkins Browne, conceived the freak of writing a poem in Latin, "De Animi Immortalitate." All who could judge of it, were instantly struck with the excellence of the sentiments which it con-

tained ; but in proportion as they admired, they felt regret that so much good should be locked up from the participation of society at large. Translation after translation was accordingly attempted ; but not till that of Mr. Soame Jenyns, the eighth on the list, made its appearance, could the beauties of the original be said to be transferred, or rather restored, into English. How much valuable labour was here lost ! Not only the labour of the original author, for, in spite of his affectation of writing in Latin, *he must have thought in English* ; but the labour of eight other ingenious persons besides ; and all this merely to furnish what Mr. Browne himself might as well have supplied at once ! Surely it is high time that such wanton perversions of intellect as this should be scouted as a reproach, instead of an honour, to genius. For whatever may be the advantage derived from academic exercises in the dead languages, and it is far from the intention of the present writer to undervalue them, it must on all hands be allowed, that after academic exercises are past, that language which is natural to a man, which he understands best, and which it is his duty to do all in his power to improve beyond any other, is that alone in which he ought to express his thoughts. Buchanan, like Browne, must be allowed to have shewn great proofs of genius in his poetical apostacy ; but as long as there are so many other memorials by which the true greatness of his mind can be established, without tending to perpetuate a false taste in others—as long as his transcendant merits, as an historian and a jurist, survive—perhaps it is

on these, rather than his poetry, that the biographer should delight to dwell.

**BUREL, JOHN**, Burgess of Edinburgh, produced in 1590, two pieces in verse, entitled "The Description of the Queen's Majestie's maist honorable entry into the toun of Edinburgh, upon the 19th May, 1590," and "The Passage of the Pilgrimer devidet into twa pairts." They are to be found in Watson's Collection; but will not repay the trouble of perusal.

**BURNE, NICOL**, a religious apostate, who was Professor of Philosophy in St. Leonard's College, St. Andrew's, during the latter part of the sixteenth century, wrote, in his native tongue, a furious rhyming tirade against the Reformers. It is entitled, "The Disputation concerning the controvertit heades of religion, halden in the realme of Scotland, the zeir of God ane thousand fyve hundredreth, four scoir yeiris, betwix the praetendit ministers of the deformed Kirk of Scotland, and Nicol Burne, Professor of Philosophie in S. Leonardis College, in the city of Sanctandros, broght up from his tendere age in the perversit sect of the Calvinists, and now be the special grace of God ane member of the Holie Catholic Kirk." The work bears to have been "Imprinted at Parise, the first day of October, 1581." It is dedicated to King James the Sixth. Calvin, Knox, Buchanan, and Beza, are among the respectable characters honoured by this recusant's abuse. Of all the leading Reformers, Principal Arbuthnot, of Aberdeen, alone is spared:—

Bot yit, gude Lord, quha ayes thy name bes kend  
 May or they die, find for their saulis remeid :  
 With thy elect, ARBUTHNOT I commend,  
 Althocht the lave to Geneve haist with speid.

CAMERON, WILLIAM, minister of Kirknewton, wrote two additional cantos to Dr. Beattie's 'Minstrel.' He is also the reputed author of "Poetical Dialogues on Religion, in the Scottish dialect, between two Gentlemen and two Ploughmen;" printed at Edinburgh, 1788; and of "An Ode on Lochiel's Birth-Day." 1796. The name of Cameron, however, is still a stranger to the muses.

CAMPBELL, KENNETH, a native of the Highlands, was the author of some Latin poems, now forgotten; but claims a place in our list, on account of the very poetical manner of his death, and of the singularly characteristic memorial which has preserved to us a knowledge of its affecting circumstances. He died in London, in a state of such extreme destitution, that on searching his pockets after his death, it was found that he had lived on till he had but one halfpenny left. Some brother scholar, probably too poor to erect a tablet over the remains of his departed friend, consoled himself by having engraved upon the halfpenny the following appropriate inscription:—

"Kennethus Campbell, Scoto Montanus, Poeta Romanus, celeberrimus; poeticè pauperime sed hilariter vixit: Tandemque hoc obolo tantum locuples; ex Londino, migravit in Elysium, 28 Kal. Julii, 1721."



**KENNETH CAMPBELL,**  
 A native of the Scottish Highlands,  
 and  
 Celebrated Latin Poet,  
 Poor yet cheerful ;  
 He lived poetically,  
 At length, with this halfpenny enriched,  
 He migrated from London to Elysium,  
 28 July, 1721.

This interesting coin had been seen by a correspondent of Ruddiman's Magazine, who has written some indifferent lines on the subject, inserted in that work, vol. xxi. p. 241 ; but he does not state in whose hands it was.

**CLAPPERTON**, —, was the author of a song in the Maitland Collection, entitled *Wa Worth Maryage !* It is possessed, says Mr. Pinkerton, of the most exquisite neatness and simplicity. He omits to notice that it is, at the same time, grossly licentious. "Bowdown," which is the scene of the poem, is a village on the south side of the Tweed, about a mile west of Old Melrose. Clapperton appears to have been a contemporary of Dunbar.

**CLARK, WILLIAM**, published at Edinburgh, in 1685, "The Grand Tryal, or Poetical Exercitations upon the Book of Job: wherein, suitable to each text of that sacred book, a modest explanation and continuation of the several discourses contained in it is attempted." There have been few good paraphrases of Scripture, and this is among the worst.

**CLARK, JOHN**, translated "The works of the Caledonian Bards, from the Gaelic," with the view o



refuting the attack which Shaw had made on the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian. Mr. A. Campbell, though himself an Ossianite, confesses that "the literary skirmishes of these Caledonian champions are deservedly forgotten."

CLELAND, Lieut. Col. of the Cameronian regiment, who fell in the battle of Dunkeld, wrote a volume of Poems which was published in 1697. The most prominent, is a tedious recital of the ravages committed by "the Highland host, who came to destroy the western shires, in 1678." It is mere rhyming prose; but some lines of lively description are to be met with. The appearance of the Highland chieftains is thus picturesquely sketched.

But those who were their chief commanders;  
 As such who bore the pirnie standards;  
 Who led the van, and drove the rear,  
 Were right well mounted in their gear;  
 With brogues, trues, and prime plaids,  
 With good blue bonnets on their heads,  
 Which on the one side had a flipe  
 Adorned with a tobacco pipe;  
 With durk, and snap-work,\* and snuff-mill,  
 A bag which they with onions fill;  
 And as their strict observers say,  
 A tupe-horn filled with usquebay;  
 A slasht-out coat beneath her plaids,  
 A targe of timber, nails, and hides,  
 With a long two-handed sword.  
 In nothing they're accounted sharp,†  
 Except in bagpipe and in harp.

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\* Pistol.

† Skilled.



In Watson's Collection of Scots' Poems, it is said that Lieut. Col. Cleland was the author of two verses of that pretty lyrical piece, "*Hallo! my fancie, whither wilt thou go?*" and that they were written when he was a student at the College of Edinburgh, and only eighteen years of age. They exhibit a promise of genius which the productions of his riper years were far from realizing. Cleland's verses begin thus :

In conceit, like Phaëton  
 I'll mount Phœbus' chair,  
 Having ne'er a hat on,  
 All my hairs a burning,  
 In my journeying,  
 Hurrying through the air.

Fain would I hear his fiery horses neighing!  
 And see how they on foaming bits are playing;  
 All the stars and planets I will be surveying,  
*Hallo! my fancie, whither wilt thou go?*

CLERK, —, of Tranent, one of the *Makkaris* mentioned in Dunbar's *Lament*.

Clerk of Tranent, eik he hes tane,  
 That made *the aventers of Sir Gawane*.

Sir Gawane, the nephew of King Arthur, has been the subject of several poetical romances, still extant; but there is no clue by which the work of Clerk can be identified.

CLERK, JOHN, who is supposed to have been a different person from Clerk of Tranent, wrote two pieces, preserved in the Bannatyne MS. the one beginning, "In secret place this hynder nicht,"

and the other, "Faine would I love, but quhair about." The former has been published by Ramsay, in the 'Evergreen.'

**COCHRAN, WILLIAM**, of Strathaven, published in 1780, "The Seasons, in four descriptive poems, with moral reflections and hymns." The author, who is said to have been a tailor, appears to have felt all the disadvantage of following in the footsteps of so great a master as Thomson; but he has taken care to disarm criticism, by telling us that he cared as little for the world's censure as applause; and, that he printed merely to please himself and a few friends. Who would wish to disturb so innocent a gratification?

**COLVIL, R.** minister of Dysart, was an assiduous but unsuccessful wooer of the muses; he was, for a time, one of the most constant of Ruddiman's weekly contributors. A collection of his pieces, in one vol. 8vo. was published in 1788. One of them, entitled "The Caledonian Hero, or the Invasion and Fall of Sueno, the Dane," extends to two cantos; but is of little value.

**CRAIG, ALEXANDER**, of Rose-Craig, was the author of the following works. 'The Amorous Songs, Sonnets, and Elegies of Alexander Craig, Scoto-Britan,' printed in London, by William Whyte, 1604, 4to. 'The Poetical Recreations of Mr. Alexander Craig, of Rose-Craig, Scoto-Britan.' Aberdeen, 1623, 4to. In the former there is a complimentary sonnet from Sir Robert Ayton.

**CRAIG, SIR THOMAS**, so celebrated for his work 'On the Feudal Law,' wrote some Latin pieces, to be found in the *Del. Poet. Sect.*



**CRAWFORD, DAVID**, of Drumsoy, the historiographer, wrote a set of love epistles, in verse, under the title of ‘*Ovidius Britannicus*,’ and two comedies, entitled ‘*Courtship à la mode*,’ and ‘*Love at first sight*.”

**CRAWFORD, ROBERT**, was the author of the ‘*Bush aboon Traquair*,’ and an English set of verses, of vastly inferior merit, to the tune of ‘*Cowdenknows*,’ beginning

“*When summer comes, the swains on Tweed.*”

By a letter from Mr. Ramsay, of Ochertyre, to Burns, we learn, that he was the eldest brother of Colonel George Crawford, by a first marriage. The “Colonel,” he adds, “never saw Robert Crawford, though he was at his burial fifty-five years ago, (1752). He was a pretty young man, and had lived long in France.”

**CRICHTON**, the admirable. Among the accomplishments, ascribed to this extraordinary character, poetry held a foremost place. His celebrated challenge to the learned of Paris bore that he would dispute, either in prose or verse, at the discretion of his antagonist. When at Venice he wrote several poems in commendation of that city, and its institutions. Going afterwards to Padua, there was a meeting of all the learned men of the place, at the house of one Cornelius, when Crichton opened the assembly with an extemporary poem. When detraction began to be busy with his fame, and it was necessary to confound for ever the invidious impugners of his talents, he offered, among other things, to dispute in any one of a hundred sorts

of verses! The Duke of Mantua, having made choice of him to be preceptor to his son, Vincentio de Gonzaga, Crichton, to testify his gratitude and contribute to the entertainment of the court of Mantua, composed a comedy, which we are assured was one of the most ingenious satires ever written upon mankind, and sustained himself no less than fifteen characters in the representation of the play. "In short," says Joannes Imperialis, "he was the wonder of the age, a prodigy of nature, and beyond all past or present example, the glory and ornament of Parnassus!" How much, or how little of all this, to believe, it would be vain to attempt to determine. The whole of Crichton's history rests on such questionable authority, and is so surcharged with exaggeration and falsehood, that truth knows not where to point her finger. To all who reflect dispassionately on the subject, it will probably seem less hard to believe, that it is in human power to do all that has been ascribed to Crichton, than to suppose it possible that such marvellous achievements could actually have been performed, and the eyes of all the world be so fixed upon them, and yet no memorial remain to convince posterity of their reality.

Some Latin pieces by Crichton are preserved in the *Del. Poet. Scot.* but they are not even among the best in the Collection.

**CRICHTON, GEORGE**, a native of Scotland, and professor of Greek in the University of Paris, wrote some Latin poems which Borrichius thinks are superior in poetical elegance to those of the Admirable Crichton. They are also to be found in the *Del. Poet. Scot.*

**DALRYMPLE, Lieut. Col. JAMES.** “A Collection of English Songs, with an Appendix of Original Pieces,” was published at London, in 1796, edited by A. Dalrymple, Esq. The “Appendix of Original Pieces” contains some poetical remains of his “lamented brother Lieut. Col. James Dalrymple, written on different occasions, between 1756 and 1789.”

**DANSKIN, HENRY,** a contributor to the *Del. Poet. Scot.*

**DARNLEY, LORD, (KING HENRY),** was author of what he called ‘A little plote, termed Utopia Nova,’ for penning of which Queen Mary gave him a “riche cheane of gold;” and in the Bannatyne MS., there is a piece called “Darnley’s Ballat,” which has been reprinted by Sibbald. Allan Ramsay has ascribed to Lord Darnley two other poems, contained in his *Evergreen*; but, as Lord Hailes thinks, without any authority whatever. Bishop Montague, in his Preface to the works of James the sixth, speaks of Lord Darnley, as having also translated “Valerius Maximus” into English; but no such work is known to be extant.

**DEMPSTER, THOMAS, LL.D.** to whose fertile invention many of his countrymen are so much obliged, stood himself in no need of a borrowed plumage. Mr. Wasse, (*Bibliotheca Literaria*, No. III. p. 11,) mentions the *Musca* of Dempster, as one of the few Latin poems written by natives of Scotland, deserving of republication. Among his other productions are four tragedies, *Decemviratus Abrogatus*, *Maximilianus*, *Stilico*, and *Jacobus I. Scotiæ Rex*. The first was performed in the University of Paris;

and, as Dempster informs Thuanus in the Dedication, it was honoured with the attendance of a very numerous and splendid auditory. "Its structure, however," says Dr. Irving, "is by no means classical."

**DOIG, DAVID, LL.D.** to whose able pen, Mr. Callander, of Craigforth's, edition of "The Gaberlunzie Man and Christ's Kirk on the Green," was indebted for many learned and ingenious illustrations, was himself a poet of no mean pretensions. He published, in 1792, specimens of a descriptive, or, if we may be allowed the phrase, panoramic poem; which was to embrace the whole of the scenery around Stirling Castle, at once rich in natural beauties and in historical recollections. The "Links o' Forth," by his friend Mr. Macneil, is but a sketch, and by no means precludes a more comprehensive description. The genius which Dr. D. displayed in this specimen, left in the minds of not a few, a strong desire to see the design, which he had formed, completed; but this is a pleasure, the expectation of which time has taken away. No one can be surprised at want of leisure to complete the piece, who is acquainted with the many other arduous labours in which Dr. Doig was so usefully occupied till the latest hour of his life.

**DONALDSON, JAMES,** a farmer, wrote in 1698, a foolish book of rhymes, entitled "A Picktooth for Swearers, or a Looking-Glass for Atheists and profane persons," &c. He was the author also of a small tract, called "Husbandry Anatomized," which shews, that though no poet, he was a good farmer.



DOUGLAS, WILLIAM, a member of the University of Edinburgh, wrote "Grampius, Gratulation to his hie and mightie monarch King Charles I.," to be found in the "ΕΙΣΟΔΙΑ Musarum Edinensum, in Caroli Regis," &c. It is below mediocrity, and yet is one of the best in the Collection.

DOUGLAS, FRANCIS, was bred to the business of a baker, came to London, and while working there as a journeyman, (about 1741), wrote "Rural Love, a tale, in the Scottish dialect;" but did not venture to publish it. He afterwards returned to Scotland; turned printer and bookseller, at Aberdeen; and, in 1759, produced his poetical essay, which could now boast of having had twice the benefit of the Horatian precept; for it had lain fully eighteen years in his hands. A modest advertisement was prefixed, in which the author apologizes for publishing the poem, by saying, "He thinks it contains nothing indecent or immoral; and if, in common with many others, it be found dull, let it be also considered, that it is short." The piece is one which would not have discredited much higher pretensions. In the first lines, we recognize the hand of no mere poetaster.

When merry Charles the sceptre sway'd,  
 And none through force or fear obey'd,  
 There liv'd a man in Watercain,  
 A widower, with ae lass bairn:  
 Twa hunder marks he had to gie her,  
 Brought men and lads, a fouth to see her. &c.

In 1778, Mr. Douglas published another poem, not so good, called "The Birth Day." When the



celebrated Douglas cause occupied the public attention, he wrote a spirited pamphlet, in support of *The Douglas*, which gained him the favour of that nobleman; who granted him an advantageous lease of a farm at Inchinan Bridge, near Paisley, where he spent the remainder of his days. Besides the works which have been mentioned, he was the author of a "Description of the East Coast of Scotland," 12mo. and some metaphysical tracts.

**DOUN, ROBERT**, a celebrated Gaelic bard, was a native of the parish of Durness, in the county of Sutherland. His songs are well known in the Highlands, and discover uncommon marks of genius. *Stat. Account.*

**DOW, Col. ALEXANDER**, so well known for his valuable work on "Indostan," wrote two tragedies. "Zingis," in 1769, and "Sethona," in 1774. A letter from his sister at Eyemouth, says, "he was educated at Crieff, and gave early proofs of his turn for the languages, painting, and poetry. He was bred a merchant—this was unpleasant to him, to be a soldier was his wish; but what money was left him by his father, was then (lent) on the Perth estate, and not recovered till after he was in India." In the east he rose by his talents to riches and honour.

**DRUMMOND, THOMAS, LL.D.** a clergyman of the episcopal church, wrote "Poems sacred to religion and virtue;" which were published at London, in 1756.

**DUNBAR, JOHN.** A small book of Latin epigrams of rather superior merit, by a person of this name, made its appearance at London, in 1616. Nothing seems

to be known of the author beyond what the book itself supplies. He appears, from that, to have been of the clerical order, and to have studied at the University of Edinburgh, under Dr. John Adamson; to whom, in one of his epigrams he has thus gratefully recorded his obligations.

Adamson! sacri sector fidissime verbi,

Et sub quo lauri gloria parva mihi;

Te monstrante viam, prisca monumenta Stagiri,

Præbuerant animo se manifesto meo;

Tuque mihi placidos formasti in pectore mores;

Per te, quicquid id est quod scio, id esse scio.

ECHLIN, DAVID, a contributor to the *Del. Poet. Scot.*

EGLINTOUN, SIR HUGH, one of the *Makkaris*, lamented by Dumbar; but of whom there is no other memorial extant.

GLISHAM, Dr. the detractor of Buchanan, composed some Latin verses, to shew how much he could excel that great Latinist. (See Life of Arthur Johnston.)

ELLIOT, SIR GILBERT, afterwards Lord Justice Clerk, was the author of "My apron Dearie," and "Amynta."—"I have heard," says Mr. Tytler, in his *Essay on the Fashionable Amusements, &c.*, of Edinburgh, "that Sir Gilbert Elliot, who had been taught the German flute in France, and was a fine performer, first introduced that instrument into Scotland about the year 1725."

ERSKINE, HON. ANDREW, brother of Lord Kelly, one of the most accomplished scholars of the period in which he lived, was the author of several poetical productions, some of which are of a very superior order. In 1763, appeared the *Letters between him*

and Mr. Boswell, (see Boswell), in which he shines, not less as a poet than as a critic. In the following year, he produced at the Canongate theatre, Edinburgh, a farce in two Acts, called "She's not him, and he's not her." His "Town Eclogues" were also written about this period, but not published till eight or ten years after. Several other pieces by Mr. Erskine, appear in Donaldson's Collection. When Mr. Thomson commenced his admirable collection of "National Melodies," he found in Mr. E. a zealous and able coadjutor. It was as a song writer, that Mr. E. himself chiefly excelled. Burns, than whom few persons have been better qualified to pass an opinion on the subject, says, in one of his letters to Mr. Thomson, "Mr. Erskine's songs are all pretty, but his *Lons Vale* is divine." Mr. Erskine died, universally lamented, in 1793.

**ERSKINE, HON. HENRY**, so late the pride and ornament of the Scottish bar, was the author of some fugitive pieces in verse, which, though not distinguished for much ardour of fancy, are tasteful and elegant. The "Emigrant," a poem, "written on the occasion of the frequent emigrations from the Highlands," breathes the sentiments of a true patriot and philanthropist. A fable, called "The Sensitive Plant and the Nettle," which has been very recently published in the Annual Obituary is of a much humbler class. It is to be hoped, that some others, more deserving of seeing the light, may be met with in the MS. volume of Pieces by Mr. E., which Mr. Campbell says, "I have seen, and have perused with much pleasure."

ETTRIC, —, a poet, known only by the mention of his name in Dunbar's Lament.

FAIRLIE, ROBERT. In 1638, there was printed, at London, "for William Hope, and to be sold at the Unicorn, neare the Royal Exchange,"—"Kalendarium Humanæ Vitæ. The Kalendar of Man's Life. Authore, Roberto Farlæo, Scoto-Britanno." 12mo. This rhyming Kalendar, of two versions, begins with March, or man's birth; then follow April, or man's infancy; May, or man's childhood, &c. February is occupied with long epitaphs, on Methusalem, Abraham, Sampson, and other ancient worthies. It is all in a very bad taste, though not entirely devoid of fancy. Fairlie is also the author of a poem, entitled "*Lychnocausia sive Moralia, Facum Emblemata*; Lights, Moral Emblems." London, 1638. 12mo. It is, like the other poem, of two versions, Latin and English.

Some Latin verses, by Fairlie, are prefixed to Kennedy's "*Callanthrop and Lucilla*." Edinburgh, 1626. Among the printed books in the British Museum, there occurs "*Naulogia sive Inventa Navis*; Authore, Robert Farlæo, Londini, Typis Tho. Cotis." 4to. no date. It is a poem, tracing the Progress of Navigation, from the æra of the Deluge, and is inscribed in verse as well as prose, to Sir Robert Ayton.

FENTON, PETER. A "book of virgin parchment," containing a metrical account of the achievements of Robert Bruce, written by Peter Fenton, a monk of the Abbey of Melrose, as early as 1369, six years before Barbour is supposed to have commenced his celebrated work, was in the possession

of Gordon; and is mentioned by him, in his "Famous History of the Valiant Bruce."

**FETHY, —**, and **FLEMING, —**. Poems by persons of these names, are preserved in Lord Hailes's Collection.

**FORBES, WILLIAM, A.M.** in "the Dominie deposed," a poem, (1746 or 1747) in the Broad Buchan dialect; gave a history of his own fate, in life. His fault was love. Mr. Campbell says, he was "a man of ingenuity and learning."

**FORBES, ROBERT**, was the author of "Ajax's speech to the Grecian knabs, from Ovid's *Metam.* lib. xiii. attempted in Broad Buchans, by R. F. Gent. To which is added, a Journal to Portsmouth, and a Shop-bill, in the same dialect, with a Key." Edinburgh, 1795. 12mo. These are burlesque poems of very considerable merit. The author kept a shop somewhere about Tower-hill.

**FORDYCE, JAMES**. A "Collection of Hymns and Sacred Poems," by a person of this name, appeared at Edinburgh, in 1788.

**FOWLER, WILLIAM**, was one of the poets of the Court of James VI., before his accession to the English throne. In 1627, two MS. volumes of his poems were presented, by Drummond of Hawthornden, to the University of Edinburgh. One of these, which is in folio, is a translation of the *Triumphs of Petrarch*; and in the title to it, Fowler is designated "P. of Hawicke;" which is supposed to mean, Parson of Hawick. A commendatory sonnet, by King James, is prefixed. The other, which is in quarto, is entitled "The Tarantula of Love;" and consists of original sonnets, in

the manner of Petrarch. Dr. Leyden, in his Collection of "Scottish Descriptive Poems," has given specimens from both these volumes; but there is not a single gem among them.

**GALBRAITH**, —, mentioned by Sir David Lindsay; but only known by name.

**GALL, RICHARD**, was born at Linkhouse, near Dunbar, in 1776. His father was a Notary Public, but being in circumstances far from affluent, was unable to give his son more than the most ordinary education. At an early age, Richard was bound apprentice to Mr. David Ramsay, Printer in Edinburgh. On the conclusion of his apprenticeship, Mr. Ramsay employed him as traveller for the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* newspaper, of which he was proprietor; and the greater leisure afforded by this change, as well as the better society into which it introduced him, favoured the developement of a taste for poetry and literature which he had from his boyhood displayed. Among the eminent men of genius, whom he had now the honour to rank among his friends, were three of the greatest poets of their age, Burns, Macneil, and Campbell; but while making rapid advances to be their rival in reputation, he was seized with a fatal and lingering illness, of which he expired on the 10th of May, 1801, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. About twenty years after, his productions were collected and published with a Memoir of his Life, prefixed. The longest is a poem in three cantos, descriptive of the romantic scenery to be seen from "Arthur's Seat," near Edinburgh, and of the reflections, which the many interesting objects it embraces are fitted

to call up. Many of its passages are distinguished by great tenderness and beauty, and throughout the whole, a fine vein of poetic feeling predominates. The "Tint Quey," which follows, is a tale of very considerable humour. The rest of the volume is made up of short lyrical pieces, of which it is no small praise to say, that several of them have been ascribed to Burns. The "Farewell to Ayrshire," in particular, has been actually published in Dr. Currie's edition of Burns's works, as one of the genuine effusions of that bard. The mistake is at the same time satisfactorily explained. The poem was sent by Gall himself to the Scots Poetical Museum with Burns's name affixed to it, in the hope that it would, by that means, excite a degree of attention which it might otherwise fail to produce.

**GALLOWAY, ROBERT.** In 1788, "Poems, Epistles, and Songs, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, with a brief account of the Revolution, in 1688, &c. by Robert Galloway," were published at Glasgow. Mr. Galloway kept a circulating library in that city. He was born at Stirling, in June, 1752, and bred to be a shoemaker; but, finding that occupation too sedentary for a weak habit of body, became bookseller and rhymster. He died March 4, 1794.

**GEDDES, WILLIAM,** author of "The Saint's Recreation," published 1683; was minister of the Gospel, first at Wick, and afterwards at Urquhart, in Morayshire. This book is a fit companion for the "Compendious Book of Godlie and Spiritual Sangis and Ballatis." In design and execution, they are both equally contemptible.

GLASS, —, son of the well-known John Glass, founder of the sect of the Glassites; wrote "The River Tay, a fragment." He died in early youth.

GOLDMAN, PETER, a contributor to the *Del. Poet. Scot.*

GORDON, PATRICK, author of the "Famous Historie of the renowned and valiant Prince Robert, surnamed the Bruce, Kinge of Scotlande, and of sundrie other valiant knights, both of Scots and English," &c. printed at Dort in 1615, Edinburgh, 1718, and Glasgow, 1753; was author of another English poem, to which Drummond prefixed a panegyric sonnet, entitled "The Famous Historie of Penardo and Laissa, otherwise called the Warre of Love and Ambition; done in heroick verse," Dort, 1615. "Rare to excess," *Pinkerton*. Both poems have been left incomplete. The History of Bruce is said, by Mr. A. Campbell, to possess great merit; but Dr. Irving, a more erudite critic, observes "The work is copiously replenished with Scotticisms, and with expressions which violate every rule of grammar. It neither possesses the dignity of an epic poem, nor the authenticity of an historical narration. Propriety is totally disregarded: Christ and Jupiter are, with matchless indecorum, grouped together." Dr. I. adds, however, that the poem, with all its faults, contains striking passages. Gordon wrote also a Latin work, entitled "Neptunus Britannicus Corydonis, De Luctuoso Henrici et Elizabethæ Hymenæus;" London, 1613, 4to.

GORDON, LORD GEORGE, eldest son of George, second Marquis of Huntley, wrote a few lines "On



**Black Eyes,**" printed in the third part of **Watson's** Collection. His Lordship was killed at the battle of **Alford**, in 1645, fighting for the king.

**GORDON, GILBERT**, Esq. who under the initials **G. G.** edited the second edition of **Dr. Blacklock's** poems, and prefixed an account of the **Life and Writings** of the Author, was, along with **Dr. B.**, a principal contributor to **Donaldson's** Collection of Original Poems. "**An Epistle to a Young Lady, on the Culture of Taste,**" is ascribed to his pen. He seems, from the title, to have been also author of the following work, noticed by **Dr. Irving**, "**A Facetious Poem, in imitation of the Cherry and Slae; giving an account of the Entertainment, Love and Despair got in the Highlands of Scotland; revealed, in a dream, to one in pursuit of his stolen cows, by G. G. of S. Edinburgh, 1701,**" 12mo.; but, unless **Dr. I.** has made an error in the transcription of the date, this would make the contributor to **Donaldson's** Collection, published in 1760, very aged.

**GRAHAM, SIMON**, wrote "**The Passionate Sparke of a relenting Minde,**" London, 1604, 4to. and "**The Anatomie of Humours,**" Edinburgh, 1609, 4to. The former is a collection of poems; the latter, which **Dr. Irving** thinks may have suggested **Burton's** "**Anatomy of Melancholy,**" which did not make its appearance for several years afterwards, consists of prose, interspersed with verse. **Graham** was a native of **Edinburgh**, and as we learn from his Dedication of the "**Anatomie of Humours,**" to the **Earl of Montrose**, was originally a soldier, and had seen much of the world. **Sir Thomas Ur-**

quhart stigmatizes him as “licentious, and given over to all manner of debordings ;” but if we may credit Dempster, he became repentant and assumed the habit of St. Francis. He is said, by the last writer, to have died at Carpentras, in 1614.

GRAHAM, DOUGLAS, wrote in Hudibrastic measure “An Impartial History of the Rebellion in Britain, in the years 1745 and 1746.” Beneath criticism.

GREENFIELD, REV. ANDREW. In 1790, there was published at Edinburgh, “poems by the late Rev. Andrew Greenfield, M.A. rector of Moira, in Ireland,” 8vo. Mr. G. although his lot was cast in Ireland, was a native of Scotland.

HALKERSTON, JAMES, a contributor to the *Del. Poet. Scot.*

HACKET, SIR PETER, of Pitferran, was the author of “Ah Cloris !” The lady was the heiress of Pitferran, whom he married. *Burns.*

HARPER, WILLIAM, sen. an episcopal clergyman, wrote a version of “The Song of Solomon, with an Introduction,” &c. published at Edinburgh, 1775.

HART, CHARLES, wrote *Hermes and Espania*, a tragedy.

HARVEY, JOHN, M.A. said to have been a schoolmaster in Edinburgh, produced in 1726, “A Collection of Miscellaneous Poems and Letters,” 12mo. and in 1729, “The Life of Robert Bruce, King of Scots, an heroic poem in three books,” dedicated to Lord Bruce. In the latter he borrows liberally from Henry the Minstrel, and Barbour ; but it has many original passages which are animated and poetical. *Irving.*

HAY, PETER, of Naughton, author of a poor rhapsody,

called "An heroic Song in praise of the light most fitting for the night's meditation," prefixed to a political pamphlet, entitled "An Advertisement to the Subjects of Scotland," &c. Aberdeen. 1627.

HAY, SIR GIBBERT, wrote a Continuation of Bonet's *Arbre des Batailles*.

HENDERSON, ANDREW, a bookseller in Westminster; author of "Arsinoe," a tragedy, 1752.

HERIOT, —, known only by having a place in Dunbar's Lament.

HERON, ROBERT, the author of the "History of Scotland," and many other works of all descriptions, aspired also to poetical fame. He wrote, *St. Kilda in Edinburgh, or News from Camperdown*; a comic drama in two acts, which was brought out at the Edinburgh theatre, and damned for its coarse licentiousness; but afterwards printed, with an angry preface from the author, in which he throws the whole blame of its rejection on the stupidity of the audience. Mr. Heron wrote also some occasional pieces of verse, and had sketched the plan of an extended poem, to be entitled "The Schoolmaster;" when his melancholy death put an end to his short but busy career.

HOGG, WILLIAM, the author of several Latin versions of English poems, was a native of Gowry in Perthshire. He came in quest of fortune to London, but met only with misery. Dr. Birch says, that he died of want in the street. His principal translations are, *Paraphrasis Poëtica in tria Johannis Miltonis viri clarissimi Poemata, viz. Paradisum Amissum, Paradisum recuperatum, et Samsonum Agonistem*, London, 1690. 8vo. and Rotterdam,

1699, *Liber Primus Principis Arcturi* (à Rich. Blackmore, Eq.-Aur.) Latinè red. 1706. *Paraphrasis in Jobum Poetica*, 1682. *Satyra Sacra sive Paraphrasis in Ecclesiasten Poetica*. Part of his sacred poetry is reprinted in the *Poëtarum Scotorum Muse Sacre*. The notorious Lauder availed himself of Hogg's version of Milton, in his infamous attempt against the reputation of *Paradise Lost*.

HOLLAND, —, the author of *the Houlate*, a dull, allegorical poem, is spoken of by Dunbar and Lindsay in terms of praise, which are not sanctioned by any thing in that production. He may, however, have written other works, now lost. "The Houlate" is preserved in the Bannatyne Collection, and has been republished by Mr. Pinkerton. It appears to have been written between 1450 and 1455.

HOPE, JOHN, Esq. produced in 1780, "Thoughts, in prose and verse, started in his walks."

HOY, JOHN. "Poems on various subjects, by John Hoy, jun. Edinburgh," appeared at Edinburgh, in 1781. "These poems were the production of a young man, born on the banks of the Tweed, who died in the twenty-sixth year of his age. Several of them are far above mediocrity, and are such as shew clearly, that had he lived, the poetical world had reason to expect something much superior to the specimens he has left behind him." *A. Campbell.*

HUDSON, THOMAS, an officer of the household to James VI. undertook, at his Majesty's request, a translation of the "Historie of Judith," by Du Bartas, which is usually appended to that by Joshua Sylvester. It is dedicated to his Majesty,

who appears to have been at the pains of revising it with his own hand. Hudson repaid this service, by a sonnet prefixed to his Majesty's "Essays of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie," in which, agreeably to the fashion of that period, the flattery is transcendant.

HUDSON, ROBERT, probably a relation of the preceding, was also a favourite of the same monarch. He, too, wrote a complimentary sonnet for "the Essays" of the royal "Prentise;" in which, resolving not to be outdone by his namesake, he exclaims,

"But since I know, none was, none is, nor shall,  
Can rightly sing the fame that he hath wonne;  
Then stay your travels, lay your pens adowne,  
For Cæsar's works shall justly Cæsar crowne!"

Another sonnet, by R. Hudson, has been published by Mr. Pinkerton, in his *Anc. Scot. Poems*, vol. II. p. 351; and a third, by Dr. Leyden, in *Scottish Descriptive Poems*, p. 231.

HUME, DAVID, of *Godscroft*, well known for his controversial writings on religion and politics, was also the author of many Latin poems. A collection of them was published at Paris, 1639, and some specimens are included in the *Del. Poet. Scot.* "He seldom or never rises above mediocrity." *Irving*.

JOHNSON, JOHN, D.D. wrote some complimentary tributes, to be found in the *Del. Poet. Scot.*

JOHNSTON, PATRICK. In the *Bannatyne MS.* there is a poem by this author, entitled "The Thre Deid Powis," or the Three Death's Heads. It possesses a vigour not rivalled by many of his contemporaries. Lord Hailes has published it in his collection.

**KEITH, C.** a student at the University of Aberdeen, wrote, about 1776, a number of pieces which appeared, with his initials, in the Edinburgh and Ruddiman's Magazines. The "Farmer's Ha'" is still favourably remembered by the lovers of Scottish poetry; but all his other pieces are unaccountably inferior.

**KER, JOHN,** Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh, was one of the largest and best contributors to the *Poetarum Scotorum Muse Sacrae*.

**KINLOCH, DAVID, M.D.** Some Latin productions by this author are preserved in the *Del. Poet. Scot.* A poet, of the same name, is commemorated by Sir David Lyndsay; but none of his works are extant.

**LAPRAIK, JOHN,** author of the song "When I upon thy bosom lean," was the "Old Scottish bard" whom Burns has so highly complimented in two epistles, to be found in his works.

" There was ae sang among the rest,  
 Aboon them a' it pleased me best,  
 That some kind husband had address  
     To some sweet wife :  
 It thrill'd the heart strings through the breast ;  
     A' to the life.

" I've scarce heard ought describes sae weel,  
 What gen'rous manly bosoms feel ;  
 Thought I, can this be Pope or Steele  
     Or Beattie's wark ?  
 They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel,  
     About Muirkirk."

**LEYDEN, JOHN, LL.D.** Shortly after the death of this distinguished poet and scholar, who fell a victim to fatigue in following the expedition sent against Batavia, in 1811, and to the damps of a hostile climate, the following notice of his life and works appeared in the *Bombay Courier*, from the able pen of his countryman and friend, General Sir John Malcolm. Whatever room there may be to swell the history of Leyden's life with subordinate particulars, it is much to be doubted whether any more extended sketch could give a completer, juster, or more interesting view of his genius and character, than General Malcolm has here presented to the reader.

*To the Editor of the Bombay Courier.*

SIR,—I enclose some lines which have no value but what they derive from the subject; they are an unworthy but sincere tribute to one whom I have long regarded with sentiments of esteem and affection, and whose loss I regret with the most unfeigned sorrow: it will remain with those who are better qualified than I am to do justice to the memory of Dr. Leyden. I only know, that he rose by the power of native genius, from the humblest origin, to a very distinguished rank in the literary world. His studies included almost every branch of human science, and he was alike ardent in the pursuit of all. The greatest power of his mind was perhaps shewn in his acquisition of modern and ancient languages. He exhibited an unexampled facility, not merely in acquiring but in tracing their affinity and connexion with each other; and, from that ta-

lent, combined with his taste and general knowledge, we had a right to expect, from what he did in a very few years, that he would, if he had lived, have thrown the greatest light upon the more abstruse parts of the History of the East. In this curious, but intricate and rugged path, we cannot hope to see his equal. Dr. Leyden had, from his earliest years, cultivated the muses with a success which will make many regret that poetry did not occupy a larger portion of his time. The first of his essays, which appeared in a separate form, was "The Scenes of Infancy, a descriptive poem," in which he sung, in no displeasing strains, the charms of his native mountains and streams, in Tiviotdale. He contributed several small pieces to a collection of poems, called "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which he published with his celebrated friend, Walter Scott. Among these, the "Mermaid" is certainly the most beautiful: in it he has shewn all the creative fancy of a real genius. His Ode "On the death of Nelson" is, undoubtedly, the best of those poetical effusions that he has published since he came to India. The following apostrophe to the blood of that hero, has a sublimity of thought and happiness of expression, which never could have been attained but by a true poet:

" Blood of the brave, thou art not lost  
Amid the waste of waters blue ;  
The tide that rolls to Albion's coast  
Shall proudly boast its sanguine hue ;  
And thou shalt be the vernal dew,  
To foster valour's daring seed ;



The generous plant shall still its stock renew,  
And hosts of heroes rise when one shall bleed."

It is pleasing to find one on whom nature has bestowed eminent genius, possessed of the more essential and intrinsic qualities which give the truest excellence to the human character. The manners of Dr. Leyden were uncourtly, more, perhaps, from his detestation of the vices too generally attendant on refinement, and a wish (indulged to excess from his youth) to keep at a marked distance from them, than from any ignorance of the rules of good breeding. He was fond of talking; his voice was loud and had little or no modulation, and he spoke in the provincial dialect of his native country. It cannot be surprising, therefore, that even his information and knowledge, when so conveyed, should be felt by a number of his hearers as unpleasant if not oppressive; but with all these disadvantages (and they were great) the admiration and esteem in which he was always held by those who could not understand the value of his knowledge, yet loved his virtues, shew how impossible it was to suppress a sense of his real worth. Though he was distinguished by his love of liberty, and almost haughty independence, his ardent feelings and proud genius never led him into any licentious or extravagant speculations on political subjects. He never solicited favours, but he was raised by the liberal discernment of his noble friend and patron, Lord Minto, to a situation that afforded him an opportunity of shewing that he was as scrupulous and as inflexibly virtuous in the discharge of his public duties, as he was attentive in private life



to the dictates of morality and religion. It is not easy to convey an idea of the method which Dr. Leyden used in his studies, or to describe the unconquerable ardour with which these were pursued. During his early residence in India, I had a particular opportunity of observing both. When he read a lesson in Persian, a person near him, whom he had taught, wrote down each sentence on a long slip of paper, which was afterwards divided into as many pieces as there were words, and pasted in alphabetical order under different heads of verbs, nouns, &c. into a blank book that formed a vocabulary of each day's lesson. All this he had instructed a very ignorant native to do, and this man he used, in his broad accent, to call one of his mechanical aids. He was so ill at Mysore, soon after his arrival from England, that Mr. Anderson, the surgeon who attended him, despaired of his life; but, though all his friends endeavoured at this period to prevail upon him to relax in his application to study, it was in vain. He used, when unable to sit upright, to prop himself up, and he thus continued his translations. One day that I was sitting by his bedside, the surgeon came in, "I am glad you are here," said Mr. Anderson, addressing himself to me, "you will be able to persuade Dr. Leyden to attend to my advice. I have told him before, and I now repeat, that he will die if he does not leave off his studies and remain quiet." "Very well, doctor," exclaimed Leyden, "you have done your duty; but you must now hear me: I cannot be idle; and whether I die or live, the wheel must go round to the last:" and he actually continued,

under the depression of a fever and a liver complaint, to study more than ten hours each day.

The temper of Dr. Leyden was mild and generous, and he could bear with perfect good humour raillery on his foibles. When he arrived at Calcutta, in 1805, I was most solicitous regarding his reception in the society of the Indian capital. "I entreat you, my dear friend," I said to him the day he landed, "to be careful of the impression you make on your entering this community: for God's sake, learn a little English, and be silent upon literary subjects, except among literary men." "Learn English!" he exclaimed; "no, never: it was trying to learn that language that spoiled my Scotch; and, as to being silent, I will promise to hold my tongue, if you will make fools hold theirs." His memory was most tenacious, and he sometimes loaded it with lumber. When I was at Mysore, an argument occurred upon a point of English history; it was agreed to refer it to Leyden; and to the astonishment of all parties, he repeated, verbatim, the whole of an Act of Parliament in the reign of James I. relative to Ireland, which decided the point in dispute. On being asked, how he came to charge his memory with such extraordinary matter, he said that several years before, when he was writing on the changes that had taken place in the English language, this Act was one of the documents to which he had referred as a specimen of the style of that age, and that he had retained every word in his memory. His love of the place of his nativity was a passion in which he had always a pride, and which, in India, he cherished

with the fondest enthusiasm. I once went to see him when he was very ill, and had been confined to his bed for many days : there were several gentlemen in the room. He inquired " if I had any news ?" I told him I had a letter from Eskdale. " And what are they about in the border ?" he asked. " A curious circumstance," I replied, " is stated in my letter ;" and I read him a passage which described the conduct of our volunteers, on a fire being kindled by mistake at one of the beacons. This letter mentioned, that the moment the blaze, which was the signal of invasion, was seen, the mountaineers hastened to their rendezvous, and those of Liddisdale swam the Ewes river, to reach it. They were assembled (though several of their houses were at a distance of six and seven miles) in two hours, and at break of day the party marched into the town of Hawick, a distance of twenty miles from the place of assembly, to the border tune of " Wha dare meddle wi' me ?" Leyden's countenance became animated as I proceeded with this detail, and, at its close, he sprung from his sick-bed and with strange melody and still stranger gesticulations, sung aloud, " Wha dare meddle wi' me ? Wha dare meddle wi' me ?" Several of those who witnessed this scene, looked at him as one that was raving in the delirium of a fever. These anecdotes will display, more fully than any description I can give, the lesser shades of the character of this extraordinary man. An external manner certainly not agreeable, and a disposition to egotism, were his only defects.

How trivial do these appear at a moment when we are lamenting the loss of such a rare combination

of virtues, learning, and genius, as were concentrated in the late Dr. Leyden?

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN MALCOLM.

“ Where sleep the brave? on Java’s strand,  
Thy ardent spirit, Leyden, fled!  
And fame, with cypress, shades the land  
Where genius fell, and valour bled.

When triumph’s tale is westward borne,  
On border hills no day shall gleam;  
And thy lov’d Tiviot long shall mourn  
The youthful poet of her stream.

Near Jura’s rocks, the Mermaids’ strain  
Shall change from sweet to solemn lay;  
For he is gone, the stranger swain  
Who sung the Maid of Colonsay.

The hardy tar, Britannia’s pride,  
Shall hang his manly head in woe;  
The Bard who told how Nelson died,  
With harp unstrung, in earth lies low.

I see a weeping band arise,  
I hear sad music on the gale;  
The dirge is sung from Scotia’s skies;  
Her mountains’ sons their loss bewail.

The Minstrel of thy native North  
Pours all his soul into the song;  
It bursts from near the winding Forth,  
And Highland rocks the notes prolong.



Yes, he who struck a matchless lyre,  
 O'er Flodden's field, and Katrine's wave,  
 With trembling hand now leads the choir,  
 That mourn his Leyden's early grave."

LINDSAY, CHRISTIAN,—

"Quhen we are deid, that all our days daffis,  
 Let Christen Lyndsay wryt our epitaphs."

So says Montgomery, in a sonnet addressed to R. Hudson; but, of the epitaphs for which Lindsay appears to have been celebrated, not one is now known to be extant. The only production we have of Lindsay's, is a sonnet addressed to the said Hudson, in which he upbraids him for treachery to Montgomery. But Hudson was a courtier, and Lindsay says well:

Bot Robene, faith ye did me not beguyle,  
 I hopit ay of you, as of the lave.

LOCKHART, SIR MUNGO, of Lee, is celebrated for his poetical talents, by Dunbar; but none of his works have been traced.

LOWE, ALEXANDER, the author of the well-known song "Mary's Dream," was tutor in a gentleman's family in the south of Scotland; formed an attachment to one of the daughters, the Mary of his song; and, in a fit of thwarted love, went off to the West Indies, or America. To his "Mary" he also addressed a poetical epistle, of some length, from across the Atlantic, which has never, it is believed, been published. The song of "Mary's Dream" has, since its original publication, received two material improvements; but, whether from the author him-

self, or the hand of another, is uncertain. The first line stood thus :

“ Pale Cynthia just had reach'd the hill.”

It has been changed, greatly for the better, into

“ The moon had climb'd the highest hill.”

The first couplet of the second verse was originally,

“ When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
And scarcely yet had closed her e'e.”

By an excellent alteration, we are let at once into the whole story of this affecting ditty.

“ When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
*Her thoughts on Sandy, far at sea.*”

**MACARTHUR, SAMUEL.** A tragedy, by a person of this name, entitled *The Duke of Rothsay*, was published after the author's death, by J. Wood. 1780.

**MACDONALD, ALEXANDER.** A schoolmaster at Ardnurchan in Argyleshire, published, in 1751, a volume of poems in Gaelic.

**MACDONALD, RANALD,** son of the preceding writer, produced, in 1776, a collection of Gaelic songs, and other lyrical compositions. “ Many of the pieces are of the first merit.” *A. Campbell.*

**MACKENZIE, SIR GEORGE,** the celebrated lawyer, is of the number of those who recel to recollection the lament of Pope.

“ How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost.”

His “ *Celia's Country House and Closet,*” inserted in Watson's Collection, ought to be read by every one in whom the political conduct of the author may have produced a dislike to his personal character.

**MAC LAURIN, JOHN, Esq.** (Lord Dreghorn.) “At a very early period of life he displayed a natural turn for poetical composition, and among his school-fellows was distinguished by the name of *the Poet*. Indeed, he had not only an early, but a constant attachment to the Muses, and it may therefore be thought surprising that he did not exert his talents more than he has done, and that what he has written is chiefly upon local subjects, and such as probably in these times will not please the republic of letters.”—*Life, prefixed to his works*.—It is not however so “surprising that he did not exert his talents more,” for in all that he ever wrote under the name of poetry, it would be difficult to discover the least trace of poetic fancy. Lord Dreghorn was an acute prose writer; but it was from his school-fellows alone he could procure the name of a poet.

**MACPHERSON, DR. JOHN**, author of *Critical Dissertations on the History of the Ancient Caledonians*. A paraphrase of the Song of Moses, written by him, and published in the *Scots Magazine* for 1747, was much praised by Dr. Johnson. He said of it: “It does him honour; he has a great deal of Latin, and good Latin.” In the same *Magazine* for June, 1739, there is an original Latin ode by Dr. M., written while in the island of Barra, where he was a minister for some years. “It is very poetical,” says Boswell, “and exhibits a striking proof how much all things depend on comparison; for Barra, it seems, appeared so much worse to him than Sky, his *natale solum*, that he languished for its



blessed mountains, and thought himself, where he was, buried alive amongst barbarians."

**MACPHERSON OF STRATHMAISIE**, with whom the translator of Ossian resided for some time, is said to have been not only an excellent Gaelic scholar, but a poet of no small reputation. Several of his pieces are to be found in a collection published by Gillies Perth, 1796. They possess a considerable degree of merit; are light, free, and spirited.

**MAITLAND, JOHN, LORD THIRLSTANE**, was the second son of Sir Richard Maitland, the poet and collector of poetry, and born about 1537. In 1567 he succeeded his father in the office of Privy Seal; but in 1570 was deprived of it, on account of his attachment to Queen Mary. In 1581 he was made a senator of the College of Justice; in 1584 Secretary of State to James VI.; and in 1585 Lord Chancellor of Scotland. In 1589 he attended James on his matrimonial excursion to Norway, and passing the winter at Denmark, became intimately acquainted with Tycho Brahe. On his return with the king to Scotland, he was created Lord Maitland of Thirlstane. He died of a lingering illness on the 4th of October, 1595, and was much regretted by his sovereign, who honoured his memory with the following epitaph:

Thou, passenger! that spies, with gazing eyes,  
 This trophie sad of Death's triumphant dart,  
 Consider, when this outward tombe thou sees,  
 How rare a man leaves here his earthly part,  
 His wisdom and his uprightness of heart,  
 His piety, his practice of our state,

His quick ingine, so vast in every art,  
 As equally not all were in debate :  
 Thus justly hath his death brought forth a tale,  
 An heavy grief in prince and subjects all,  
 That virtue love, and vice do bear at hate,  
 Though vicious men rejoyces at his fall.  
 So for himself most happy doeth he die,  
 Though for his prince it may unhappy be.

Lord Thirlstane is spoken of by all his contemporaries as a man of eminent abilities, and most amiable disposition. He wrote several Latin epigrams, which have been published in the second volume of the "*Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum.*" Bishop Montague, the editor of King James's works, also ascribes to his pen some lines, entitled "De Classe Hispaniæ; interpretatio carminis à Serenissimo Rege Scotiæ Conscripti;" but Gassendi has claimed them for Tycho Brahe, a copy of them having been found among his papers, with the initials of his name affixed. In his native language, Lord Thirlstane wrote a satire "against Slanderis Tongues," and "An Admonition to the Regent, Mar," both of which have been published by Mr. Pinkerton.

MAITLAND, THOMAS, a younger son of Sir Richard Maitland, wrote some Latin poems of indifferent merit, which are published along with those of his brother, Lord Thirlstane, in the *Del. Poet. Scot*; but he is better known as one of the interlocutors in Buchanan's Dialogue *De Jure Regni.*

MAJORIBANKS, CAPTAIN JOHN.—"Trifles in Verse,

by a young Soldier," in 2 vols., were published at Kelso, in 1774, and to these a third volume was afterwards added. In 1798 a volume of the poetical remains of "the late Captain John Majoribanks" was published at Edinburgh, and it was then announced that Mr. M. was the "young soldier" to whom the public were indebted for the three preceding volumes.

**MALCOLM, JAMES**, contributor to the *Del. Poet. Scot.*

**MATHISON, REV. THOMAS**. He was originally a writer in Edinburgh, but abandoned the law for the church, obtained a settlement in the north of England, and was afterwards, through the interest of President Forbes, presented to the living of Brechin, where he died, in 1754. He published, in 1743, "The Golf, an heroic comical Poem, in three Cantos." It "has considerable merit." *A. Campbell.*

**MELVIN, ANDREW**, Principal of New College, St. Andrews, is highly commended by Dempster, for his Latin poetry. Some of his pieces are in the *Del. Poet. Scot.*

**MERCER,**

"That did in luvè so lyfly write,  
So schort, so quick, of sentens hie."

*Dunbar's Lament.*

The only piece, by this writer, extant, entitled *Perell in Paramours*, has been published by Lord Hailes.

**MERCER, CAPTAIN WILLIAM**, wrote "*Angliæ Speculum, or England's Looking Glasse*;" a work often quoted for the incidental notices which it contains of the author's contemporaries.

**MITCHELL, JOSEPH**, was "one of a club of small wits who, about 1719, published (at Edinburgh) a very

poor miscellany, to which Dr. Young, the author of the *Night Thoughts*, prefixed a copy of verses." *Mr. Ramsay of Ochtertyre*. He came afterwards to London; and was patronized by the Earl of Stair and Sir Robert Walpole; by the latter so particularly, that he got the name of "Sir Robert Walpole's poet." He might have become affluent, but giving himself up to dissipation, lived in a state of constant distress. "The Fatal Extravagance," a Tragedy, which was originally acted and published in Mitchell's name, was written by Aaron Hill, and made a present of by him to Mitchell, in order that, with the profits of it, he might relieve himself from some pecuniary difficulty. Mitchell was ingenuous enough to be himself the first to undeceive the public. The "Highland Fair," a ballad opera, brought out in 1731, was his own composition, and is in a better vein of humour than any of his other pieces. Among Burns' MSS. there was found a memorandum, stating that "Pinky House" was "by J. Mitchell." "He seems," says Cibber, "to have been a poet of the third rate." Of his critical judgement there is a curious anecdote recorded. As soon as Thomson published his *Winter*, he presented a copy to Mitchell, who gave him his opinion of it in the following couplet:

" Beauties and faults so thick lie scatter'd here,  
Those I could read, if these were not so near."

Thomson replied—

" Why *all* not faults, injurious Mitchell! why  
Appears one beauty to thy blasted eye?

Damnation worse than thine, if worse can be,  
Is all I ask, and all I want from thee."

On a friend's remarking to Thomson that the expression of *blasted* eye would look like a personal reflection, as Mitchell really had that misfortune, he made an awkward change of the epithet into *blasting*. A collection of Mitchell's poems, in two volumes, was published in 1729.

MOFFAT, JOHN, if we may give credit to an *addendum* in the Bannatyne MS., was the author of one of the very best of our old Scottish ballads, "*The Wife of Auchtermuchty*;" but this addendum is in "a more modern hand" than that in which the poem itself is written. In Lord Hailes's Collection there is a piece entitled "*To remember the End*," his claim to which is undisputed; but it is of little merit.

MONTIETH, ROBERT, translated Buchanan's *Fratres Fraterrimi*, &c., Edinb. 1704. Along with these he published, "*Ane Theatre of Mortality*," being a collection of inscriptions on the tombs of the Grey-Friars' Church Yard, Edinburgh.

MONTROSE, (JAMES GRAHAM,) MARQUIS OF, so celebrated for his martial exploits, was also a favourite of the Muses. Watson, in his Collection, has published eight short amatory pieces, written by his lordship; in one of which, "I'll never love thee more," his attachment to monarchy is, by way of allegory, very fancifully exemplified.

"And in the empire of thy heart,  
Where I should solely be,  
If others do pretend a part,  
Or dare to share with me,

Or committees if thou erect,  
 Or go on such a score,  
 I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,  
 And never love thee more." &c.

Another piece, equally characteristic of this heroic chief, is his celebrated effusion on the death of Charles the First.

"Great! good! and just! could I but rate  
 My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,  
 I'd weep the world to such a strain  
 As it should deluge once again.  
 But since thy loud-tongu'd blood demands supply  
 More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eye,  
 I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpets' sounds,  
 And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds.

MONTROSE."

Written with the point of his sword.

On hearing the terms of the cruel sentence, which was passed upon him for his adherence to the royal cause, he thus gave vent to his feelings :

"Let them bestow on every earth a limb,  
 And open all my veins, that I may swim  
 To thee, my Saviour, in that crimson lake ;  
 Then place my parboil'd head upon a stake ;  
 Scatter my ashes, throw them in the air :—  
 Lord, since thou know'st where all those atoms are,  
 I'm hopeful, once thou'lt re-collect my dust ;  
 And confident, thou'lt raise me with the just."

In the catalogue of the British Museum, there is a tract entitled, "*De Rebus præclare ab eo gestis*," 1647, 8vo., which is ascribed to his lordship.

**MOORE, SIR WILLIAM, of Rowland,** wrote "The true Crucifix of the true Catholicks," 1629.

**MURRAY, THOMAS.** A contributor to the *Del. Poet. Scot.*

**MURRAY, DAVID.** There is a very rare book, entitled "The Tragical Death of Sophonisba, written by David Murray, Scoto-Britaine," London, 1611. A number of sonnets and other small pieces are added to make up the volume. It is dedicated to Prince Henry, son of James VI. Among the commendatory tributes prefixed, there is one from John Murray, a cousin of the author; and another by Drayton.

**MYLNE, JAMES.** "Poems, consisting of miscellaneous Pieces, and two Tragedies, by James Mylne, of Lochill," were published at Edinburgh, in 1790. The author was then dead. The Rev. J. Carfrae, who had enjoyed the friendship of Mylne, wrote a long letter on the subject of his literary remains to Burns, shortly previous to their publication, in which he says, "He was a man highly respectable for every accomplishment and every virtue which adorns the character of a man and of a Christian. To a great degree of literature, of taste, and poetic genius, was added an invincible modesty of temper, which prevented, in a great degree, his figuring in life, and confined the perfect knowledge of his character and talents to the small circle of his chosen friends. He was untimely taken from us, a few weeks ago, by an inflammatory fever, in the prime of life, beloved by all who enjoyed his acquaintance, and lamented

by all who have any regard for virtue or genius. There is a woe pronounced in Scripture against the person whom all men speak well of; if ever that woe fell upon the head of mortal man, it fell upon him." Burns, however, does not appear to have thought so highly of the poetic genius of Mylne; in his answer to Mr. Carfrae, and in another letter on the subject to Mrs. Dunlop, he shews an anxiety to wave the subject. Mr. Mylne was born at Suttie Barns, near Haddington, on the 4th of June, 1737. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh; but, instead of entering into any of the learned professions, became a farmer, and took a lease of the farm of Lochill, where he died, in December, 1788.

**NAPIER**, of Merchiston, the celebrated inventor of the logarithms, seems to have paid some attention to the study of poetry. In his Treatise on the Revelations, he versified certain notable prophecies out of the books of Sybilla, and prefaced his works with a metrical address to Antichrist.

**NASMYTH, ARTHUR**, published at Edinburgh in 1665, "Divine Poems, in three Parts; with Man's Looking Glasse."

**NICOL, ALEXANDER**, school master of Callace, published in 1766, "Nature without Art, or Nature's Progress in Poetry," being a collection of Poems "on various subjects, serious and comic." Among the collection is a Fourth Canto to *Christ's Kirk on the Green*; but it has no pretensions to class with a



poem of such merit. Nichol was left, at the age of six, a helpless orphan, deformed, and nearly blind ; he afterwards carried a pack about the country ; but being of an inquisitive turn, he scraped together knowledge enough to become a schoolmaster. In his latter days he gave himself up to intemperate habits, and died miserably. His body was found dead in a ditch by the road side, and buried at the expense of the parish.

**PANTHER, DR. PATRICK**, Professor of Divinity in the University of St. Andrew's. " I never saw the man," says Principal Baillie ; " but his Valliados makes me love him, as one of the best poets I know living. The man has a bonny spirit, some things in all faculties." The " Valliados," which was published at Edinburgh in 1633, is a Latin poem, in praise of the heroic exploits of Sir William Wallace.

**PATERSON, WILLIAM**, the friend of Thomson, and author of " Arminius," a tragedy.—See Life of Thomson, part II. p. 152.

**PAUL**, —. In Perron's Funeral Oration on the death of Ronsard, he gives to a Scotsman of the name of Paul the credit of having initiated that celebrated writer into the poetic art. " Un gentil-homme Escossois nommé le Seigneur Paul, très bon poete Latin, se plaisoit à lui lire tous les jours, quelque chose de Virgile ou d' Horace, le lui interpretant en François ou en Ecossois," &c. Of this



“très bon poete Latin,” however, nothing else is known.

**PENNYCUICK, ALEXANDER**, a burghess of Edinburgh, published in 1720, “Streams from Helicon;” and in 1726, “Flowers from Parnassus.” He wrote, also, an historical account of the Blue Blanket, or Craftsman’s Banner; and, just previous to his death, commenced a periodical work under the title of “Entertainment for the Curious.” He was an assiduous imitator of Allan Ramsay, and in some pieces imitated him with success. His life was dissipated and irregular, and if we may credit a poetic authority, ended of starvation in the streets. In a poem entitled “Claudero’s (Wilson’s) Farewell to the Muses, and Auld Reikie,” he says,

“To shew the fate of Pennycuick,  
Who starving, died in turnpike-neuk;  
Though sweet he sung, with wit and sense,  
He, like poor Claud, was short of pence,” &c.

**PITCAIRNE, ARCHIBALD, M. D.** After the death of this celebrated physician, Ruddiman published a small volume entitled, “Selecta Poëmata Archibaldi Pitcairnii et aliorum, &c.” The publication was intended to refute a remark of Peter Burman, in his preface to his edition of Buchanan’s History, that the Latin Muses appeared to have deserted Scotland. “But,” says Lord Woodhouselee, “the very attempt affords a demonstration of the truth of the proposition it was meant to disprove, for the poems of Pitcairne comprise almost all that

are of any merit in the volume ; and even these, from the nature of their subjects,—temporary political satire, (against the Revolution,) the commemoration of local incidents, or allusions to private characters,—have none of the requisites to found either a general or a permanent reputation.”—Dr. Pitcairne wrote also a comedy called “The Assembly,” which was printed at London, in 1722. Mr. G. Chalmers says it is “personal and political, sarcastic and prophane, and never could have been acted on any stage.” A pleasing specimen of his poetical powers occurs in Donaldson’s collection, but is there said to be the work of “Walter Denestone,” a *nom-de-guerre* which Dr. P. was in the habit of using. It is entitled—“*Μορμωον Χελισμος*, sive *Lamiarum Vestestus*; a poem on the king and queen of Fairy.” It is in two versions, Latin and English, and is in the following pleasing and fanciful strain.

No sooner was their King attyr’d,  
As never Prince had been,  
But, as in duty was requir’d,  
They next array their Queen.

Of shining thread shot from the sun,  
And twisted into line,  
On the light wheel of fortune spun,  
Was made her smock so fine.

Her gown was very colour’d fair ;  
The rainbow gave the dip ;  
Perfumed by an amber air,  
Breath’d from a virgin’s lip, &c.

**POLWART**, the antagonist in *Flyting of Montgomery*, was, according to Dempster, Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth.

**PRIMROSE, DAVID**, a clergyman, son of Dr. Gilbert Primrose, was a principal contributor to the collection of poetical tributes presented by the University of Edinburgh to Charles the First, on his visit to Edinburgh. Besides some Latin verses, he wrote a "Welcome," in his native tongue, which is almost the only respectable performance in the collection. The manner in which it reminds the king of the ancient liberties of the Scottish people, is worthy of all praise.

" ——— gold fac'd Phœbus, measurer of tyme,  
Hath touch'd the circle of the northmost clyme,  
Now almost twice two hundred tymes and twaine,  
Since Scotland first enjoyed a soverayne.

Yet all this while our princes did maintaine  
Their liberties unstain'd, which still remaine  
More deare to us, nor treasure, chyld, and wyfe,  
Or yet this flying sweet, our toylsome life.

\* \* \* \* \*

We may be beaten, but we shall not flee,  
More deare than lyfe to us is libertie."

**RAMSAY, ANDREW**, Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh, from 1620 to 1630, is extolled by Lauder, in order to serve his purpose of

depreciating Milton, as one of the greatest of modern poets. An elegant edition of his *Poëmata Sacra* occurs in Lauder's *Delectus Auctorum Sacrorum Miltono Facem Prælucentium*. The work consists of four books; the first treats of the Creation; the second, of the Happy Condition of Man before the Fall; the third, of the Fall; and the fourth and last, of the Redemption of man. In his manner of considering these subjects, there is certainly, in many instances, a striking similarity to Milton; but the general merit of the work is not great. It shews some vigour of thought, but the versification is harsh and rugged.

REID, THOMAS, Latin Secretary to James the Sixth, enjoyed no small reputation among his contemporaries, for his Latin poetry, but though his pieces are preserved in the *Del. Poet. Scot.*, the fame of their author has long since vanished. He had also a name for a collection of metaphysical theses which he maintained at the University of Rostoch, but these also have become the prey of oblivion. The family to which this Reid belonged, could, at a later period, boast of another philosopher, whose metaphysical reputation is less in danger of suffering from the hand of time.

RENNIE, JOHN, was the author of a volume of miscellaneous poems, and another of pastorals, both of which reached a second edition. He wrote the well known song of "The Post Captain," and many other ditties of very unequal merit. When he first became known in London, he filled the humble situation of butler to Mr. Allardice, of Al-lardice. His songs introduced him to the acquaint-

ance of the players ; and from his readiness in penning a stave, he became a sort of rhyming hack to the theatres, fell into dissipated habits, and was left, by those he had helped to celebrity, to die in distress. An affecting circumstance attended his funeral. As his remains were carrying out of the house where he died, a couple of ballad singers were delighting the crowd with one of his favourite songs. It was to Rennie, that "The Thorn" was indebted for the additional verse, beginning,

"Then I show'd her the ring, and implor'd her to marry," &c.

**RICHARDSON, PROFESSOR WILLIAM.** This elegant and accomplished scholar published, in 1774, "Poems, chiefly rural," 12mo.; in 1775, "An Epithalamium on the Marriage of the Duke of Athol and Mrs. Graham of Balgowan;" in 1790, "The Indians, a tragedy;" and, subsequent to that period, several other pieces.

**ROBERTSON, ALEXANDER,** of Strouan, who suffered proscription for his attachment to the Stuart family, consoled himself by some little gallantry with the Muses. His poetry is exceeded by his jacobitism; yet so favourably did his contemporaries think of it, that for some time he had the credit of being the author of "The Vision," one of the very best of Allan Ramsay's compositions; but to which, for prudential reasons, he chose to give a fictitious parentage.

**ROLLAND, JOHN,** of Dalkeith, was the author of two pieces of fanciful absurdity; the one entitled

“ Ane Treatise, callit *The Court of Venus*, dividit into four buikis;” the other “ *The Seven Sages*, translatit out of prois into Scottis meiter, with ane moralitie aftir everie doctour’s tale, and siklyke after the emprice tale; togidder with ane loving and lawd to every doctor aftir his awin tale, and an exclamation and outcrying upon the Emperor’s wyfe aftir hir fals contrused tale.”

**ROLLOCK, HERCULES**, and

**ROSE, JOHN**, contributors to the *Del. Poet. Scot.*

**ROSS, SIR JOHN**, commemorated in Dunbar’s *Lament*, but not otherwise known.

**ROSS, DR. ALEXANDER.**

“ There was an ancient sage philosopher  
That had read Alexander Ross over ;  
And swore the world, as he could prove,  
Was made of fighting and of love.”

Dr. Ross, whose name these sarcastic lines of Butler have, perhaps, done more to preserve, than the work itself (*View of all Religions*) which suggested them, though it passed through many editions, and was translated into many languages, was one of the most voluminous writers of the seventeenth century; and among his works those in poetry occupy a prominent place. Sir William Urquhart styles him “ a most learned and worthy gentleman, and most endeared minion of the *Muses*, who hath written manye excellent books in Latin and English, what in prose, what in verse, than he hath lived years.” “ *The Virgilius Evangelisans of Dr. Alexander Ross*,” says Dr. Irving, “ possesses

much merit as a cento." It is a picture of the life of Christ, in language collected entirely from Virgil. Grainger, too, says, that it is ingenious and was deservedly admired. Of his *Mel Heliconium*, see an account by Mr. Park in his *Censura Literaria*.

**ROWL.** Two poets of this name are mentioned by Dunbar, one is said to be of *Corstorphin*, and the other of *Aberdeen*. A poem, with the signature of *Rowl*, occurs in the *Bannatyne MS.*; but that is the only memorial extant of these poetical brothers.

**RUSSEL, WILLIAM, LL.D.** the historian of Modern and Ancient Europe, shewed great ambition to shine also as a poet; but of all his attempts in this path, not one was successful. He commenced his literary career, by publishing *A Collection of Modern Poems* by other authors, which has been much more praised than any of his own productions. "The selection was considered judicious. It included several of the productions of Gray and Shenstone, the beauties of whose poetry he had the good taste to perceive before many of his countrymen. He claims the honour of having contributed to extend their popularity in the northern part of the island." *Irving*.

**RUSSEL, THOMAS.** "Two pastoral poems, by Thomas Russel, Student in Physic; to which is prefixed, *Phyllis, a Love Elegy*, by the same," were printed at Edinburgh in 1765.

**SCOT, CAPTAIN WALTER.** In 1688, there appeared "A true historie of several honorable families of the Right Honorable name of Scot, in the shires



of Roxburgh and Selkirk, and others adjacent. Gathered out of the ancient Chronicles and Traditions of our fathers. By Captain Walter Scot,

*An old souldier and no scholler,  
And one that can write nane,  
But just the letters of his name.*

Edinburgh, printed by the heir of Andrew Anderson, Printer to His most sacred Majesty's City and College."

Although "no scholler," Captain Walter Scot has contrived to give his "true historie" in rhyme. To a genius of other times it was reserved to give true *poetical* immortality to the name of "Walter Scot."

SCOT, SIR JOHN, at whose expense the *Del. Poet. Scot.* edited by Dr. Arthur Johnston, was published, was himself a contributor to that collection.

SCOT, JOHN. Another contributor to the same.

SCOT, SIR WILLIAM, of Thirlestane, Bart. the friend and contemporary of Allan Ramsay, wrote a poetical Inscription for that poet, in Latin, which, with other pieces by him in the same language, was published in the *Selecta Poëmata* of Dr. Pitcairne, &c. He died at Edinburgh on the 8th October, 1725.

SEGGAT, THOMAS. Some Latin poems by this author, which may be found in the *Del. Poet. Scot.* vol. 2, are praised by Borrichius. Two pieces, not inserted in this collection, occur in *Justi Lipsii, Sapientia et Litterarum Antistitis, Fama Posthuma*. "He appears to have also composed several works in prose, but these are of very rare occurrence."

*Irving.*

**SEMPIL OR SEMPLE, ROBERT.** A variety of poems, by a person of this name, appeared about the year 1570. Mr. Sibbald has been pleased to make a peer of him; and Mr. Park, less scrupulous than he ought to have been in swelling the "Catalogue of royal and noble Authors," has, on Sibbald's authority, added a "Robert Lord Sempil" to the number. Dr. Irving considers the pretension to be ridiculous. It is in fact altogether a conjectural dignity, neither supported by any thing in the productions of the person of this name, nor by the traditionary history of the Sempils. According to the latter, the Robert Sempil in question, was a brother of the Sir James Sempil next mentioned, who was the head of a branch only of the noble family of that name. Of his poetic merits, Dempster has favoured us with a singularly glowing description:—

"Semple, claro nomine poeta, cui patrius sermo tantum debet, ut nulli plus debere eruditi fateantur; felix in eo calor, temperatum judicium, rara inventio, dictio pura ac candida; quibus dotibus Regi Jacobo charissimus fuit; scripsit carmina amatoria, ut Propertii sanguinem, Tibulli lac, Ovidii mel, Callimachi sudorem æquasse plerisque doctis videatur." But the worth of any compliment from so fabulous a writer as Dempster, it is unnecessary to discuss. It may suffice to say, that in no work of Robert Sempil's extant is there the slightest foundation for such extravagant praise. His "Carmina amatoria" are all of a gross description; some of them have disgraced the "Evergreen" of Ramsay; and, through some misconception (for it could only be through that) Mr. Park has permitted one of them

(the Fleming Berge) to stain the pages of the Continuation of Lord Orford's Catalogue. Mr. Dalryell, who has republished\* a satire from the same pen, entitled "The Legend of the Bischof of St. Androis' Lyfe, callit Mr. Patrick Adamsons, alias Cous-teane," has thought it necessary, in the preface, (written probably, as most prefaces are, after the work they precede) to "regret having preserved such a compound of vulgarity, passion, and malevolence." To this Robert Sempil also belong "The Siege of the Castel of Edinburgh, Imprentit at Edinburgh, be Robert Lekpreuk, 1573," and the following pieces, preserved in Ames; "The Regentis Tragedie," (seventeen nine-line stanzas) 1570, and "My Lord Methvenis, Tragedie," (twenty-four nine-line stanzas) 1572. In Birrel's Diary, a play, written by Robert Sempil, is said to have been represented on the 17th of Jan. 1568, before the Regent and others of the nobility: but what play we are left to guess. Mr. Sibbald and Mr. Campbell\* suppose it to have been the play of "Philotus," because a play of this name, written fifty years on the one side or other of 1568, is still without any recognized author. If "Philotus" could on any more feasible ground be assigned to Robert Sempil, it would do him an honour never to be derived from his more authenticated productions; for though its plot is altogether indecent and improbable, and many more than "but two lines

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\* Scottish Poems of the sixteenth Century.

† History of the Scottish Poetry.

are immodest,"\* it contains some descriptions of the state of society at that period, which are valuable for their manifest truth and simplicity. According to Dempster, Robert Sempil died in 1595.

**SEMPIL, SIR JAMES**, was a favourite with King James the Sixth, and employed by him on an embassy to England, and knighted on his return. In 1601, he was sent ambassador to France, and there is still extant, in the possession of his descendants, a passport or order from the English court, dated at Richmond, October 4, 1601, countersigned Ro. CECYLL, directing that he shall be conducted, with all due respect befitting the dignity of an ambassador, through England to Dover, on his way to France. Sir James possessed a turn for poetry, and was author of "The Packman and the Priest," a satire, in which the absurdities of popery are exposed. *Stat. Account.*

It is apparently from the events of this diplomatist's life, that Sibbald has made up a life for his imaginary Lord Robert. According to Dempster, Robert Sempil, the writer, died in 1595; but as this would have excluded any pretension to the embassies, Lord Robert is made to live till 1611, which was about the time of Sir James's death.

**SEMPIL, ROBERT**, the son and successor of Sir James, is said, in the Statistical Account, to have been the author of the well-known Elegy on Habie Simpson, the Piper of Kilbarchan. Leyden, on the contrary, has ascribed it to Mr. Hamilton of Gilbertfield, as

\* Pinkerton.

well as the writer of the life of that poet, (see Part III. p. 98.) It is not improbable, however, that Sempil was the real author, for Kilbarchan is in the country of the Sempils.

**SEMPIL, FRANCIS**, son of the last Robert Sempil, was an adherent of the Stuart family. He wrote several panegyrics on James II., while Duke of York and Albany, and on the birth of his children; also satires upon the whigs, some of which still remain in MS. He was the author likewise of a piece of considerable merit, entitled, "The Banishment of Poverty," and of a well-known song, "She rose and let me in." *Stat. Account.*

A grandson of this Francis Sempil, called Robert, deserves to be incidentally mentioned as a remarkable instance of longevity. He died in 1789, at the age of one hundred and eight. He was the first in the nomination of justices of peace for Scotland, in 1708, being the year after the Union. Towards the close of life his memory gradually failed him, but two incidents of his early days remained impressed on his mind after all others appeared effaced. The first was, his being present while the witches were burnt at Paisley, in 1697, the last detestable exhibition of that kind in Scotland. The second was, his having seen Peter the Great, at Archangel, amusing himself with some sea animals in a pond, when one of them snapped at him and bit the cock off his hat. This last occurrence he continued to repeat to the day of his death, after he had forgotten every other.

**SHAW, QUINTIN**, is mentioned by Douglas and Lyndsay as a poet of eminence. Kennedy styles

him "his cousin Quintene and his commissar."

One piece by him, entitled, "Advice to a Courtier," is preserved in the Maitland collection.

**SIMSON, ANDREW**, minister of Kirkinner, in Galloway, and afterwards, by an unusual transition, printer in Edinburgh, was the Zachariah Boyd of his day. In 1605, he published his "Tri-patriarchicon," or the Lives of the three Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. It is a pretty exact version of the scriptural history, and after the following amusing fashion.

When Jacob saw these flocks, and her that brought  
The same unto the well, affection taught  
Him what to do; he roll'd away the stone  
From off the well, and water'd them each one;  
He kisses Rachael, and he weeps (O rare!)  
For joy, no doubt; and then he doth declare  
Unto her what he was. I am, saith he,  
Your cousin-gérman.

Mr. Simson wrote also a doleful lamentation on the "horrid murder" of Archbishop Sharpe, 1679.

"Is Scotland Scythia! ah! me fears, that thus  
Strangers will say, when this they hear of us."

As likewise several elegiac verses on other worthies of that Scythian age.

**SKINNER**, the Rev. JOHN, titular bishop of the Episcopalian persuasion, was the author of *Tullochgorum, John o' Bademyon*, and several other highly popular songs. In a letter to Burns, dated 14th November, 1787, he says,

“A small portion of taste this way I have had almost from childhood, especially in the old Scottish dialect; and it is as old a thing as I remember, my fondness for Christ’s Kirk o’ the Green, which I had by heart ere I was twelve years of age, and which, some years ago, I attempted to turn into Latin verse. While I was young I dabbled a good deal in these things; but, on getting on the black gown, I gave it pretty much over, till my daughters grew up, who, being all good singers, plagued me for words to some of their favourite tunes, and so extorted those effusions, which have made a public appearance beyond my expectations and contrary to my intentions; at the same time, that I hope there is nothing to be found in them uncharacteristic or unbecoming the cloth, which I would always wish to see respected.”

Mr. Skinner’s translation of Christ’s Kirk on the Green may be found in a collection, entitled, “*Carminum Rariorum Macaronicorum Delectus, Fasciculus Primus.*” Edin. 1801. Dr. Irving says of it, “The genuine humour of the original is by no means transfused into this version. King James presents us with a succession of highly ludicrous objects, and never fails to mark them with the characteristic lines of his bold pencil, but Skinner has often contented himself with general representation of the sense, and has suffered those arch peculiarities of manner to elude his grasp.” Mr. Skinner wrote also a Latin version of Ramsay’s tale of the *Monk and the Miller’s Wife*, and *Batrachomyomachia Homeri, Latinis vestita cum additamentis*. But in neither of these classical vagaries was he more suc-

cessful than in his translation of Christ's Kirk on the Green.

**SMOLLET, TOBIAS, M.D.** was perhaps as great a poet as he was a novelist; but his reputation with the multitude rests on the works of prose fiction which he has written; and it is to a future series of Lives of Scottish Novelists that we must therefore refer for a full account of his life, character, and writings. His poetical pieces are not numerous, but there are among them some which deserve to rank among the finest productions in the English language. The "Tears of Scotland," and "Ode to Independence," are master pieces in the pathetic and sublime; nor has the remembrance of youthful scenes ever been sung more sweetly than in his "Ode to Leven Water."

**STEEL, DAVID.** "The Ring of Roy Robert," a piece of no merit, stands ascribed to a Dean of this name in the Maitland collection.

**STEVENSON, WILLIAM, M.D.** published, in 1765, "Original Poems, on several subjects," in two volumes. The author, in a modest preface, says, "An apology here is altogether unnecessary, as a bad performance can never pretend to preserve itself from contempt by any consideration of this kind, and a good one will make its way to the favour of the public under every disadvantage of a more adventitious and extraneous nature." It is sufficient to say that the poems of Dr. Stevenson have not made their "way to the favour of the public."

**STEWART.** Several pieces with this signature occur in the Collections of Allan Ramsay, Lord Hailes, and



Sibbald. According to Sir David Lindsay, there were two poets of this name.

STOBO, mentioned in Dunbar's Lament.

STONE, JEROME, a native of the parish of Scoonie, in Fifeshire, was almost as remarkable an instance as his more celebrated namesake, *Edmund Stone*, the mathematician, of the power of native genius to raise itself from obscurity. He was at first nothing more than a pedlar boy; he afterwards gave up dealing in trinkets and toys, for the more respectable occupation of an itinerant bookseller: having books, he began to study them; finding some which were in tongues unknown to him, he applied to the learning of Hebrew, then of Greek, and lastly of Latin; and, with little or no assistance, became a proficient in all of them. Passing often in the course of his business through St. Andrew's, his singular acquisitions came at length to the knowledge of the professors; and with a liberality which did them honour, they gave him free access to their lectures. He attended the sessions regularly, and studied with such diligence, that, ere three years more, he was distinguished among the students for his proficiency in almost every branch of learning. He now obtained the situation of assistant to the rector of the grammar-school of Dunkeld, and in three years after, the rectorship itself. As the Gaelic was the prevailing language of the district in which he was thus settled, he resolved to add a knowledge of that to his other attainments; and when he had done so, was so charmed with the relics of Gaelic poetry which came in his way, that he made translations of many of them into English, which he sent to the

Scots' Magazine, where they made their appearance chiefly during the years 1752, 1755, and 1756, and were not a little admired. This was before Macpherson had published any of his dubious versions. Mr. Stone now commenced a work of great labour and ingenuity, entitled "An Enquiry into the Origin of the Nation and Language of the ancient Scots, with conjectures respecting the primitive state of the Celtic and other European Nations," but had only advanced a small way in it, when (1757) a fever put an end to his life, while yet only in the thirtieth year of his age. He left, in manuscript, an allegory entitled "The Immortality of Authors," which has been published, and often reprinted since his death. "A lasting monument of lively fancy, a sound judgement, and a correct taste." *Stat. Account.*

**STORMONT, DAVID MURRAY**, first Viscount, elder brother to William Earl of Mansfield, and father to David, the second Earl, is reported, says Lord Orford, to have written "An Elegy sacred to the Memory of John Earl of Strathmore, who was killed in 1715;" but which was not printed. His lordship died in 1748. Douglass, in his Peerage, calls him a man of great learning, knowledge, and integrity. He married Anne, only daughter and heiress of John Stewart, Esq., of Invernytie, by whom he had issue, two sons and two daughters.

**STORMONT, DAVID**, second Viscount, inherited his father's elegiac taste, and has established rather a better claim to a place in the "Catalogue of royal and noble Authors," by a poem of some length, "On the Death of Frederick Prince of Wales." It was published in the "Union, or Select Scots and

English Poems," published at Edinburgh, 1753; but appears to have escaped the notice of Mr. Park, the able continuator of Lord Orford's work. We learn from the poem that it was composed in France, and from an invocation of "Wolsey's spacious Dome," that its author was of Christ Church, Oxford. It is written with considerable taste, but in blank verse, not so well paced as could have been wished. The opening lines bespeak attention by their sweetness and modesty.

Little I whilom deem'd my artless zeal  
Should woo the British Muse in Foreign land,  
To strains of bitter argument, and teach  
The mimic nymph, that haunts the winding verge,  
And oozy current of Parisian Seine,  
To syllable new sounds in accents strange.

But sad occasion calls : Who now forbears  
The last kind office ? Who but consecrates  
His off'ring at the shrine of fair renown,  
To gracious FREDERIC rais'd ; tho' but compos'd  
Of the waste flow'rets, whose neglected hues  
Chequer the lonely hedge or mountain slope ?"

STRAHAN, GEORGE, contributor to the *Del. Poet. Scot.*

SYDSEY, SIR THOMAS, wrote a comedy called "Tarrugo's Wiles, or The Coffee House," which was performed before the Duke of York (James II.) when he kept a court at Holyrood House. He is said to have written another play, entitled "Marciano, or the Discovery."

TANNAHILL, ROBERT, author of "Jessie the Flower of Dumblane," and several other popular love

ditties, which entitle him to rank with the very best song writers in our language, not even excepting Burns, was born at Paisley, on the 3rd of June, 1774. His parents were poor, and unable to give him more than the most ordinary school education. At an early age he was bound apprentice to a weaver, and followed that occupation till his death. As soon as he became known for the possession of poetical talents, his acquaintance was courted by many who were much his superiors in station; but nothing was ever done to raise him above the obscurity and hardship of his original condition. A collection of his pieces was published at Paisley, and such profit as may have accrued to him from its sale, was all the reward ever conferred on a bard whose strains were soon on every tongue. The neglect of the world appears to have weighed heavily on a mind naturally of strong sensibility; and, producing a hopelessness of ever emancipating himself from circumstances so ill suited to his genius, ended in a confirmed melancholy. While in this low situation, he received a visit from the celebrated Mountain Bard, Mr. Hogg, who had made a long pilgrimage to see and converse with one who, like himself, was a child of poverty and song. After a night spent in the most delightful communion of sentiment, Mr. Hogg took his departure, and Tannahill accompanied him half the way to Glasgow. The parting was mournful: "Farewell!" said Tannahill, "we shall never meet again." The words were prophetic; the heart-struck bard had already taken that resolve which was too surely to bring about their accomplishment.

Poor Tannahill was not long after found drowned. He had reached the thirty-sixth year of his age. His remains lie buried in his native town.

THOMSON, GEORGE, the author of the *Strictures on Lipsius*, wrote also several Latin poems, preserved in the *Del. Poet. Scot.*

TRAIL, ALEXANDER. Only known by having a place in *Dunbar's Lament*.

TYLER, ALEXANDER, "Presbyter," was minister of Kinnetles, in Angushire, about the end of the seventeenth century. In 1681, he published "The Tempest; being an account of a dangerous passage from Burntisland to Leith, in a boat called the Blessing; in company of Claverhouse, several gentlewomen, ministers, and a whole crowd of common passengers, on the 26th of November, 1681." The clerical part of the company appear to have been on their way to Edinburgh, to take the oaths required by the Test Act. Mr. Presbyter Tyler's description of the storm is in most uncouth measure, but contains some striking imagery, and is droll withal. Thus, describing the regular succession in which the enormous billows assailed their frail bark, he says,

"Each kept his time and place,  
As if they meant to drown us with a grace:  
The first came tumbling on our boat's side,  
And knockt us twice her breadth and more, aside;  
But, vext that it had wrought's no more disgrace,  
It spits on us, spits in its follower's face."

The Presbyter afterwards wrote, at the request of the Earl of Strathmore, what he called a song, entitled "The Siege and Battle of Vienna, in 1683,

to the tune of Armida." And that suggested a far larger work, entitled the "Memoirs of the Life and Actions of the most invincible and heroic John the Third, King of Poland," in seven books, published 1685. The following is the author's own ingenious and whimsical account of these Mémoires: "I can assure my reader beforehand, there is nothing in all this piece to recommend it but the excellency of a noble and mighty subject, coarsely enough managed, and a great many harsh names scarcely versified; and it may be, not a few tricrambiet rowling lines (for expressing the emphasis of a conceit) not as yet much used." A more crazy production never was penned. It is in such "tricrambiet" lines as the following, that the author celebrates his hero,

"James Sobiesk, Castellan of Cracow,  
Father of elder Mark, and this John too.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \*

who is said to be greater than

— Cyrus, mixt with Alexander—

- Or Pompey knit with Cæsar, Rome's commander,
- Or Annibal agreed with Scipio,
- Or Belizarius with Stilico," &c.

TYTLER, DR. H. W. of Brechin, who died at Edinburgh, August 24, 1808, aged fifty-six, was first known to the public as an author by "Pædotrophia, or the Art of Nursing Children, a poem in three books, translated from the Latin of Scævole de St. Marthe, with medical and historical notes; a Life of the Author, from the French of Michel

and Niceron ; his Epitaph," &c. The work has been commended by the critics. At Dr. T.'s death, he left in Manuscript "The Works of Callimachus, translated into English verse; the Hymns and Epigrams from the Greek, with the Coma Berenices from the Latin of Catullus; with the original text and notes." This is said to be the first translation of a Greek poet, written by a native of Scotland in the English language. The publication of it was kindly edited by the earl of Buchan, who says, that Dr. T. with a view to prepare himself for the translation of Callimachus, compared every line of the Iliad with Mr. Pope's translation, whereby he put himself in a congenial frame for the undertaking to do justice to his author. "It carries with it," says the Critical Review, "the appearance of much assiduity, and its worth is enhanced by a great number of learned and useful notes." The following notice of some other works by Dr. T. is furnished by Mr. Nichols, in his Anecdotes. "Dr. Tytler was the author of a 'Voyage from the Cape of Good Hope, and other pieces,' in the Gentleman's Magazine and other periodical works; and completed a translation of the seventeen books of the Punic of Silius Italicus, with a Preface, in which the merits of Silius as a poet are accurately discussed, with a Commentary digested in alphabetical order, explaining difficult passages, and containing an account of the persons and places mentioned in the Poem, and both the ancient and modern names of the towns, countries, and rivers. To the whole was added a copious index, but it does not appear that it ever was published."

**URQUHART, SIR THOMAS.** So incomparable a character as this "jewel" of ancient times, could not fail to include poetry in the universality of his accomplishments. Indeed, as far as the quality of invention is concerned, every thing he wrote may be said to have been in the highest degree poetical. Where he puts on the external garb of a poet, however, as in his "Epigrams," he presents much less of the character than in some of his prose rhapsodies about the great men of the Scottish nation; where the luxuriance of his fancy would charm even the gravest. What a pity that creditors ever should be cruel! "Had I not," says Sir Thomas, "been plack'd away by the importunity of my creditors, I would have emitted to public view above five hundred several treatises on inventions, never hitherto thought upon by any." We may conclude, that one half of the number at least would have been poetical! When have the Muses sustained such a loss?

**VILANT, WILLIAM.** "Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, in two parts," by this author, were printed at Edinburgh, in 1689. He wrote also a "Gospel Call, in metre."

**WATSON, ALLAN,** among the signatures in the Bannatyne MS.

**WATSON, DAVID,** born at Brechin in 1710, was educated at the University of St. Andrew's, and afterwards became professor in the college of St. Leonard. On the union of that college, in 1747, with the college of St. Salvador, Watson went to London, where he completed his well known translation of Horace; but he suffered himself to be carried



away by a turn for dissipation, which involved him in difficulties. He died at London in 1750, in great distress. Besides his translation of *Horace*, he published also *A History of the Heathen Gods*, for the use of schools.

WEDDERBURN, JAMES. "One James Wedderburn wrote plays (1540) in the Scottish language. In a tragedy on the beheading of John the Baptist, he treated the corruptions of religion severely; and in a comedy,—the *History of Dionysius the Tyrant*—he likewise attacked the Papists, which were both performed at Dundee. He counterfeited also the conjuring of a ghaist." (Calderwood.)—*Dalyell's Remarks on a Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs.*

WEDDERBURN, —, a brother of the preceding, was first a Catholic, and then turned Protestant. Being persecuted as an heretic by the clergy, he fled to Germany, where he heard Luther and Melancthon. He translated many of Luther's principles into Scottish verse, and changed many obscene songs and rhymes into hymns. After the death of James V. he returned to Scotland; but having been again accused of heresy, he fled into England, where he probably died about the year 1556."—*Dalyell.*

WEDDERBURN, —, a third brother of the same family as the two last writers, was vicar of Dundee, and in learning is said to have surpassed the others. He went to Paris, and there associated with the Reformers; and at Cardinal Beaton's death returned to his native country. "He turned the tunes and tenor of many profane ballads into godlie

songs and hymns, which were called the Psalms of Dundee; whereby he stirred up the affections of many."—*Calderwood's MS. History.*—*Dalyell.*

It is among these three brothers that the honour of producing "The Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs" is divided. It is probable, that they had all a share in it.

**WEDDERBURN, DAVID**, the friend of Dr. Arthur Johnston, was also a cultivator of Latin poetry. See *Del. Poet. Scot.* An elegy, addressed by him to Johnston, is one of those productions of modern Latinity which Mr. Wasse recommends for republication. "Wedderburn," says Dr. Young, "is not so generally known as a commentator, as one of the Latin poets; but his posthumous edition of Persius, which, by the care of his brother Alexander, was published at Amsterdam, (1664) ought to have secured him a respectable place among our philologers." Wedderburn was rector of the grammar school of Aberdeen.

**WILSON, FLORENCE**, known among the learned by the name of *Florentius Volusemus*. In the excellent work by this author, "De Tranquillitate Animi," there are several little pieces of Latin poetry of his own composition, which are only rivalled in elegance by the productions of his contemporary and countryman, Buchanan.

**WILSON, GAVIN**, poet laureat to the lodge of St. David's. "I knew Gavin Wilson; he was an honest merry fellow, and a good boot, leather-leg, arm, and hand maker, but as sorry a poetaster as ever tried a couplet."—*A. Campbell.*—He published, in 1788, a collection of his poetical per-

formances, under the title of “A Collection of Masonic Songs and entertaining Anecdotes for the use of all the Lodges.” In a rhyming preface, addressed to the courteous reader, he speaks, himself, very contemptuously of his productions, and as an excuse for publishing them, pleads the opportunity of his friends.

“ You are inquisitive, no doubt,  
How this odd fancy comes about,  
That old unletter'd *leather-toaster*  
Should now commence a *postaster* ;  
For to a more deserving name,  
His mean productions found no claim,” &c.



# I N D E X

TO

## Lives of Scottish Poets.

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## CORRECTIONS.

- P. I. p. 20. l. 27. 28. for "William Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee," read "William Tytler, Esq. father of Lord Woodhouselee."
- I. p. 98. l. 11. for "passed into the hands of Mr. Sibbald," read "passed into the hands of Mr. William Gray."
- I. p. 198. l. 12. for "Board" read "Court."
- II. p. 25. l. 1. for "on the Coast of the Forth," read "not far distant from the Coast of the Forth."
- IV. List of Contents—After "Mark Alexander Boyd," p. "26." insert "Ninian Paterson, 33."

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